VOL · X FEBRUARY 1927 NO · 38

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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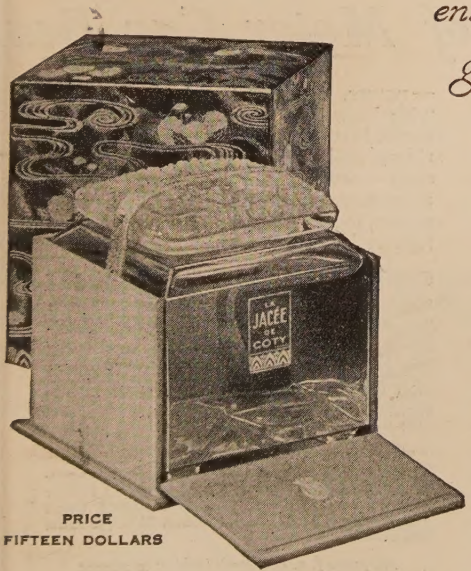

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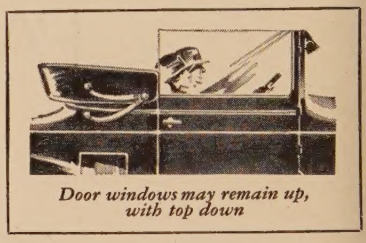

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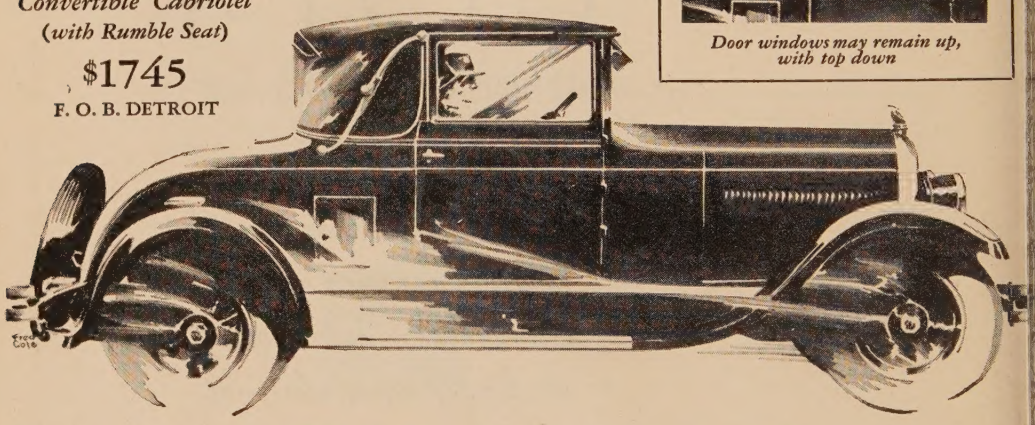

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

SO FEW MEN CAN DECIDE

Can you?

THIS happened only a few weeks ago.

A man who had been promoted to a new position, with much larger income, sat talking with a friend. "It's funny what little things influence our lives," he remarked. "Three years ago I was reading a magazine and clipped a coupon from an advertisement—something I almost never do. The coupon put me in touch with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which laid out a definite course in business reading for me.

"The first time the president of our company ever indicated that he was conscious of my existence was about a month later when I ran across something in my reading that happened to be of very immediate interest to him. From that moment he began to look on me as something more than just a name on the payroll. You know what's happened since."

The other man sat quiet a moment. Then he rose and, walking over to the table, pulled out the drawer and produced a wrinkled bit of paper.

"I clipped one of those coupons once," he said, "but I didn't do anything more about it. Here it is" . . . he held it out . . . "more than four years old."

That little incident reveals one of the fundamental reasons why some men go forward and others do not. Up to a certain point all men are interested in their business future. They will read about success and talk about it; but at that point they divide sharply into two classes. One group merely talks; the other acts.

Think of the four years that have passed since that man clipped that coupon. In that time, Charles E. Murnan, who was a clerk in a retail store, became vice president of the great United Drug Company. He says: "I would recommend the Course to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it."

In that time, J. A. Zehntbauer, who was a wholesale dry goods salesman, became President of the Jantzen Knitting Mills of Portland, Oregon. He says: "50% of my success could be attributed to my contact with the Alexander Hamilton Institute."

And all this while the man who was interested, but lacked the power of decision, has gone along with petty salary increases, when he might h made a direct short cut to execut opportunity and increased earning pov Some day he will arrive, but he has s rificed the joy of succeeding while h still young.

This is not an advertisement in ordinary sense. It is a business editor Two men will read it. One will s "That is interesting." He may even so far as to clip the coupon, but it never be mailed. At the critical ment of decision he will be tried found wanting.

The other man will say: "This th involves no obligation or cost. Course has helped more than 300,c men to shorten their path to the t I have a duty to myself and my fam to investigate it." He will clip coupon and *it will be mailed.*

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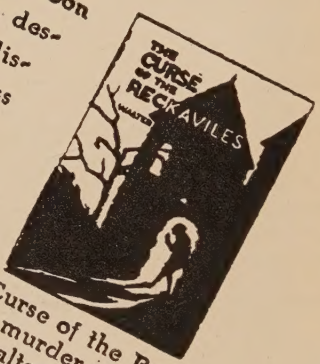

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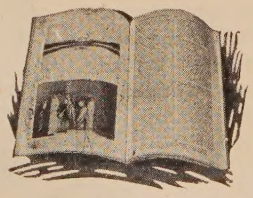

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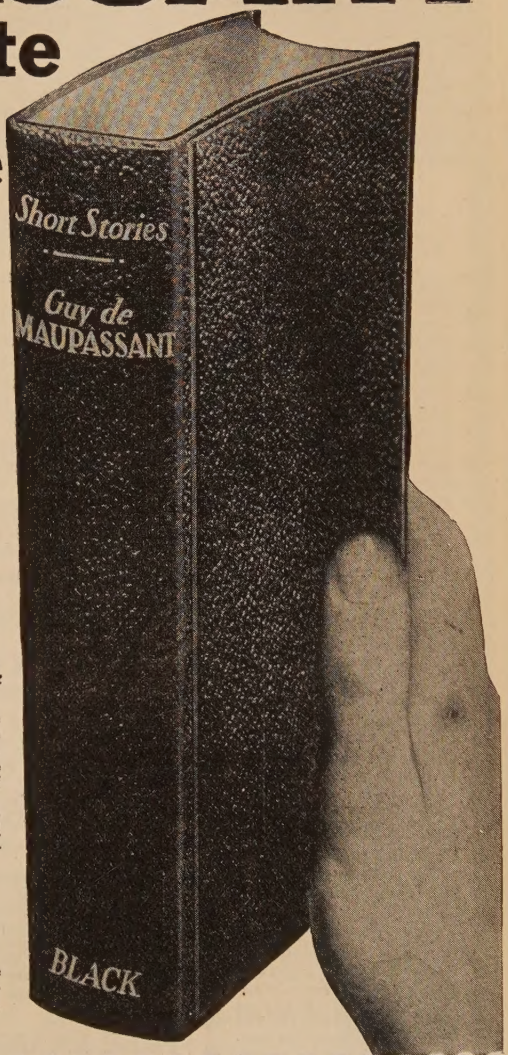

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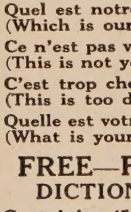

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Some Important Facts About The Price Of Books

This is an answer to a comment sometimes made about the Book-of-the-Month Club. "If I could buy books cheaper from you," some people write, "I would subscribe." What force is there in this objection?

OVER 40,000 people, in every walk of life, have already become subscribers to the Book-of-the Month Club. This interesting enterprise has engaged a group of five well-known critics to choose each month "the outstanding book of the month." This book is then sent to subscribers *just like a magazine.* They pay the same price for it (no more) that the publisher himself charges.

If the book proves to be one that the subscriber would not have purchased of his own volition, *he may exchange it for any one of a number of other new books*, simultaneously recommended. Thus his freedom of choice among the new books is no more limited than if he browsed in a bookstore. The members of the Selecting Committee, which chooses the books, are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman, Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

Now, why subscribe to this service if one is to pay the same price the books will cost in a bookstore? Because, again and again, by reason of procrastination or forgetfulness, *you fail to obtain and read the really outstanding books.* How many times have you said: "I must read that book!" Then, months later, you confess to someone that "you never got around to it." The Book-of-the-Month Club insures you against that. It puts the book in your hand. You can't miss it. That is the chief reason intelligent people subscribe to this service: not to get "bargains," *but to make sure they will read the books they intend to read.*

But this need not prevent it," someone will argue, "from offering books at a lower price, as the German societies." Those who make this argument do not understand the radical difference between the Book-of-the-Month Club and the German societies. *The German societies are publishers. Each one publishes its own books, and subscribers must take each book these publishers get out, whether they like it or not.* There is no privilege of exchange.

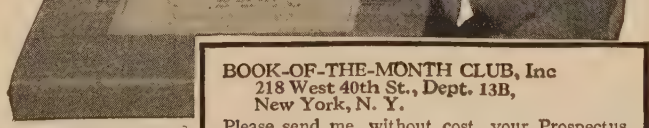
If the Book-of-the-Month Club made contracts with authors, if it published its own books, *and if it did not give the privilege of exchange*, it might be able to give its subscribers some books at a lower price. But that is not its function: *its function is to choose for its subscribers the outstanding books among all the books that are published*, whoever the author and whoever the publishers, so that its subscribers will not miss those books!

Since we do not publish our own books, since we must scrupulously consider the books of all publishers without favor, we are compelled to sell any book that is chosen at the same price the publisher charges. *For there is not a single publisher of any standing, who will cooperate with us in selling a good new book at one price while book stores are obliged to sell it at a higher price.*

It is true that perhaps, by "shopping" among publishers (something completely foreign to the whole idea), we might occasionally be able to induce publishers to relinquish *some books* that might be sold at a lower price. But the *only* books they could let us have would be "second-rate books." The books by their important authors—*the books that intelligent people do not care to miss*—they will never let us have at a bargain price. Why not? *Because they themselves cannot afford to.* It is a rarity for a good book to sell below $2.00 a copy, simply because it is impossible for the publisher to sell any good book for a smaller sum and yet keep his business alive. The cost of manufacture and the rate of author's royalty forbid it.

No—the Book-of-the-Month Club would like to be able to favor its present subscribers, and to obtain new ones, with an offer of "the best new books at a bargain." But it cannot do so, and advertise honestly. For the truth is that, if we did this, *none of the reputable publishers could afford to submit their best books to us for consideration*, and thus the whole idea of the enterprise—which is, *to enable people to obtain the truly outstanding books*—would be altogether dissipated.

If you are interested in the Book-of-the-Month Club, and wish to know how it operates, send for its prospectus. Its present 40,000 subscribers, comprising what is perhaps the intellectual elite of the country, proves that this is a service that you will find both convenient and valuable. Your request for this prospectus will not obligate you to subscribe.



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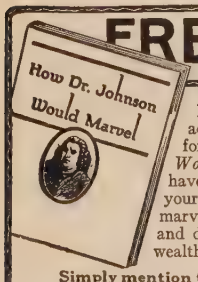

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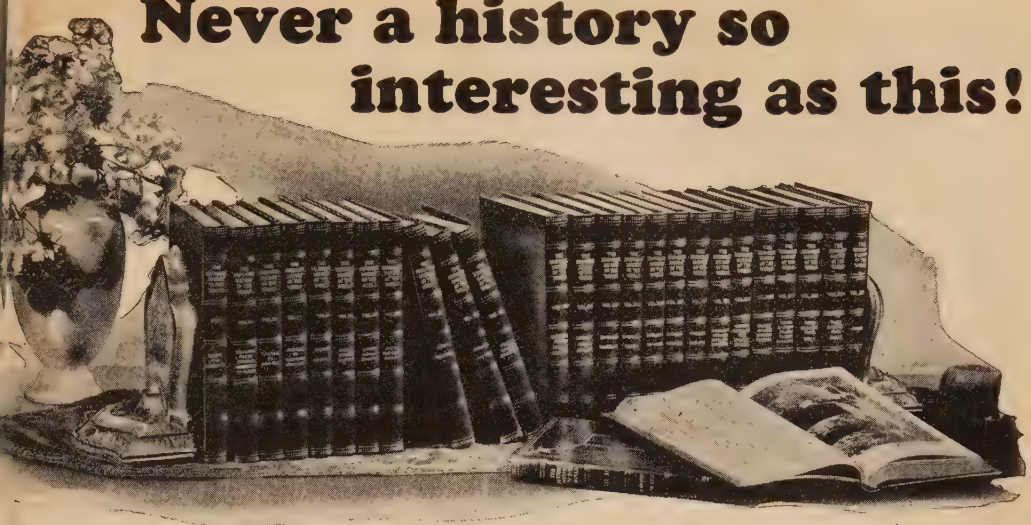

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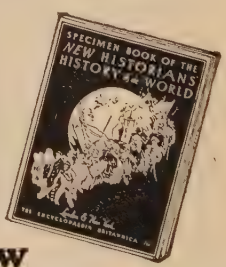

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usiness, always business! ou were a big enough real e man you'd know how to t business and talk of other s in company!"

never felt so uncomfortable in ie," he said ruefully. "Couldn't ollow the drift of things. What ll that discussion about some who was killed in the war?"

eally, Ralph—you should keep abreast of things. I was sur- I that you didn't contribute at one idea or opinion to the evening's discussion."

turned to her, curiosity and ation mingling in his smile. were certainly a shining light ht, Peg! You made up for me, ght. Where did you ever find ll those interesting things?"

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moved closer, glad to have tted attention from himself. were the prettiest and cleverest an at that dinner, dear!" he said.

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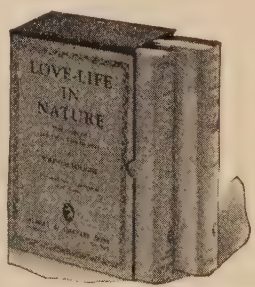

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Pedantic essays on such subjects as "Marlowe's Versification," "The Sun and the Moon in 'The Ancient Mariner'" and "Fenimore Cooper and the French Romantics." Some of them have appeared in *Modern Language Notes*, that favorite arena of literary schoolmasters. There is a long and dull treatise on "The Comparative Study of Literature" at the end.

ANATOLE FRANCE: *The Degeneration of a Great Artist.*
By Barry Cerf. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$4 9¼ x 6⅜; 303 pp. *New York*

Mr. Cerf takes a very unfriendly view of France, whom he denounces as shallow, sensual and affected. He says that this view is "in general agreement with that of a considerable number of French critics." Mr. Cerf makes out a plausible case, but he would be a better critic if he had a sense of humor.

BIOGRAPHY

TURGENEV. *The Man, His Art and His Age.*
By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. *The Century Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 386 pp. *New York*

Apparently the first full length biography of the great Russian novelist, poet and dramatist. It shows a tremendous amount of research, is happily free from the almost insane eagerness of most modern biographers to present their subjects as "human," and is well put together and ably written. There are many photographs.

OVER MY LEFT SHOULDER.
By Robert H. Davis. *D. Appleton and Company*
$2.50 8 x 5; 350 pp. *New York*

Touching and very amusing reminiscences of the well-known editor. Mr. Davis fails to interest only when he becomes patriotic, as when he utters the National Security League opinion of "The Man Without a Country," and when he becomes bleary-eyed at the picture of Coolidge being sworn in as President by his father in Vermont.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.
By Dorothy Burne Goebel.
The Indiana Library and Historical Department.
$1.50 9 x 6; 456 pp. *Indianapolis*

A well-documented biography of the ninth President of the United States. The author puts him down as a man of no political initiative, and adds: "It is, indeed, in private life that Harrison, in retrospect, appears to best advantage."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Compiled by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson.
The Bobbs-Merrill Company
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 501 pp. *Indianapolis*

Mr. Stephenson has made a large number of selections from Lincoln's writings, and arranged them chronologically, with here and there a few words of explanation. Much of the matter thus reprinted is not autobiographical in the strict sense, but the scheme offers an interesting picture of the development of Lincoln's mind. There is an adequate index.

MOTHER DEAR: *The Empress Marie of Russia and Her Times.*
By V. Poliakoff (Augur). *D. Appleton & Company*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 334 pp. *New York*

The story from early youth to her present exile in Denmark of Princess Dagmar, one of the daughters of Christian and Louise of Denmark, and sister of the late Queen Alexandra of England. She became the wife of Alexander III of Russia and mother of the ill-fated Czar Nicholas II. The book is full of royal ceremonies and intrigues. There are many illustrations.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE OIL WAR.
By Anton Mohr. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 267 pp. *New York*

This is a survey of the international aspects of the oil question by a neutral. The author is a lecturer in political geography at the University of Oslo, Norway. He believes that the essential struggle for oil is between Great Britain and the United States, and that the United States has considerable advantages. He ridicules the fear that the oil supplies of the world are near exhaustion.

FOUNDATIONS OF THE REPUBLIC.
By Calvin Coolidge. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 463 pp. *New York*

The speeches of a safe and sane President.

IMPERIALISM AND WORLD POLITICS.
By Parker Thomas Moon. *The Macmillan Company*
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propaganda that now goes on on both sides of the question of imperialism. The documentation is extensive and there is a good index. The author is associate professor of international relations at Columbia.

THE MEANING OF ADULT EDUCATION.
By Eduard C. Lindeman. *The New Republic, Inc.*
$1 7⅜ x 5; 222 pp. *New York*

The title of this book is a misnomer. Mr. Lindeman does not deal with adult education as a distinct problem; he rather discusses education as a whole. What he says about mere book knowledge, about the importance of developing personality in our schools, and so on is now accepted by all intelligent people, but his book is interesting, nevertheless, if only for the freshness of his manner. There is a good bibliography.

THE GEOGRAPHIC BACKGROUND.
By J. Paul Goode. *The University of Chicago Press*
$.75 7 x 4¾; 70 pp. *Chicago*

A discussion of the present geological, geographical, commercial and sociological conditions and future possibilities of Chicago. The author, who is professor of geography at the university there, thinks that "the prospects for the future growth of Chicago are certainly bright. So far as anyone at present can see, it may well become the greatest city the world has ever known." There are many maps and graphs.

NEW TACTICS IN SOCIAL CONFLICT. *A Symposium.*
Edited by Henry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas.
The Vanguard Press
$1 7¼ x 4⅜; 230 pp. *New York*

The main topics discussed here are labor banks, public and private ownership, company unions and capitalistic propaganda. Among those taking part in the symposium are Stuart Chase, Scott Nearing, George Soule, Benjamin Stolberg, Leland H. Jenks, Harry Elmer Barnes and McAlister Coleman. The book is a sort of compendium of the best Liberal thought of today. The facts presented are already well known to the intelligent periodical reader.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE IRISH.
By James J. Walsh. *The Stratford Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 432 pp. *Boston*

The Irish, thinks Dr. Walsh, are among the five peoples in the world's history who have made "supreme contributions to civilization." He attempts to prove that they are largely responsible for the spread of Christianity in the Western World, for the best there is in music and literature, for the increasing reverence for women, for beautiful book-making, for the manufacture of delicate jewelry, the pioneering work in paleontology and archeology, and so on. The book is of little solid value.

THE NEW UNIVERSE.
By Baker Brownell. *The D. Van Nostrand Company*
$4 9¼ x 6; 455 pp. *New York*

A first-rate survey of the outstanding problems of the present in the physical and social sciences. On the whole the author writes clearly, but every now and then he sinks into abstruseness, and the college student, for whom the book is primarily intended, will then find it difficult to follow him.

EVERYBODY'S JOB.
By Wm. W. Williams. *Williams Publications*
$2 7½ x 5; 143 pp. *New York*

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THE CONSUMERS' CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN ILLINOIS.
By Colston Estey Warne.
The University of Chicago Press
$3.50 8 x 5⅜; 420 pp. *Chicago*

An exhaustive and thoroughly scientific study of the history, the development and present status of the coöperative movement in Illinois. Mr. Warne points out that, while it has not as yet received the wide-spread support of workers, it has elements of undoubted strength, as shown by its survival of the difficult post-war period.

THE URBAN COMMUNITY.
Edited by Ernest W. Burgess.
The University of Chicago Press
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 268 pp. *Chicago*

A collection of papers read at the meetings of the American Sociological Society in 1925, dealing with city life. Among the investigators represented are Robert E. Park, Ellsworth Farris, E. S. Bogardus, Harvey W. Zorbaugh, and Louis Worth. They all know their professional jargon very well, but they have little to say that is not obvious to the layman.

ASIA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
By Alexander Frederick Whyte.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$1.75 7¾ x 5¼; 184 pp. *New York*

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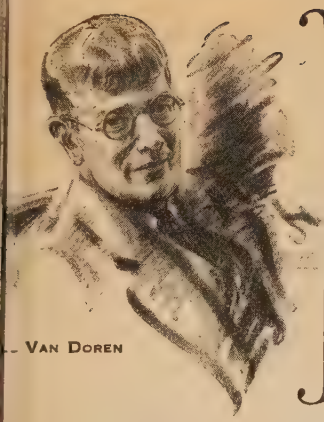

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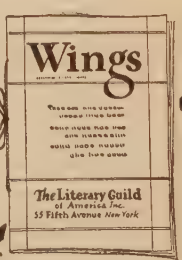

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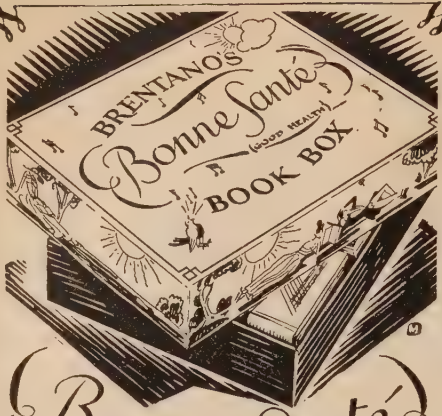

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ANTHOLOGIES

AMERICAN CRITICISM, 1926.
Edited by William A. Drake. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 368 pp. *New York*

CURRENT REVIEWS.
Edited by Lewis Worthington Smith. *Henry Holt & Co.*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 388 pp. *New York*

Both of these collections give representation to critics of both Right and Left wings. That of Mr. Drake is by far the more intelligent and useful. Mr. Smith burdens his book with a childish pedagogical apparatus, chiefly designed, apparently, to facilitate pigeon-holing. The Drake volume lacks an index.

THE MIND OF ROME.
Edited by Cyril Bailey. *The Oxford University Press*
$3.50 7¾ x 5⅜; 515 pp. *New York*

Well-made selections from all the representative verse and prose writers of the Roman Empire. There are many helpful historical and critical notes.

HISTORY

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.
By David Knowles. *The Oxford University Press*
$3 7¼ x 5; 223 pp. *New York*

Mr. Knowles is no authority on this period in American history. He is merely an Englishman who has read extensively on the topic, and decided to impart his knowledge to the more ignorant of his countrymen. His book is well written, and should prove of interest to its public.

A HISTORY OF MINNESOTA : VOLUME III.
By William Watts Folwell.
The Minnesota Historical Society
9 x 5¾; 605 pp. *St. Paul, Minn.*

This volume deals with the history of the State since the close of the Civil War. The fourth and final volume, which will appear shortly, will be a series of papers on special phases of its history. Mr. Folwell is president emeritus of the State University.

ENGLISH MEN AND MANNERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
By A. S. Turberville. *The Oxford University Press*
$4 8 x 5¾; 531 pp. *New York*

The illustrations in this book are more interesting

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NAPOLEON

THE MAN OF DESTINY

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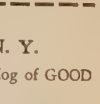

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Continued from page xxiv

and valuable than the text, which is superficial in substance and dull in manner. They number nearly 300 and many of them are unfamiliar. There is an excellent index.

THE FINE ARTS

A CREDO AND TEN DRAWINGS.
By Alexander King. *Boni & Liveright*
9½ x 12½; 28 pp. *New York*

These drawings in black and white, chiefly of New York scenes and characters, are harsh and merciless but admirably alive. Mr. King has a powerful line and knows how to use it effectively. The artist offers an apologia as preface, saying that he would draw more pleasantly if he could find "a responsible management that would improve the appearance" of his models.

SO THIS IS JAZZ.
By Henry O. Osgood. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 9 x 5⅝; 258 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Osgood is a competent music critic, and his study of jazz is the most intelligent so far made. He gives special attention to the devices of jazz instrumentation. Parts of the book were printed as articles in The American Mercury. There are many musical illustrations, and a good index.

REPRINTS

DELINEATIONS OF AMERICAN SCENERY AND CHARACTER.
By John James Audubon. *G. A. Baker & Company*
$4.50 9¼ x 6; 349 pp. *New York*

After every fifth chapter of the first three volumes of his "Ornithological Biography" (1831–1839) Audubon printed what he called an "episode," usually devoted to a discussion of American scenery or of life in the backwoods. The editor of the present book, Dr. Francis Hobart Herrick, of Western Reserve, has collected these episodes and reprinted them. They offer a charming and admirable picture of the America of the 30's. The book would be the better for an index.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT AND THE ODE TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.
By Michael Drayton. *Edwin Valentine Mitchell.*
7½ x 5½; 14 pp. (paper) *Hartford, Conn.*

These two poems were first printed in 1606, but were revised greatly afterward. The versions here are those of 1619.

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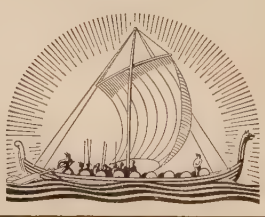

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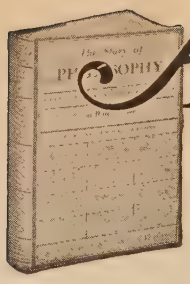

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XXX

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THE PARSONS AND THE WAR

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THE spectacle offered by the high, heroic activities of the American clergy in the late war was not without precedent in the history of the Church without parallel in the war-time acts and utterances of members of other med professions. The extent to which Church itself employed force so long it was able and the readiness with ch, since the days of nationalism, it fallen in line whenever the drums have nded are both matters of history. And parsons differ from the professors and yers and editors and doctors only in r ability to metamorphose any national flict into a struggle between God and Devil, and to apply the sulphurous pings of orthodox theology to their unciations of the current foe.

ny examination of the brave deeds of erican clergymen in the late memorable ggle for democracy must begin, though ortunately it cannot end, with an act of the exploits of the Rev. Newell ight Hillis, A.B., A.M., D.D., L.H.D. vas the combination of the stock ecclastical achievements with his own and peculiar talents which brought Hillis his deserved preëminence. The war history of the pastor of Plymouth rch, Brooklyn, was little different n that of many another man of God o has risen to a prominent pulpit and a comfortable salary by the adroit use of high-powered salesmanship. But when the great conflict came he revealed many singular and precious gifts.

Dr. Hillis was one of the far-sighted Americans who, in the first hot days of August, 1914, heard the trumpet of Armageddon and saw, in the invasion of Belgium, a sin against the Holy Ghost. In the ensuing Autumn, while still paying a dutiful obeisance to the Woodrovian doctrine of "neutrality," he began his active propaganda for American participation. The first blow was struck in a series of sermons in which he essayed to interpret to his parishioners the moral issues of the conflict. Out of these sermons came a book, "Studies of the Great War." In this work one discovers, re-reading it today, that even Dr. Hillis was not sufficiently myopic in 1914 to ignore altogether the less immaculate ambitions of France and Russia and the perilous situation of a hemmed-in Germany. But the occasional sentences which thus show a realistic grasp of the nature of the war—sentences which a little later Dr. Hillis found it convenient to forget—are even here buried in hearty eulogies of the Entente Powers and bold generalizations regarding the pernicious past and present of the Central Powers.

From 1914 to 1917 the will of the Lord became steadily clearer and clearer to the

prophet of Brooklyn, and by January of the last-named year he was damning Dr. Wilson furiously and demanding an immediate declaration of war. The severing of diplomatic relations in February raised him to a high pitch of enthusiasm and occasioned a sermon on the symbols revealed by the combat. After describing the symbols of Athens, Jerusalem and so on, he said: "The symbol of Prussia is a soldier with a firebrand in one hand, a bombshell in the other, breathing fire from the nostrils as he tramples down with feet of mail Belgian women and children." In the same sermon he painted a revolting picture of the pacifists "blowing kisses across to the begrimed gunners." A little later he asserted that the German soldiers made him "think of an escaped mad dog, or an insane man, biting like a rattlesnake and tearing like a hyena," and he added that the "civilized races must unite to kill the mad dog." His opinion of Dr. Wilson in March, 1917, sank almost to the level of his opinion of the Kaiser, and in one of his weekly discourses he returned to the subject of symbols. "What is the symbol of the United States," he asked, "coming together for discussion seven hundred days after the *Lusitania?* Not the leopard, not the war eagle, not the airplane. Stamp this symbol upon the country's flag: the tortoise! Underneath write this text from the first chapter of Genesis, 'God made every creeping thing.'" It was in the same sermon that he made what, for those gaudy days, was a truly astounding statement. "Descended from a family of Quakers," he said, "and reared by a father who practiced and taught the doctrine of non-resistance, I am in principle a Quaker and deeply sympathize with the pacifist movement." This congenital pacifism, however, was so admirably concealed that the late Col. Roosevelt, at the time energetically engaged in trying to get command of a division, wrote, "I would rather have Dr. Hillis as chaplain than any other man I know."

Col. Roosevelt never led that division against the Hun, but the zeal of Dr. Hillis did not go unrewarded. The American Bankers' Association, appreciating his patriotic correctness and ardor, promptly commissioned him as a missionary in the holy cause. It was he who wrote the canned sermon sent to one hundred thousand preachers to help them prepare for Liberty Loan Sunday, but this was as nothing compared to the challenging addresses he delivered personally the country over. This first missionary journey completed and the loan successfully floated, he determined to equip himself to speak as one having authority. That is, he went to Europe to study at first-hand the atrocities of the German hordes. On his return his sermons shook Brooklyn to its very foundations. "Shall this foul creature that is in the German saddle, with hoofs of fire, trample down all the sweet growths in the garden of God?" he demanded, replying, one presumes, in the negative. He declared that anyone who criticized England was a traitor to the United States and he mentioned "particularly three merchants and two newspaper men" of Brooklyn.

With this equipment Dr. Hillis, on behalf of the Second Liberty Loan, spoke more than 400 times in 162 cities. When one examines these addresses today in his best known war book, "German Atrocities," one is a little surprised, in view of the efficiency of the Allied propaganda bureaux in those days, at the paucity of the facts he sets forth, but his mastery of the art of rhetoric, it must be remembered, made facts of any kind superfluous. "Whose bloody fingers were lifted upon their heads when his mildewed lips christened them Huns?" he would ask, to reply, unless the audience antiphonally anticipated him, "Their Kaiser!" "In a hundred years of history," he asked again, "where shall you find a record of soldiers, whether red, black or yellow, save Germans, who were such sneaking, snivelling cowards?" To which, obviously, there was no answer whatsoever.

II

It was perfectly simple to this zealous ambassador of Christ: "All that John Milton taught, as to the fall of Satan as an angel, becoming a devil, has been literally enacted on this stage before the nations of the earth." And it was perfectly logical for him to deduce therefrom that any satisfying atrocity, whether one had records of it or not, was sure to have been committed by the hellish Huns. The Devil, it appeared, had entered not only the Kaiser but every German man, and every German woman as well:

> Note that a train of English soldiers passed through the town, a train loaded with prisoners, packed in freight-cars, without sanitation, wounded men who had been without food or drink for three days, men who, with black lips, begged the German women for water, and that these women held water just out of reach of these English soldiers and then, spilling it on the ground, spat in the faces of these wounded men!

There were, also, it appears, other kinds of atrocities. In the book one finds a chapter entitled "The Foul Crime Against Women," a chapter which relates that "the Germans slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers, violated little girls until they were dead," a chapter full of gruesome tales, though "the worst atrocities cannot even be named." There is in it an authoritative explanation of the utilitarian motives which led German soldiers to cut off the breasts of French and Belgian women. It is a masterly chapter, and delivered as an address in crowded halls to war-crazed people it must have brought to many a patriot a sense of the imperative necessity of purchasing bonds, the while its innuendoes titillated his libido.

The appeal to fear was also useful: "Do not deceive yourselves. When the full story is known, this country will wake up to discover that the Hun has reserved his most exquisite tortures for American boys." And when other resources failed Dr. Hillis could always arouse the patriotism of his audience by referring to the menace of the German-Americans, a device which must have been especially potent in the hyphenated Middle-West. Imagine the effect of the following on the 100% Anglo-Saxons of Milwaukee:

> Under cover of hospitality the German guest was planting bombshells in the home of his host. With infinite cunning the German diplomats built a German kingdom within our kingdom. How thoroughly they alienated many German-Americans is proven today by the fact that many members of German societies, the moment any American comes out against Germany, break with the banker, drop the newspaper, give up the pew in the church, for while their lips announce that they are Americans, in their heart they feel that their first loyalty is to the Kaiser.

Nothing, of course, could satisfy Dr. Hillis, after the United States got into the war, but unconditional surrender. When Lord Lansdowne suggested in December, 1917, that the time had come for peace negotiations, the Brooklyn apostle of the Prince of Peace delivered the divine dictum: "It is all right to forgive an enemy when the enemy is repentant, but it is another thing to forgive him when he is at the height of his brigandage." Germany must "plead guilty to murder, arson, and rape," he declared, adding, with the true Hillisian artistry, "When Lord Lansdowne dies and meets the martyred boys, I would rather he have the task of explaining his letter than for me to have it." The gist of the matter is summarized in a chapter in "German Atrocities":

> Whether this war goes on one year or five years, it must go on until the Hun repents and makes restitution—so far as possible. . . . Thoughtful men doubt whether the German will ever learn the wickedness of his own atrocities and the crimes of militarism until his own land is laid waste, until he sees the horrors of war with his own eyes, and hears the groans of his own people with his own ears, sees his own land laid desolate, finds his own heart crushed with anguish.

To which he adds, his eyes rolling toward Heaven, "Yet retribution in kind would be unthinkable for the Allies."

At this time, suggesting the precise ingredients of a Just Peace was one of Dr. Hillis' favorite occupations. Thus:

> When this war is over, every stone in the cathedral of Cologne should be marked. German prisoners should be made to pull these stones apart, German cars be made to transport every stone to Louvain, and German hands made to set up the cathedral of Cologne in Louvain or Arras.

Throughout the Winter of 1917–18 Dr. Hillis continued to preach such expositions of applied Christianity in all the intellectual centers of the country. The next Summer he left once more for Europe, and during his absence his third war book, "The Blot on the Kaiser's 'Scutcheon," appeared. "These brief articles," says the preface, "are sparks struck, as it were, from the anvil of events. They were written on trains, in hotels, in the intervals between public addresses." The book contains all the usual Hillis repertoire: curses for the Kaiser, picturesquely told atrocity stories, praises for the Allies, sniping at the German-Americans, and tales of the nefarious activities of German spies. Practice can improve even the technique of a Hillis, and so the doctor achieved new marvels in chapters bearing such headings as: "The Original Plot of the Potsdam Gang," "German Burglars Loaded with Loot Are the More Easily Captured," "Must German Men be Exterminated?" "The Judas Among Nations," "The Black Soul of the Hun," "Polygamy and the Collapse of the Family in Germany," "The German Sniper Who Hid Behind the Crucifix," "Was This Murder Justified?" "In Praise of Our Secret Service." Most parts of the book are little more than extracts from "German Atrocities" presented in new and more horrific dress, but one section was new at that time:

> Society has organized itself against the rattlesnake and the yellow fever. Shepherds have entered into a conspiracy to exterminate the wolves. The Boards of Health are planning to wipe out typhoid, cholera and the black plague. Not otherwise, lovers of their fellow man have finally become perfectly hopeless with reference to the German people. They have no more relation to the civilization of 1918 than an orang-outang, a gorilla, a Judas, a hyena, a thumbscrew, or a scalping knife in the hands of a savage. These brutes must be cast out of society. . . . We know that Tacitus said, nearly two thousand years ago, that "the German treats women with cruelty, tortures his enemies, and associates kindness with weakness." But nineteen centuries of education have not changed the German one whit. . . . In utter despair, therefore, statesmen, generals, diplomats, editors are now talking about the duty of simply exterminating the German people. There will shortly be held a meeting of surgeons in this country. A copy of the preliminary call lies before me. The plan to be discussed is based upon the Indiana State law. That law authorizes a State Board of Surgeons to use upon the person of confirmed criminals and hopeless idiots the new painless method of sterilizing the men. These surgeons are preparing to advocate the calling of a world conference to consider the sterilization of 10,000,000 German soldiers and the segregation of their women, that when this generation of Germans goes, civilized cities, states and races may be rid of this awful cancer that must be cut clean out of the body of society.

Failing the adoption of such scientific methods there was only one course for Christian men and women to take:

> No man of large mind and great heart will ever make friends with a soldier from Germany, will ever buy an article of German stamp, so long as he lives, will ever read another German book, or support another German business. It is our duty to forgive the transgressor who is repentant, but it is a crime to forget the unspeakable atrocities, the devilish cruelties of the German Kaiser, the German War Staff, and the German army, with its 10,000,000 criminals.

To the end of the war Dr. Hillis continued these heroic efforts for Christianity and democracy. It was the opportunity of a century for a man of his gifts, and he has never been known to neglect his opportunities.

III

The standard that he set was beyond the reach of his fellow parsons, but they did their best, even in the days before the United States declared war. Admiral Fiske testified to this fact as early as 1915, saying: "The Christian religion is at this moment being made to exert a powerful influence, not towards peace, but towards war." Thus in 1916 it was quite natural for the Rev. William H. Hubbell, D.D., pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church, of Cleveland, to urge his Sunday-school children to give their dimes to build a battleship for Uncle Sam. By New Year's Day of 1917 the ecclesiastical pack

was howling in full voice. Such venerable saints as Dr. George A. Gordon and Bishop Lawrence clamored for the Kaiser's blood, and the Right Rev. William T. Manning, now the beloved shepherd of the J. P. Morgan & Company diocese, lent his dignified voice to the growing tumult. The strident yelp of the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday provided a picturesque obligato. With the severing of diplomatic relations the hand of the Lord fell heavily upon His servants, inspiring in them an ecstasy reminiscent of the primitive Church. In Brooklyn the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., S.T.D., LL.H.L., who was even then engaged in answering the questions reverently asked by frequenters of the Bedford Branch of the Y.M.C.A., made reply, when someone demanded to know what we should do when Gerard returned, that we should "Prepare! Prepare! Prepare!" When he was asked his opinion of students who refused to engage in military training, he called them "Parasites and suckers . . . rubbish," adding this observation, "The teacher that teaches them that they have no right to bear arms for the state should be fired out of his position."

In Boston all the right-thinking clerics similarly girded up their loins for the battle. A mass meeting in Tremont Temple adopted resolutions repudiating indignantly "the utterances and actions of certain so-called pacifists." Father Van Allen, lordly and dignified High Churchman, presented the resolutions, and after their adoption remarked, "that he had never done anything more befitting a Christian minister on the Lord's Day." The Episcopalians everywhere were eager for the slaughter. New York, in addition to the talented Dr. Manning—like Dr. Cadman, an Englishman—boasted of its fighting rector, Dr. Reiland, and the Massachusetts Clerical Association, an Episcopalian body, voted for war early in March. Episcopal clerics were also prominent in the great April crusade, when a distinguished delegation of parsons hastened to Washington to combat the un-Christian influence of the pacifists, who were then making their last stand.

Once we were safely in the war all these gentlemen of God settled down to the gaudy business of egging on their parishioners. The flags inside and out every sacred edifice proclaimed that the Church had become an official recruiting station, with its parsons urging enlistments, supporting conscription, selling bonds and war saving stamps, preaching sermons on food conservation, and teaching the laity to hate the Huns with true Christian fervor. Every denomination that held a convention during 1917 hastened to endorse the war. Hundreds of patriotic meetings were held in the opening months, and so many war sermons were preached that not a few unquestionably loyal church-goers begged for a respite. Of this ecclesiastical enthusiasm the high authorities at Washington took full advantage, showering the preachers with requests to speak on every possible aspect of the war and deluging them with propaganda to pass on to their clients. It was thus natural enough for Secretary Lane to say later that the war could not have been won without the churches.

In addition to the work of the local pastors there was a vast amount of denominational and interdenominational activity. "War-Time Agencies of the Churches," the official statement of the Federal Council, reveals that there were thirty-one special organizations in the denominations and twenty-one that were interdenominational. Toward the winning of the war these Christian organizations strove not only by the propagation of favorable publicity, but also by bringing aid and comfort to the soldiers and sailors, furnishing them with sermons and cigarettes, and protecting them from the scarlet women—in German pay—who hovered about the camps. To the greatest of all war-time industries—the publishing business—the various societies contributed to the extent of more than a thousand books, pamphlets, and tracts. The National Com-

mittee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War, comprising such eminent laymen as the Hon. William H. Taft as well as many prominent clergymen, did a wholesale business in converting the raw materials of Dr. Hillis, the Hon. James M. Beck, Major George Haven Putnam, the Hon. George Creel and the like into high-grade propaganda couched in the Wilsonian diction. The *Congregationalist* described the committee thus: "No pacifist note is sounded. No quarter is given to the Kaiser, who is regarded as a murderer of women and children, to be treated so when the war is won."

Not all the ministers, alas, perceived from the first the whole moral significance of the struggle. Such men as Dr. Charles Jefferson, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch, and Dr. Washington Gladden considered themselves pacifists in those simple days, and sought to prevent American participation. But once the war was on they gradually changed their views, becoming firm, though in most cases not violent, advocates of war. Following the lead of the messianic Woodrow, they accepted the full orthodox doctrine of German war guilt and German *Schrecklichkeit*, and denounced the imperial government as a clique of madmen. Included in the list of pacifists which the intelligence department of the army submitted to the Senate in January, 1919, were the names of six ministers, four theological school professors, and one ex-minister. At least two of the ministers on the list had lent some support to the war, while a third had kept a discreet silence. When one calls the roll of war-time pacifists, three names come to mind: Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Bishop Paul Jones and Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. There were others—but not many.

As I have said, most of the ex-pacifists showed a certain restraint in their final support of the war, but there were one or two who displayed all the typical zeal of the convert. A conspicuous exemplar of this rapid and rabid conversion was Dr. Charles Parkhurst, editor of the aristocrat of Methodist journals, *Zion's Herald*. In the latter part of March, 1917, Dr. Parkhurst still thought war could be avoided, but one month later he was shrieking for the Kaiser's scalp and demanding that Roosevelt be given command of the expeditionary force. During the ensuing Summer he became enthusiastic over the blockade of Germany, damned the pacifists with true Methodist zeal, and urged the government to jail everybody opposed to the war. In four months Dr. Parkhurst turned *Zion's Herald* from a moderately pacifist sheet into the most uncompromisingly bellicose force among the denominational journals.

Considering the fact that such conversions were many and surviving pacifists few, the vigor with which the clergy sought for new and nasty epithets for those who held back seems a little forced. Dr. Charles Eaton, pastor of the Madison Square Baptist Church, referred to them as "poor pussy pacifists" and then called them eunuchs. Dr. S. E. Young, an eminent Presbyterian, called them "cowards and traitors." Bishop Kinsolving of Texas declared, at the time when Mayor Thompson permitted them to meet in Chicago, that "such men should not only be driven from the country, but from the earth." When the Rev. E. F. Weise of Bridgeport, Conn., declared at a Methodist conference, "I am an American, but a Christian first," the assembled clergy cried, "Sit down! Shame on you! Traitor!"

The Rev. Howard Ganster, of Christ Episcopal Church, at Waukegan, Ill., suggested "the organization of a society for the committing of murder of persons who do not stand up or who leave the building when 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played," and the distinguished Dr. Henry van Dyke, at the time Morris Hillquit was running for mayor of New York, screamed, "I'd hang everyone, whether or not he be a candidate for mayor, who lifts his voice against America entering the war." Father Gillis, a Catholic, averred that "Jesus

Christ is the Prince of Peace, but Pontius Pilate was the Prince of Pacifists." Bishop Cooke recommended that the conscientious objector "be deprived . . . of all political and social and civil rights," and rejoiced "that the Legislature of Wisconsin last spring held up to the scorn of civilization one of its citizens whom it had honored, but who himself failed to honor the State." The Rev. Isaac Lansing referred to the pacifists as "bloodless tools" of the Germans. And the American Unitarian Association voted "not to grant financial aid to any church which employs a minister who is not a willing, earnest, and outspoken supporter of the United States in the vigorous and resolute prosecution of the war."

IV

Accompanying these denunciatory flights, which characterized almost every sermon in the early days of the war, were more reasoned expositions of the errors of pacifism, prepared by such estimable clergymen as Dr. Fosdick, President Faunce, Dr. MacKenzie, and Dean Shailer Mathews. The chief of the egregious errors of the opponents of war, it appeared, was the assertion that Jesus was a pacifist. As a problem in New Testament exegesis there was, to be sure, much to be said of this on both sides, but the war-time speculations of the theologians were anything but dispassionate. Few of the apologists were as courageous as Dr. Fosdick, who stated quite simply that Jesus never faced an analogous situation. Most of them had to get Jesus uproariously on their side, and they interpreted the sacred texts with a diligence and an ingenuity which paved the way for Bruce Barton's later masterpiece of Rotarian higher criticism. The actual data being slight, the arguments were always the same. Dr. Benjamin Bacon, of the Yale Divinity School, erudite scholar in New Testament history, produced arguments very much like those of Harold Bell Wright, the novelist and ex-clergyman, who elucidated the subject in the *American Magazine*. Dr. Bacon, Dr. Wright, Dr. Shailer Mathews, dean of the Chicago Divinity School, Dr. Gordon, the Congregationalist, and Dr. Rihbany, the Unitarian, both of Boston, not to mention Roger Babson, the pious statistician, the venerable Dr. Lyman Abbott of the *Outlook*, Horace Bridges, of the Chicago Ethical Society, and William Forbes Cooley in the *Bookman*—all employed the same formula: the cleansing of the Temple and the tribute to Cæsar: "I came not to bring peace but a sword." Add to that the assurance that one can love one's enemies at the same time that one kills them, and we have the substance of a hundred thousand articles and a million sermons. Demonstrate, finally, that the pacifists base their case "on one or two texts torn from their context," and we have the complete method by which the parsons proved that Jesus was as much a Hun-hater as they.

In addition, they joined the professors and the editors in the great war-time sport of spy-hunting. In this activity Dr. Hillis had a formidable rival in the person of the Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the rich Madison Avenue Baptist Church in New York. Dr. Eaton was made chairman of the National Service Section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with the pleasant duty of going about delivering fight talks to workers in the shipyards. At the Newark submarine works he advised the workers that "when he [the spy] comes sneaking around with a bomb don't say, 'Let us pray,' but take him out there on the marsh and tie him down and place the bomb on his chest. Light it and stand off and watch him blow to his Kaiser—to hell! Be regular he-men." Speaking to a gathering of workers after his return from a tour of the country, Dr. Eaton said:

> Out on the Pacific Coast the men have what they call the Rail Committee. This is formed of workmen and is charged with seeing that every hand in the yards is 100% American and on the job eight hours a day, six days a week. In a yard at Seattle the Rail Committee has an iron pipe which is called the Liberty Rail. It is kept near the blacksmith's forge. When a workman utters a disloyal sentiment, fails to buy bonds or war-

> savings stamps, or in other ways proves he is lukewarm, the Rail Committee waits on him. The Liberty Rail is heated at the forge and the disloyal workman is ridden about the yards on the hot rail. At one time, I was told, there were twelve men in a Seattle hospital recovering from Liberty Rail rides.

After the war, Dr. Eaton found the church tame, went into business, and is now a New Jersey congressman.

Nothing could equal the present ecclesiastical zeal for the Constitution and its amendments, but in 1917 the parsons were as indifferent as the rest of the populace to the sections of that divinely inspired document which relate to freedom of speech. The distinguished Dr. Cadman stated the case neatly: "When the commonwealth is threatened he is an irrational believer in liberty who would breed confusion in the public mind." In the opening days of the war the Socialists of Boston held a parade and were promptly mobbed by soldiers and sailors. The military and civil authorities deplored the violence that had been done, but not so the parsons. The Rev. Arcturus Zebijah Conrad, D.D., Ph.D., the Brimstone Corner apostle of Fundamentalism, spoke thus in the course of his next Sunday's sermon: "The assistant janitor of the church lighted the fire which burned the Socialist banners and literature, and I am tempted to promote him to be assistant pastor." Quoth *Zion's Herald:*

> Back of the Boston near-riot is the un-American socialistic propaganda that has been a thorn in the flesh of this country from the very beginning of our trouble with Germany. . . . The blood boils before such demonstrations of un-Americanism.

To which the editor piously added, "But law above all!" Perhaps this was more than a mere sanctimonious phrase, for Dr. Parkhurst did become very enthusiastic over the laws which restrained sedition:

> This act should do much to help bring an end to the seditious propaganda which has been rife in this country from the very beginning of the war. As a nation fighting with its allies for the cause of liberty and human freedom, we cannot be hampered at any point, and least of all by the publication of treasonable matter.

He also gloated over the persecution of the I. W. W.:

> It is to be hoped that this round-up of the leaders, which is a great credit to the Federal authorities, will result in bringing to an end their nefarious propaganda.

Equally zealous for law and order was the *Outlook* under the sanctified leadership of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. The dismissal from Columbia of Professors Cattell and Dana brought joy to the heart of this life-long crusader for righteousness, while his journal clamored for the arrest of the pacifists and the expulsion of the late Robert M. LaFollette from the Senate. Regarding the sedition laws the *Outlook* voiced these views: "Thus, under these two acts, if prosecuting officers now do their duty, there will be less excuse for lynch law as an evidence of patriotic Americanism." Of course Dr. Abbott heartily disapproved of lynchings.

Another apostle of social justice, Father John A. Ryan, director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council, wrote for the *Catholic World* a learned article on the limitations of free speech in war-time. It was his contention in this essay that criticism of the government is permissible only if the government is wrong, and that the presumption must always be that the government is right, wherefore the government has the privilege and duty of suppressing criticism until it is proved wrong.

The pastors were all alert to the pervasive and corroding influences emanating from Germany. There was no deceiving them here. They could detect any German propaganda, however subtly it might be concealed. They found it in the higher criticism, in the doctrine of evolution, in the newer methods of education, and in the gospel of efficiency. One acute doctor of divinity, the Rev. R. W. Gammon, an editor of the *Congregationalist*, even traced the opposition to Prohibition to German influences. Naturally enough, the gifted Dr. Manning was one of the stalwarts of the campaign against Teutonic snakes, and

his opportunity came when Dr. Karl Muck proposed to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York. Mrs. William Jay was leading the current effort to combat this threat against the security of the nation, and Dr. Manning came to her assistance by saying, "It is not fitting nor decent for us at concerts or in any other place to give our countenance to avowed friends and supporters of the Kaiser." In this crusade he was joined by the Rev. W. H. Wood, official purveyor of sweetness and light at Dartmouth College, while Dr. Henry van Dyke succinctly added, "'Now that he [Muck] has played 'The Star Spangled Banner,' nothing better could be done for his improvement than to make him play 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Dixie.'" But, as was so often the case in those heroic days, it remained for Dr. Hillis to deliver the final blow in the struggle against the Hun menace in music:

> What shall be said about men who enter into business with Muck and Kreisler? It is well known that Kreisler is an Austrian captain; that to obtain his release he entered into an agreement to send back to his home government a large percentage of his income. An Austrian gun costs approximately $20. Every night that Kreisler is paid $1,000 Austria can buy fifty rifles with which Germany can kill our American boys.

Mr. Kreisler, who cancelled his American tour the same day that Dr. Hillis was delivering this denunciation, called the attack "cowardly, irresponsible, and unethical," and demanded a retraction. It is presumed that Dr. Hillis simply laughed.

V

The most thorough examination of the Teutonic threat to religion in those days is to be found by the historian in Dr. Isaac J. Lansing's instructive little volume, "Why Christianity Did Not Prevent the War." Christianity, according to Dr. Lansing, did not prevent the war simply and solely because Germany was not Christian. "What," he asks, "has made Germany a pirate among states, a murderer, a monster?" The answer is: *a*, Strauss and the higher criticism; *b*, Haeckel and the doctrine of evolution. "Germany has led the world in accepting the general doctrine of atheistic evolution. [The Germans] despise morals, possess none, and seek to destroy them in others." Dr. Lansing made it known that these soul-destroying influences had not been allowed to corrupt Germany alone. He realized that it had long maintained a constant propaganda on behalf of evolution and the higher criticism for the sole purpose of undermining the *morale* of those nations which it intended to conquer. As *Zion's Herald* put it:

> One good thing to come out of the war will be the liberation of religious thought from the thralldom of Germany. . . . Christianity will thus be freed from one of the most baneful influences that have been at work within its fold for more than a generation.

Dr. Cadman, when asked, "What is the present state of the Lutheran Church in Germany?" answered, "So far from being the Bride of Christ, she is the paramour of Kaiserism." For theologians such as Drs. Lansing, Parkhurst, and Cadman, the Kaiser, who now spends his idle moments at Doorn writing treatises on Fundamentalism, could be none other than Anti-Christ. As Dr. Lansing declared, "Beyond all doubt, our pure motives and purposes have received upon them the divine sanction. God could not express Himself in antagonism to what we are doing."

Nowhere was the richness of the theological vocabulary more in evidence than when the parsons joined in consigning the Kaiser to perdition. This was either done baldly, in the manner of John D. Rockefeller's loyal servant, the Rev. W. W. Bustard, who declared with the simplicity of greatness, "To Hell with the Kaiser!" or more subtly, in imitation of the Rev. Herbert Johnson, the Boston Baptist and, at present, traveling agent for the Massachusetts Public Interests League. "I believe in a Hell," said Dr. Johnson. "I can't help believing in the old doctrine, because of the Kaiser." Certain other parsons, observing the Wilsonian distinction, limited their anathemas to the Kaiser, but most

of them vented their Christian indignation on the entire German race. "The brigand—brigand on land and pirate on the seas—" said Dr. Abbott, "unrepentant, self-satisfied, self-willed, with all the bitterness of a defeated will and a fiery wrath burning within him." And he added:

> In strictness of speech there is no war in Europe. There is an international *posse comitatus*, representing more than twenty civilized nations, summoned to preserve the peace and protect the peaceable nations of Europe from the worst, most highly organized and most efficient band of brigands the world has ever known. This is not rhetoric. It is an accurate and scientific statement of the facts.

It was also Dr. Abbott who pointed out: "It is a disgrace to a noble profession to call the German officers soldiers or the German forces an army."

In January, 1918, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday was invited to deliver the morning prayer in the House of Representatives. "Thou knowest, O Lord," he began, "that no nation so infamous, vile, greedy, sensuous, bloodthirsty ever disgraced the pages of history. Make bare Thy mighty arm, O Lord, and smite the hungry, wolfish Hun, whose fangs drip with blood, and we will forever raise our voices in Thy praise." The House applauded, "the first time in history," according to the newspapers, that it had so signalized its approval of a prayer. Dr. Sunday spent his talents unsparingly in the enterprise of denouncing the Germans, achieving, among others, the epithets, "thousand-footed, thousand-headed, thousand-fanged demon," and "outlaw and murderer." He also added "that rotten snake, Prussianism."

At the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in New York, one Sabbath morning, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst declared, "I would rather see my country under the domination of the Koran and its prophets than subject to the cultivated barbarism of Berlin . . . . German devilishness is instinct with the genius of Hell." To which another eminent Presbyterian, Dr. Henry van Dyke, added his conception of his duties as ambassador to Holland:

> We were bound to be neutral in conduct. . . . But to be neutral in thought and feeling—ah, that was beyond my power. I knew that the predatory Potsdam gang had chosen and forced the war in order to realize their robber dreams of Pan-Germanism. I knew that they were pushing it with unheard-of atrocity in Belgium and Northern France, in Poland and Servia and Armenia. I knew that they had challenged the whole world of peace-loving nations. I knew that America belonged to the imperiled world. I knew that there could be no secure labor and no quiet sleep so long as the Potsdam Werewolf was at large.

It is said that Dr. van Dyke originated the phrase, "predatory Potsdam gang", and it is certain that he employed it with a frequency which suggested parental pride. It was also his boast that he had conceived the idea of calling the Kaiser "the Werewolf," and this term appears only somewhat less frequently in his writings of the time, wherein one is constantly hearing of the Werewolf's "ululations in the forest."

Zion's Herald, speaking of the Kaiser and his cohorts, sounded this ringing challenge:

> The churches must speak and speak in no uncertain terms. Germany must be revealed in all her hideousness. Her rapacity, her disregard of obligations, her wantonness in destruction, her menace to our civilization must be made clear. . . . The churches must speak officially, not in pious platitudes, not in sweet words of sisterly comfort, but in red-blooded words that will call things by their right names and cause a people to spring to their feet. . . . We will minister to the conscientious objectors by and by. Just now we have a war on our hands—the greatest in all history. . . . We are face to face with the Huns of modern civilization and we must defend against their barbarism the fruit of two thousand years of Christian civilization.

The theopneustic ingenuity which, through the ages, has devised more than a thousand titles of honor for Christ could easily invent many devastating epithets of opprobrium for the Kaiser and his hosts. "This ilk of pirates and murderers," was the contribution of *Zion's Herald*. The godly Dr. Howard N. Brown, Boston Brahmin and high-hat Unitarian added, "a nest of robbers, a band of thieves." "There is," said an anonymous clergyman, writing in the Unitarian *Christian Register*, "a human wild beast at our doors—a

human beast who knows no pity and who has forgotten all the rules of honor." "Untamed barbarians and maritime murderers," was the invention of the Rev. Francis Peabody, author of "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." " 'Made in Germany,' " averred Dr. Frederick F. Shannon, "is synonymous with 'Made in Hell.' "

Eager for the Kaiser's blood, the patriotic parsons all demanded his execution or at least a painful exile. Thus the Rev. R. S. McArthur, speaking at Tremont Temple, Boston:

> His only right is to take what the Allies see fit to give him. I would like to see the Kaiser banished to some lonely island—far lonelier than St. Helena was when Napoleon was sent there—and I would like to have him spend his days reading the articles that I would like to write about him.

When the armistice had been signed and the world made safe for democracy, *Zion's Herald* announced its views thus: "Germany, having sinned against civilization grievously, must meet the consequences of her wrong-doing. . . . Those who have brought this terrible scourge to humanity must feel the heavy hand of Justice." After much more about hanging the Kaiser and exacting reparations, it ended with the pious reflection: "How different this, however, from a bitterness of spirit that would wreak vengeance!"

But in this department there were two sources of disagreement, both of which furnished subject-matter for many a riotous sermon. The first of these, as has been suggested, centered in the official contention of Dr. Wilson that not the whole German people but merely the Kaiser and his "predatory Potsdam gang" had gone to Hell. At first this distinction was apparently popular among the parsons, but ecclesiastical fervor in a great cause is not conducive to hair-splitting. "All Germany," said the usually moderate *Churchman*, "is a single unit and a continuous organism." Dr. Cadman not only knew that the Germans were corrupt but knew why: "The reasons for this diabolism are found in her treacherous statecraft, her boasted frightfulness, her reptilian press, her suborned educational system, and her debauched pulpit. When the light within a people turns to darkness, how great is the darkness! And that darkness reigns and riots in Germany." Dr. Lyman Abbott, displaying the true theological flair for generalization, declared: "The Hun of today is in his spirit and his methods identical with the Hun of the Fifth Century. Fourteen centuries have not made any improvement in his character. Time is no cure for sin." To this Dr. Gammon, of the *Congregationalist*, added: "It is a case in Germany not of a few leaders and junkers that have gone astray, but of a whole nation morally bankrupt." And the Rev. John Whitehead, writing in the *Outlook*, summed up the case:

> It is assumed that the German people are not responsible for the crimes of their autocratic militaristic government. In all these four years of massacre, rape, arson, robbery, murder, have the German people protested against the crimes committed in their name? . . . What is our duty towards the thieves, the murderers, the rapists?

The other debate concerned the limits of Christlike forgiveness. Here, also, there came to be unanimity of opinion: the Germans could never be forgiven until they formally repented. Dr. Hillis, as has been recorded, became so pessimistic about the possibilities of this repentance that he advocated their unanimous extinction as the only Christian solution. The saintly Dr. Abbott thus stated his views after prayerful meditation:

> But I cannot pray for the Predatory Potsdam Gang, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," because that is not true. . . . I do not hate the Predatory Potsdam Gang because it is my enemy; . . . I hate it because it is a robber, a murderer, a destroyer of homes, a pillager of churches, a violator of women. I do well to hate it.

And the *Outlook*, carrying to a logical conclusion the Christian spirit of its mentor, remarked editorially: "A justifiable measure of restoration would be to make it that no German submarine officer or seaman found and seized should ever be heard from again."

Another religious liberal, avowedly

much more liberal than even the Modernists or Unitarians, contributed to this instructive discussion of forgiveness. He was Horace J. Bridges, leader of the Chicago Ethical Culture Society, and he wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* an article to which he gave the enticing appellation, "The Duty of Hatred." "In my judgment," he said, "there really is a duty of hatred, an imperative of conscience prescribing resentment as unconditional as the very law of love itself." Soon afterward Dr. Fosdick sent the editor an epistle explaining that Mr. Bridges was really talking about love all the time. One parson, the Rev. Sidney Strong, ventured to suggest that possibly Jesus didn't have His fingers crossed when he recommended forgiveness, but the editor of the *Congregationalist*, which published his views, soon received a letter, the author of which complained, "I really think that a discussion of this matter of forgiveness of enemies, at this critical time, is inopportune."

With most of the pastors so thoroughly in the clutches of the Holy Spirit, the mildest criticism of the national cause became dangerous. In February, 1918, the Rev. Robert Speer, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and chairman of the General Wartime Commission of the Churches, spoke at Columbia at a Y. M. C. A. meeting. Dr. Speer, who was discussing domestic problems, had the temerity to assert that the United States had one or two faults, and even called attention to the fact that it had committed certain of the sins for which it then condemned Germany. He was in favor of the war and had written a book which, though moderate, strongly urged a fight to the finish, but that did not save him. The *Times* contained echoes of the hubbub for weeks. Dr. Speer was called a pacifist, a pro-German propagandist, a "little cousin of La Follette," and many other such names. The Y. M. C. A. officials issued reassuring statements, and its spokesman, Fletcher S. Brockman, roared out, "The Y. M. C. A. stands for winning the war. . . No known pacifists have ever been used or will be used as speakers or workers." Dr. Speer explained, but to no avail. Irate clergymen continued to write to the *Times*, and Professor Charles P. Fagnani, of Union Theological Seminary, pointed out that "Any meetings that pro-Germans could attend with satisfaction are not such as loyal Americans . . . can consistently lend countenance to." The religious weeklies were all horrified, and Dr. Bridgman of the *Congregationalist*, who had himself opposed the war down to March, 1917, wrote in tones of shocked amazement: "The implication was that Germany was hardly more guilty than other nations. It is for such excessive emphasis on our national shortcomings and for failure to recognize the unprecedented and colossal wickedness of Germany that Dr. Speer's critics . . . . take him to task, and we think justly."

VI

So far this hasty recital, obviously incomplete, would certainly seem to indicate that the parsons were a great deal more than half-hearted in their support of the war. On the whole, one would expect that everyone from Dr. Wilson and the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer down would be proud of their efforts. But in February, 1918, along came the Rev. Joseph H. Odell, whom Dr. Brown of Yale lovingly described as "an Englishman who for several years has been vacillating between the ministry and journalism," and threw a bombshell into an ecclesiastical world more united in hatred of Germany than it had ever been in love of Christ. In the staid pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title, "Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself," Dr. Odell excoriated his fellow divines with a warmth usually reserved for the Kaiser:

> Thoughtful men and women are asking what became of the spiritual leadership of America during those thirty-two months when Europe and parts of Asia were passing through Gehenna. What prelate or bishop or ecclesiastical dignitary essayed the work of spiritual interpretation? . . .

What voice from altar or pulpit liberated a passion of righteous indignation and set this continent aflame with holy wrath?

Imagine how Newell Dwight Hillis must have felt when he read that! And Mr. Odell continued:

> Ordinary laymen, who have not been accustomed to the limpid simplicity of German Biblical criticism, theology, and philosophy, may be pardoned for failing to divine the temper and trend of Teutonic thought. But every minister knows that . . . there has been a patient, indefatigable, and relentless effort to squeeze every possible trace of supernaturalism from the Old and New Testaments. If the task had been undertaken by minions under an imperial fiat it could not have been performed more faithfully.
>
> Surely the sequence is as inevitable as the law of cause and effect could make it: the Kaiser is what he is because the preachers are what they are; and the preachers are what they are because the professors of theology and philosophy and Biblical exegesis sold themselves to the Kaiser to tear the truth and righteousness of God out of their system of thought and leave nothing but a vacant throne in heaven and earth subject to the claims of His Imperial Majesty. It is the most damnable circle of atheistic conspiracy that the ages have known. Nevertheless, the preachers of America . . . never uttered an indictment loud enough to cause the male members of the churches to foozle a drive in their Sunday morning foursome at the Country Club.

Dr. Odell achieved the desired effect. The Hon. James M. Beck made his article the text of a Boston all-college student rally, and the parsons hastened to redouble their whoops. As was proper, the most thorough answer to Dr. Odell's strictures appeared in the columns of the *Atlantic* itself. The Rev. George Parkin Atwater, rector of the Church of Our Saviour, at Akron, O., thus replied:

> *The complete representative of the American Church in France is the United States Army overseas.* [The italics are the Rev. Dr. Atwater's.] Yes, an army, with its cannon and rifles and machine-guns, and its instruments of destruction. The Church militant, sent, morally equipped, strengthened and encouraged, approved and blessed, by the Church at home. The army today is the Church in action, transforming the will of the Church into deeds, expressing the moral judgment of the Church into smashing blows. Its worship has its vigil in the trenches, and its fasts and feasts; its prayers are in acts, and its choir is the crash of cannon and the thrilling ripple of machine guns.
>
> Do you think, Mr. Odell, that if the Church as a whole had opposed war, or had sat by the fire warming itself, the nation could have put an army overseas without draft riots? No, from the beginning the Church has been patriotic and loyal. . . . While neutral in act, the Church was not neutral in thought and judgment. Neutrality in thought was immoral. No power on earth could have silenced the thousands of voices that arose from Christian puplits. . . .
>
> And the clergy and the Church of our nation spoke, and spoke with power. Hot, flaying, excoriating, scarifying words of righteous indignation and anger have been poured forth from our pulpits. Rousing and enkindling appeals have startled the people from their stunned complacency. I have heard many of them. Even before the United States declared war the words were uttered. . . .

Many other pastors agreed with Dr. Atwater that the church had "interpreted" the great crisis satisfactorily, but there were others, clerics among them, who were evidently filled with doubts by Dr. Odell's charges. For example, the eminent Dr. Cadman wrote to the *Congregationalist*, "I have reread Mr. Odell's article and I am still convinced that he has a case." The president of the National Security League, a very difficult man to please, thanked God that the church had at last been aroused from its lethargy of pacifism and pro-Germanism. Then the Rev. Albert C. Dieffenbach, editor of the *Christian Register*, added to the uproar by suggesting that the religious press had not been doing its full duty. This was all the harsher because the editors of many of the leading journals had been opposed to the war down to its very declaration, and then had suddenly discovered that we were engaged in a holy crusade. They had then taken to preparing editorials which, while failing in most instances to reach the heights of *Zion's Herald*—there is nothing like a good Methodist background!—were surely by no means halfhearted. Yet the fire-eating Dr. Dieffenbach said:

> What is wrong with many of our contemporaries of the so-called religious press? Why do they not mightily declare their passion to win the war? . . . Our leaders must talk about the war and their passion to help win the war, and not about even Jesus Christ in such wise as to divert them from their duty. . . . Only once in a hundred times does either speaker or writer go to the center and soul of the business and utter a ringing

> challenge to win the war for God and Christ and mankind. . . . There is nothing to our hand and soul now and for months to come but the conquest of a race lusting to wrest our freedom from us. Hear this, ye editors, and gird up the loins of your mind.

Even when the armistice was signed and the world presumably made safe for democracy, the fury of the pastors was unabated. Dr. van Dyke, the pride of Princeton, echoed the substance of many post-armistice sermons when he wrote in the *Outlook* for December 18, 1918:

> Now we face the problem of the great peace. The anæmic pacifists did nothing to win it. They must have no hand in it. . . . Right must reign, and might must back it. . . . But what to do with the criminals—the German rulers and those who have supported them in the wanton destruction of at least ten million human lives? . . . On the German Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Ludendorff, and the rest of the Potsdam Gang justice must be done according to international law. . . . Have the Kaiser's gang really repented? No sign of it yet. . . . Have the German people really repented? No sign of it yet.

Two years later we find Dr. Hugh Black, professor in the Union Theological Seminary, publishing a volume entitled "Lest We Forget," meaning, of course, lest we forget to hate the Germans. Perceiving that the subsiding of the war fever had restored a considerable proportion of the population to relative sanity, Dr. Black averred: "We must not let the original conscience that brought us into the bloody conflict be submerged." To restore that conscience he indited, two years after the war had ended, such blistering sentences as these:

> We were not outwitting a rival; we were judging a criminal. . . . Like a ghastly vampire the Germans sucked the life out of every land they touched. . . . If one asked the question any time during the last fifty years, What is the matter with Europe?, the answer was always Germany. . . . The victory then is a vindication of justice and honor. . . . The predatory nation that went out for loot needed to learn, for the sake of all as well as for their sake, that looting is not allowed. . . . We cannot forget that until there is evidence of a change of heart in Germany, which is more important than a change of government, France still stands at the frontier of civilization.

Even to this day many of the clergy refuse to be demobilized. When the embattled Babbitts gathered at Concord, Mass., to resist the Bolshevistic attack of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, in June of last year, there were three clergymen on the platform: the Rev. Gail Cleland, local pastor and chaplain of the local American Legion post; the Rev. Col. Axton, Chief of Chaplains, U. S. A.; and the Rev. Herbert Johnson, apostle of the Massachusetts Public Interests League, to whom reference has been made. Many of the current warlocks are pillars of Fundamentalism. In the July issue of the *King's Business*, a journal edited by such sterling defenders of the Rock of Ages as C. E. Macartney, Mark Mathews, and One-Gun Norris, appeared an editorial entitled "Pernicious Peace Propaganda," inquiring: "Do you know what his majesty, the Devil, is doing? Are you conscious of the seductive, seditious, satanic influence which is at work in our land?" Then the editorial goes on to demonstrate that all the peace movements originate in that suburb of Gehenna, Moscow. Hating pacifists and Reds is a poor substitute for hating Huns, but it does very well *faute de mieux*.

But on the whole the drift is again toward pacifism. Many pastors who were stalwarts before and during the war have now lapsed into quasi-pacifism, and there are not a few apostates like Sherwood Eddy, the Y.M.C.A. magnate, who has disavowed his war books and leaped into the ranks of the non-resisters. The characteristic phenomenon, however, is the silent return to the cause of peace. The Rev. Charles Clayton Morrison, the Rev. Frederick Lynch, the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, and the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick were pacifists before the war, and they are pacifists now. They prefer silence about their war-records, and perhaps we should humor them, since, in view of the general war-madness, they were models of moderation. The only important question is what their attitude will be when the trumpets sound the next crusade against the powers of Hell, personified in, say, the armies of England, France, or Japan.

THE COMPLETE AMERICAN

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

Prelude

ASKED to name the three Americans who incarnate the American spirit, the tongue of the man in the street will glibly roll off Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt; or Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln; or Washington, Lincoln and Wilson. Whatever combination he gives, Washington and Lincoln will always be in the running. He plays two myths, and leaves the third choice open for a "live one." The third may be even Bryan or Grover Cleveland.

But the diverse elements which constitute the psyche of America and other countries are seldom found in their most famous names. Peter the Great, Joan of Arc, Bismarck, Garibaldi, Oliver Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson are the incarnations of certain events in the histories of countries. They do not convey the characteristics of a people or race. They are show-window men and women. You have got to go into the dark recesses of the shop to find the goods—or down in the cellars.

The one hundred per center rules the roost in every country. By American, therefore, I mean the hundred-per-center. His psyche is multiple. He is *the* American in the literal sense of the word, for he is the completest differentiation from anything that is European. He is something new on the globe. Each one of the elements that constitute the Complete American has been incarnated. So I present here an attempt to reach the soul of American America through eight of its flesh-and-blood representatives.

II

P. T. Barnum

Barnum is the circus-humbug soul of America. His bland, smiling, benevolent face, his white elephants, his Beautiful Ladies riding on globes, his What Is It?, his clowns, his three-legged men, his Wild Man of Borneo were the infantile play-instinct of America made real. The hoax is the American's imagination. Buncombe is his fairy-legend need fulfilled. He conceives his amusements in terms of the circus. His baby-spirit must have make-believe around him night and day. He prefers the fake to the real (it is curious the number of persons one meets who prefer moonshine liquor to the real). This instinct, the love of fake, is a manifestation of the American's innate fear that whatever is real is harmful.

Barnum sensed all this, or, rather, the American spirit of hoax, fake and infantile clowning chose him as its avatar. He was also the utensil of that instinct for extravagant statement and chromatic publicity, so closely allied to the hoax, fake and play instinct, which manifested itself in those rip-roaring twenty-four sheet posters and newspaper advertisements, and which today has turned every newspaper in America almost wholly into a mere publicity channel for scientists, politicians, Presidents, Kings, crazy evangelists and gold-digging light-o'-loves of the modest sex.

Barnum has almost become a common noun. He is a world-synonym for camouflage, bulling and sucker-baiting. In Europe his name connotes America from heel to

hair. His soul will go marching on long after John Brown's is pickled in oblivion. And that is because Phineas T. Barnum was born of the very roots of two of our most elemental characteristics—to fake and to clown.

III

Jesse James

Jesse James is deep in the hearts of his 100% countrymen. He means very little to our foreign-born. It is because Jesse James is the manifestation of romantic lawlessness, a psychic inheritance of the pioneers and Vigilantes, for the Vigilantes were outlaws who found it paid them better to preserve the peace than to prey.

It is for this reason that Jesse James has achieved immortality. He is a Great American. When I was a boy he was looked upon as *the* great American by all the boys I knew. He made that profound and direct appeal to romantic lawlessness which is the mental core of every healthy boy, and of every grown-up, for that matter.

The hold-up, for the technique of which Jesse James was the Cushing's Manual, is essentially American. The stage-coach laden with passengers whose very armpits concealed bags of gold-dust, the sudden debouch of the James boys and their gang, the stripping, the get-away with three shots fired into the air for *Schrecklichkeit* is today the pocket Iliad of Big Business and High Politics.

There is no person in the world more strait-laced, who possesses more artificial inhibitions, or who is more completely group-cowed and herd-suckled than the 100% American. Hence his secret apotheosis of Jesse James. He conceives James as spaciousness, air, light, movement, none of which he has in the Bastile of Rotarian yes-yes-sayers wherein he is born, swells and has his banal being.

Jesse James will outlive the names of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and nearly all the Presidents, because he is our instinct of romantic lawlessness made flesh.

IV

William Jennings Bryan

Whether the True American voted for Bryan or not, he believed in him, for on the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil Bryan was the great, round, solid limb of Righteousness. The word righteous was imported into America in the log-book of the *Mayflower*. Among words it became the Trumpet of Jericho, and Bryan blew that trumpet with such force that he burst. But Righteousness and its swan-straddling Lohengrin go marching on with P. T. Barnum and Jesse James.

Thou shalt not! is more truly American than it is Hebraic. The Ten Commandments are pretty well shot to pieces in Europe, but the American Puritan not only clings to them, but adds to them, using the Anti-Saloon League, the Lord's Day Alliance and the Watchers and Warders as their special messengers to Mount Horeb. The Fear of God gave America its Thanksgiving Day, and I believe that the one and only motive for Bryan's life-long Presidential ambition was his desire to write, each year, the Thanksgiving Day Proclamation. God and Darwin would have come to grips in that document—or God versus Wall Street—or God versus Drink.

Bryan was, then, the incarnate Good Man of the 100% American. He was the voice of his mute longing for a talky, cash-down, cleanly Paraclete. He was always the Man of the Hour—the Joffre-on-the-job when the legions of Science, Rum, Sunday Baseball, Atheism and Al Smithism came down to a Marne. He was the *Mayflower* become *Leviathan* when the Armada of the Devil was sighted—and if the great Spirit of American Righteousness was disappointed at the non-arrival of an Armada or a Hun army of Darwinians, Old Nicks from Wall street, Bacchanalians and phallic-worshippers, he invented them.

For Righteousness is always at Arma-

ddon, plumed and mailed, even though e Devil and his cronies are scalawagging far-away Philadelphia.

Bryan was the avatar of the profoundest all American instincts: to be fair in the ght of the Lord.

V

Dr. Frank Crane

r. Crane is the Little Red Schoolhouse own to a university. He is the A B C of nerican culture. Every good American ust go to school. The Little Red School-use is his Sorbonne, his Bonn, his Heidel-rg, his Oxford. You may attack the Con-itution and George Washington, but the hoolhouse is inviolate. After killing the dians and the witches and branding the edlessly amorous, the Puritan proclaimed lture—readin', writin' an' 'rithmetic. lture is a root-complex of the American, d Dr. Crane is its Montaigne, its Marcus urelius and its Confucius all rolled into ie.

Culture and Success are about the same ings to an American. Knowledge is a rm of Good Cheer. Book larnin' should ad to a Ford. Read Dickens, be honest d take out an insurance policy are the ul of the Craneial wisdom. In his daily cture to 20,000,000 members of the orld's super-race he carries on the great-t cultural campaign ever undertaken in y country at any time.

He taps the mother-lode of America—ience (the God of Bolts and Nuts), Char-ter (rubber-tired), Right-Thinking (men-novocaine), Progress ("we are drinking s and less"), Beauty (the evolution of e horse-hair sofa into the Park avenue rkish divan) and Statistics (Salvation figgers).

These are the Eternal Ideas of Plato nsplanted to the soil of Increase and tton Mather, the Gallagher and Shean American metaphysics, of which Dr. ane is the psychic and physical Annun-tion.

VI

Billy Sunday

Billy Sunday is the camp-meeting element in the American soul. He pipe-jointed the American root religious instinct. The tremendous suction-pump of his larynx brought to us Hell-fire in all its scintillant glory.

It is one of our traits that we like to be told we are sinners, that we are all going to Hell. The American has an innate love of conversion. The spiritual seat-worms of change are always at work. We are always going to Heaven or going to Hell—but the great virtue is to "keep on going." Billy Sunday, wise psychologist and expert vivisectionist of souls that he is, knows this. He knows that the instinct of the American for sensations is so profound that he believes 'tis better to have lived and soused than never to have lived at all.

The neurotic, God-ecstatic, sex-repressed, epileptic soul of the Puritan has always found its vent-hole in the camp-meeting. Europe has its carnivals, its saturnalias of blood, its free sex and rum customs. We Americans have always been buttoned up to the crow's-nest. We've only had one decent war on the premises. Only three carnivals a year are allowed us—one at New Orleans, one at Coney Island and one at Philadelphia on New Year's Day. Drinking has always been a kind of sneaking affair behind glazed windows, and now behind bath-room doors, and amour without the law's all-night license in the trunk has always been the yellow-spotted purple sin. Finally, the Mann Act placed it below congenital or acquired perversion. What was left was the camp-meeting, where we could, under the guise of the hypostatic union with Jehovah's beard, indulge in a form of shadow-boxing with our delectable devils.

So Billy Sunday is a great benefactor, like Barnum, Jesse James, Bryan and Dr. Crane. He diverts one of our elemental forces to a harmless psychic shindy.

VII

Theodore Roosevelt

Noise, blare, is essentially and profoundly American. Silence, quietness, meditation are forms of Bolshevism to our hundred per centers. "Blow your horn" is the national motto. You must be seen, heard, touched every minute if you want to hold your place in the procession. The Fourth of July used to be the noisiest day in the world. Not to make a noise on that day was to be pro-English, pro-Mexican, pro-Confederate and, later, pro-German. Noise is the body of our infantile soul.

This craze for noise, for blare, for incessant psychic and physical exhibitionism was incarnate in Theodore Roosevelt. He was like a child with a lot of Christmas toys—but his toys were all drums, whistles and exploding balloons.

I first met him, when I was sixteen years old, in the office of the Philadelphia *Press*. He was then Civil Service Commissioner in Washington. He came up to Philadelphia to see Charles Emory Smith, the editor-in-chief of the *Press* (whose office boy I was) to swing the *Press* to Civil Service reform. He pounded Smith's desk till it nearly cracked. He roared, he thundered, he sent the mice in the walls scurrying to the roof. He squirmed, he contorted, he yowled. Smith sat like an iceberg ensconced in the moon.

The last time I saw the God of Blare (the completest and most characteristic American of which we have any record) was in Carnegie Hall five years or so before his death. He was still the great Bombardier of Platitudes, tossing the pages of his speech all over the stage, where they were picked up by the lucky like fallen feathers from the Heaven-cleaving Bird of Truth.

Theodore Roosevelt was of divine origin. He was the Holy Ghost of Blare come amongst us for a little while. He was the Voice—the Yowl—of a continent made flesh: *Bombastes Furioso Americanus*.

VIII

Edgar A. Guest

No hearth, no American. No home, no mother?—you are not Nordic. Lead, kindly window-lamp. It is snowing outside. A one-hundred-per-center's foot slipped while he was fighting the foreign bootleggers as secretary to the local Anti-Saloon League. He is returning from Sing Sing. It is snowing outside. But the lamp is in the window for him and his old mother waits, waits for the return of the hundred-per-center with the poems of Edgar A. Guest on her knee.

For Edgar Guest (only atheists call him Eddie now) is also an avatar. He is Virtue, Kindness and Goodness, such only as we real Americans know those qualities. He is the American Love of Decency—the Cerberus that guards us against the great Blond Beast, against the sex-prickings of jazz, against the Seven Deadly Pleasures.

Guest is the upsprung backbone of middle-class morality. Rome fell and Greece was blotted out, and Sodom and Gomorrah slid into Gehenna because they had no Edgar Guest. I have heard Swedes from Utica, Ukrainians from Providence, Jews from Philadelphia and the Al Smith Barrel House poets from Greenwich Village sneer at the poetry of Edgar Guest, but it will outlive the fiery swirls of Longfellow's muse, for Edgar Guest is the epiphany of the qualities without which no real American is complete: reverence for home and a passion for honesty. He is a national poet, and he shineth like a star in a world of naughty Cabells.

IX

Woodrow Wilson

No people in the world have a profounder instinct, and hence a profounder need, for masks than the American. He inherits this from his Puritan ancestry. He is the heir of a Standard of Life and Morals which he

an no longer live up to, but which he has ot the courage to change. Hence his life s fictive, masked, make-believe. He has a Declaration of Independence, a Constitution, a Liberty Bell and an Ideal of Equality. They are verbally sacred. Secretly—h, secretly!

Woodrow Wilson was the mask of our dealism made bone and blood. Born a unker, he posed as a democrat. An egotist t heart, he wore the mask of Christian umility. Preaching the doctrine of self-etermination individually and racially in Europe, in America he countenanced great ost-war crimes against the individual onscience and bodies of his fellow Americans. I do not say this in derogation of Woodrow Wilson, for I hold him to be he greatest man that has been in the White House since Lincoln. I voted for im twice, and would have voted for him gain had he run in 1920. But I am merely tating a psychological fact of our national fe of which Wilson was nature's incarate model.

He was the great slogan-maker, which s another one of our traits. His cerebral entimentality—"Would you break the eart of the world?" and "The war to nd war," for instance—is essentially a 00% American trait. Masks must have ogans. "To make the world safe for emocracy" is both mask and slogan. Vilson was too wise to let America know he truth. He wore his mask better than either Mussolini or Lenin. He achieved in public the great American feat of conceiving himself as he was not.

In Max Beerbohm's "The Happy Hypocrite" Lord George Hell's face and soul finally become exactly like his mask. That's what has happened to American America. That is what happened to Woodrow Wilson. Hypocrisy is the Prospero of our national life.

X

Coda

I have thus portrayed what I believe to be the elements—the cardinal colors—of what Europe knows as "the American"—the circus-humbug instinct, the instinct of romantic lawlessness, the passion for righteousness, the love of pragmatic culture, the camp-meeting complex, the love of blare, the divinization of home and mother and the profound need of the mask of idealism.

The sadistic trait in the American and his so-called dollar-worship are not essentially American. They are common to all peoples in all times. But that which sets us aside as a distinctive species on the globe is incarnated in P. T. Barnum, Jesse James, William Jennings Bryan, Dr. Frank Crane, Billy Sunday, Theodore Roosevelt, Edgar A. Guest and Woodrow Wilson. They are our Musæ.

LOGIC AND THE STOCK MARKET

BY FRED C. KELLY

One of the most agreeable things about the stock market is that one may prosper there by being illogical. Or at any rate, one's chances for success are greatly enhanced by doing what *seems* to be illogical. To follow mere obvious surface logic is fatal.

Indeed, to monkey with the stock market at all is perhaps illogical, in view of all the stories one has heard since childhood about the foolhardiness of attempting to beat an unbeatable game. More, speculation is generally regarded as not only dangerous, but also as downright wicked. Profits derived from it are ill gotten gains, because they were not won by the sweat of one's brow. Nevertheless, every conservative, successful manufacturer is a speculator. He has to be. If he doesn't buy raw materials when they're cheap—when the market is advantageous—at least part of the time, he'll finally go bankrupt. No matter how clever a salesman or advertiser a man may be, he can't withstand the odds against him if he always buys at top prices and sells his finished product in a falling market. Even buying a home is speculative. Nobody would care to have a house on ground likely to drop in value.

Maybe the very difficulty of speculation is what has brought it into disrepute. Most men who enter business eventually fail because of their inability to be successful buyers and sellers. Likewise most men who speculate in stocks lose all the money they risk. Naturally, men who have failed in such an enterprise—and they are in the majority—do not speak any too highly of it. But neither do those who have been unable to master golf mention the game in terms of the highest praise. The fact remains that an occasional man speculates in the stock market as his sole means of livelihood, and contrives to do it year after year. He may not become a multimillionaire; if he did, he would no longer have to bother with speculation. But neither does he go broke, for in that event he couldn't speculate.

The few who contrive to take more out of the stock market than they put into it do so by going contrary to what would be generally accepted as logic. They do the opposite to what the majority of seemingly intelligent speculators are doing. As an example of how the market discourages logical thinking I may note the tendency of stock prices to go down on good news and up on bad news. If you are holding a block of stock in a certain company and learn that the board of directors has decided to increase the annual dividend, you may be expected to feel pleased. You may even slap your thigh and say to yourself: "Now then, the dear old stock will advance. I'll pick up a dandy profit in the next few days."

But instead of advancing, the stock is almost certain to sell off on the good news. Many professional stock operators will reason that there is no use keeping it any longer, because the thing they have been hoping for and which the stock itself has anticipated by a gradual increase in price, has now happened. Since there are suddenly more sellers than buyers, the first move of the stock, when the good news becomes public, is downward. On the other hand, the price may go up on bad news, because influential people think, to

nemselves: "The worst has now hapened. The stock will never be so cheap gain. Let's buy it."

The most logical thing a market speculator can do, indeed, and the thing he is ost likely to do, is to buy when prices re high, and sell when prices have ropped, thus suffering a loss. Unwise as nis is, it is nevertheless logical, because vhen stock prices are highest all the information drummed into one's ears is favorble, indicating that soon they will be till higher. But when prices are at their owest ebb, all that one learns from the ewspapers or from conversation with nowing friends is discouraging. To a ind that works logically, it is obvious hat the worst is to come, and that the nd of the downward swing is not yet. o wonder that ninety-seven men out of a undred buy at the top and sell at the ottom!

Under such circumstances, not only will ou buy toward the top, but you are likely o buy at the *exact* top. You have watched he advance from day to day. Every eveing you discover that if you had bought certain stock in the morning you would ave had a nice profit when the Stock Exhange closed at 3 o'clock in the afteroon. Having a logical mind you say to ourself: "The thing to do is buy in the orning and sell in the afternoon. Or, etter still, buy in the morning and sell he next afternoon."

Anybody knows that when a thing has appened over and over again the presumpon is in favor of its continuing to happen the same way; but because you have us arrived at a logical conclusion, on the ry day that you decide to buy, the stock oes not up but down. You are likely to y the last fraction of the top figure, for e reason that you are an average person. t least it is fair to assume that you are. o many are! The same allurements that d you to buy at the top induced buying all others subject to such influences. aturally, when all who can be induced buy have bought, and there are no others to whom one may sell, then the price can go no higher. The only way the stock can move now is downward.

But if you have a logical mind, you do not get excited as your stock drops. Looking back, you now realize that its price could not have kept advancing forever without going beyond its worth, and that it is now natural enough that it should drop. The setback, you figure, is probably only temporary. But each day thereafter, let us say, it takes a further violent drop. After it does this for a week or ten days you repeat the logical reasoning you followed when it was advancing. You now decide that it is likely to continue dropping indefinitely. But the day you sell is reasonably certain to mark the end of the decline, because you are not the only one who was finally scared into selling. You, being an average man, were merely representative. Everybody else has also sold. There being no more to sell, the stock can go no farther down.

II

Psychologists know that nearly all members of the human race are influenced somewhat by the day of the week. Men do not feel the same toward the world on Monday as they do on Wednesday or Saturday, and this even affects their attitude toward buying and selling securities. That being true, wouldn't Monday be the logical day for the majority of people to buy stocks? They have been to church the day before and received a spiritual comfort which has created in them a happy, optimistic frame of mind. Moreover, since Monday is the first day of a new business week, everybody else is starting off with high hopes. If you buy on Monday, you have your stocks all ready to share in the advance as the week gains momentum. What then could be more natural than for most people inclined to buy stocks at all to do so on that day? But you are a bit more shrewd than the crowd, and so you ask yourself if it wouldn't be the cagey move to *sell* your

stocks on Monday, when everybody else is buying and bidding up prices.

Nevertheless, despite the seemingly unassailable logic of outwitting the crowd by selling it your stocks on Monday, the cold fact is that Monday is the worst day of the week, in the long run, for selling and the best day for buying. You are likely to find more bargains on Monday than on any other day. Men who have been to church on Sunday—and people inclined to speculate or gamble usually attend church, because they believe in every scheme for bringing good luck—probably heard there more gloom than good cheer. Departing from logic and looking the facts in the face, one remembers that preachers, picturing the terrors of the hereafter, usually fill their customers with far more grim forboding than elation. Moreover, it is after returning from church, when the speculator's wife sees him staring gloomily at the stock page, with a what's-the-use expression on his features, that she is most apt to exclaim: "Elmer, I want you to get shet of those stocks tomorrow and quit worrying about them!" The result is, as statistics show, that the most numerous drops in stock prices, and the biggest ones, occur on Monday—even though logic demands that they do nothing of the sort.

When you think the time has come to sell part of your securities, the obviously logical thing to do is to dispose of those that have risen sharply in price and keep those which have not yet had their move upward. It does not take much reasoning to see that the ones which have advanced most are probably perilously high, while those which have stood still are less likely to drop. Hence, if you sell the ones in which you have a profit and keep the others, when the tardy ones advance you will then have a profit on all.

The only trouble with this reasoning is that, though logical, it is wrong. The stocks which advanced in price probably did so because of their merit and they are therefore the ones most likely to keep on advancing. Likewise, those that stood still did so because they were already priced high enough. Because of your faculty for reaching logical conclusions, you have sold the stocks most capable of giving you profits, and have kept those more likely to go lower in price than upward. In the end, you discover that you are nursing a bunch of chronic invalids.

Since all this proves that it is fatal to proceed logically, perhaps you will conclude that the shrewd thing to do is to follow the advice of others who know more about stocks than you do. Your broker must know, because he deals in stocks all the time. Stocks are his business. Yet experience has shown that to follow a broker's market letters or verbal advice is to take the road that leads to the almshouse. To begin with, a broker is rarely a scientific student of stock fluctuations, but more probably only a fellow who lives by his wits and follows mere surface indications. The average broker, if he is truthful, can tell you a harrowing tale of money he lost before learning his lesson.

I recall becoming acquainted in a New York brokerage house with two handsome young employés of charming personality. They were seemingly without well-defined duties, but conferred with customers and were known as customers' men. I chanced to find out that these young men had once inherited a handsome legacy and lost it speculating in the market. They were thus compelled to go to work, and the broker gave them jobs. In consequence, they are now advising others how to make investments.

A statistician acquaintance of mine took the trouble some time ago to place himself on the mailing list of fifteen brokerage houses, and he kept careful record of the advice in their market letters over a period of years. He worked out an original system for grading this advice. If a broker mildly urged his customers to buy stocks, his grade for that day was *plus 1;* if he was more strongly on the buying side, his grade was *plus 2;* and if his advice to buy was about as strong as it could be, then

is mark was *plus 3*. Likewise, his advice o sell was graded *minus 1*, *minus 2* and *inus 3*, according to how emphatic it was. The compiler averaged the advice for each veek and later compared the averages with vhat actually happened. In that way he nade this astounding discovery:

Whenever the average advice from the ifteen brokers was *plus 1½*, or, in other words, when they were half way as urgent s they could be on the buying side, nine imes out of ten it was then time, not to uy, but to sell. The market was at its op. But when prices were at the bottom nd everybody should have been buying, he brokers were showing an average grade f *minus 1½*—that is, when the market vas at its lowest, they were just beginning o admit that it wasn't booming. Another tatistician made a similar study of a series f market letters from fifty brokers and ound that over a period of years they avored the buying side two-thirds of the ime. Many financial writers on newspapers ave told me that they could hardly hold heir jobs unless they were optimistic bout the market most of the time.

Still, might not friendship with a good roker be a convenience? The broker is at east in a position to see what other specu- ators are doing and can pass out valuable nd confidential information. The danger s that if you know your broker well nough for him to tell you things in confi- ence, he probably knows you well enough o be in close touch with your account on is books. He knows, and you know that he nows, exactly what you are doing. There- ore if you occasionally go contrary to his dvice and back your own judgment, you re almost compelled to be stubborn and ick to your mistake, if you do make a istake, because your vanity will not per- it you to let him see that you know ou are wrong. Indeed, you do not wish o let even yourself know that you are rong. You must stick to the course on hich you started in the conviction that will be the right one in the long run. o do otherwise would be an admission that you are not fit for the game. You do not care to admit that—least of all to your broker. If you know him intimately, you want him to regard you as a financial wizard. Beware, then, of knowing your broker well enough to play golf with him!

Another trouble about advice is that a logical mind cannot always accept it, even when it is good. You may believe a man when he tells you the time has come to buy stocks, but you will be reluctant to heed his warning if he tells you to sell, because, once you have sold, all chances for making further profits are gone; and what could be more illogical than placing oneself in such a situation as that?

III

Well, if brokers don't know about stocks, then surely the sensible thing to do is to find somebody who does—somebody who has a proved record of successful speculation—maybe some friend who has and is willing to impart reliable information. But in practice even his advice may be worthless. A man capable of successful speculation presumably has enough self-respect and pride not to wish to lead others into disaster. He dares not advise them to take risks that he himself may take. I happen to know a man—know him very well—who made a considerable sum in the stock market a year or two ago, and a half dozen of his friends began to speculate on his advice. But while he himself was making money every one of them lost. Yet his intentions were the best. True, they did not lose much. He was so afraid that they might lose and place the blame on his shoulders that he advised them to buy only conservative, safe securities. In fact, they were so safe that they could not fluctuate much in either direction and therefore did not offer much profit to speculators. Consequently, they were neglected and dropped slightly in price. In other words, the price this man's friends paid for insurance against losing much was to lose a little.

Since brokers don't know much about stocks, and even successful speculators are unable to give profitable advice, then the only logical thing to do is to go to the head of a successful business enterprise for information about conditions of his own industry and the prospects of his own stock. Here, surely, one will get information from the fountain head, and it cannot well be wrong. Yet the fact is that it is almost sure to be wrong, for the man is prejudiced about his own stock just as a mother has biased opinions about her own children. Moreover, no matter how truthful his statements may be, it may lead one astray, for there is always the danger of buying his stock at a time when the rest of the public is not in a buying mood. Whenever there are more sellers than buyers, the price will drop, no matter how good the stock is. Thus we are brought once again to our rule: Never be logical.

One does sometimes pick up inside tips from professional stock operators who are nearly always successful. It might be logical to act on such tips—save for the fact that such information is almost sure to be wrong. At the time one is told that a professional operator is buying on a big scale, the chances are that he is really selling. If he were buying, come to think of it, he wouldn't say anything about his belief any more than a man who wanted to buy a horse advantageously would go about telling how much he admired it.

If begins to look, doesn't it, as if the sensible and logical thing to do is to follow one's own judgment? But of course one's own judgment is made up of all kinds of information, which must be weighed and interpreted. Such information probably includes that to be found in the newspapers. You observe in first-page news items that stocks are having a boom and that all signs point to higher prices. This news has become so important that it can no longer content itself on the financial page but has bounded to page one. Evidently it is a logical time to buy stocks. Is it, though? After you have bought, you learn that the stock news reached the first page because not only the high prices, but also the volume of buying, has been exceptional. By the time you buy, all the other speculators have already bought. Who, then, is going to bid for your stocks?

If stocks show a perverse tendency to decline in price the minute you buy them, why not fool them by engaging in what is commonly known as selling short? In other words, why not sell stocks that you haven't yet bought, on the assumption that you can fulfil your selling contracts later by picking up the stocks at lower prices? The danger in this is that by the time you have decided to sell short, taking the bear side of the market, your move is so logical that it is equally obvious to everybody else in the market. Inasmuch as many others are now under obligation to deliver stocks sold short, everybody becomes nervous and eager to acquire such stocks. Thus a sudden demand is created, temporarily at least, for stocks that were sold only recently at falling prices. With everybody trying to buy at once, prices rise. The market has what is called a rally, and many who sold stocks that they didn't have are now compelled to buy at unfavorable prices.

Many speculators, despairing of hitting upon the one stock that will turn out the most profitable, buy a diversified list, hoping that at least one stock on it will be a real prize. But on this list there may also be one that turns out to be a very bad egg. In that event an illogical thing happens. While one good stock will not help the poor ones, a bad stock may contaminate all the rest, like one rotten apple in a barrel. When you suffer a loss on one stock, you usually try to make up the loss by holding the others—even after you have gained all the profit on them that can be reasonably expected. Instead of selling them when prices are booming, you keep them too long, and may have to throw them overboard in the end at a loss.

Another illogical thing in the stock market is the fact that the man who believes

most implicitly that a certain stock is to advance, say thirty or more points, is less likely to be right than if he felt less sure. I have in mind one man who would have wagered all his hopes of salvation that his favorite stock would make up various severe losses he had suffered, and put him back on his feet. The truth was that this stock to which he pinned his faith was his last straw. He didn't dare face anything but optimism about it. He was a victim of the Will to Believe.

Perhaps one of the most shocking things about the stock market to a man who thinks along logical lines is its tendency to lose his money for him even while his stocks are headed in a general way upward. Being naturally conservative and cautious, he buys timidly at first when an upward swing is getting under way, but as the market gains momentum he buys more. From time to time, as the market continues its upward trend, it suffers price reactions. These are not dangerous to a man who has only a few shares of stock, but to one who has been increasing his holdings a temporary drop of a few points may be enough to wipe out his entire capital. A little figuring will show how this may be true. If a man of small capital has ten shares of stock bought at a low price and never buys any more, a drop of one point in the price of that stock costs him only $10, but if he reinvests his profits until he has two hundred shares of various stocks, a drop of one point in the average price of those stocks will cost him $200.

IV

What, then, is one to do? We have seen that no matter what plan one follows, the tendency is for it to be wrong. Yet we know that some people do speculate in the stock market successfully. How do they do it? What plan do they follow?

It must be evident by this time that the only safe method is to be illogical. If you are logical you merely do what everybody else is doing. You can't make money that way any more than a group of people can get ahead in the world by washing one another's clothes. You can make a profit in the market only by outwitting the majority of other people. But you can't do that if you proceed in the same way.

A famous speculator, after making—and keeping—a big fortune in Wall Street, once said: "I have done only what other people wanted me to. When they were determined to sell their stocks in a falling market at whatever prices they could get and clamored for buyers, I accommodated them by buying. When they were equally anxious to buy stocks at high prices, I agreeably permitted them to buy mine."

Fortunately for the successful speculator, there is one pretty safe guide. Psychologists and statisticians have shown us that only a small percentage of the general public is intelligent. The same percentage probably holds true for that part of the public which speculates in the market. If only a few people are intelligent, it naturally follows that most people have an invariable tendency to be wrong. When a majority of the people are following a logical plan, the wise, prudent thing to do is to go contrary to their judgment, even if in doing so one must be illogical.

You can't beat the stock market, we are assured, any more than you can hold back the tides. But why try to hold back the tides or to overcome an irresistible force of any kind? Instead of trying to pick a fuss with the tides, why not ride *with* them? In other words, as a politician once said to me: "If you can't lick an organization, join it!"

The stock market moves up and down in great waves called business cycles. Most people, being less smart than a few of the people, invariably mistake the trend of these waves and therefore buy and sell stocks at the wrong time. To get aboard the tide at the right time, it is only necessary to disagree with the opinion of most of your neighbors who are following what they consider logical reasoning processes.

Be illogical! But careful!

FRONT PAGE STUFF

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

Life being what it is in these hurried times, when all men run and few read more than the headlines, press agents have become as necessary to the best people as white-tiled bathrooms. Both Presidents of the nation and presidents of corporations employ them. The society pusher, arranging the first matrimonial voyage of her lovely daughter, finds them indispensable. They sing the praises, or mute the infamies, of baseball players, visiting Queens, gamblers, bishops, publicists and litterateurs. Jumbo the Elephant, if he were alive today, would have a public relations counsel.

But Samuel Untermyer of New York, once legal physician to Big Business but now its hated enemy, has been landing on the front pages for almost forty years quite unaided. His name has been in the headlines thousands of times. There are probably more clippings about him in the morgues of the New York newspapers than about any other private citizen, so-called, save Harry K. Thaw. Scandal has never touched him; adverse criticism but rarely. The publicity that inundates him never sours to notoriety. A millionaire many times over, able to command enormous fees from such clients as he still serves, he has been hailed in countless news stories and scores of editorials as a defender of the poor and oppressed. Within the past few years, perhaps, his fame has been narrowed and localized to a certain extent. He is no longer quite the national figure that he once was. But in his home town he continues to be very much of a fellow and the city editors of the New York papers assign their star reporters to him.

Some men achieve fame by giving away large sums of money and seeing that their fellow citizens are duly informed. Others, particularly lawyers and clergymen, become known because they are ready at any and all times to express opinions on any and all subjects. Every newspaper reporter has a private list of such amiable gentlemen, and he calls upon them when his managing editor instructs him to find out how the Best Thought runs on some burning question of the day. But Mr. Untermyer is on none of these lists, nor does he accept membership on silly public committees, or sit on the dais at sillier banquets. The clippings, some now yellow and crumbling, that form his history describe simply a man of furious energy and tireless activity, with great talents as a lawyer, and especially as a cross-examiner. From the first he has given his own show.

Mr. Untermyer is now sixty-eight years old. The leader of relatively few causes, he has been through most of his life what his enemies have called a persecutor and his friends a prosecutor. He has attacked such holy institutions as the Stock Exchange, the House of Morgan, the life insurance companies and the real estate interests. He trusts, it would seem, no one—particularly the intelligence of attorneys associated with him. A Democrat, he has small faith in the honesty of Democrats or Republicans. He believes, as he once told friends, that it "would be an excellent thing to have a permanent snooping committee always at work in New York City" because, once the back of the investigator is turned, nearly all "officials are crooked."

And yet, despite his undoubted ability nd the undoubted worth of his accomlishments, there are few men so cordially isliked as Sam. He is hated for a number f reasons. He is dictatorial, a bitter critic, nd a slave-driver. He patronizes and atempts to order around the newspaper men vho print his stuff. He knows his own rilliance and can conceive no reason for oncealing his knowledge of it. He believes hat most men are dull in comparison to imself and occasionally he flatly says so. le thinks that his record entitles him to he position, somehow never quite accorded im by his profession, of stellar investiator of the age, if not of all history. And e is inclined to be disparaging when some ther attorney launches into the same high nterprise, thus hogging his own place on he first page.

Some years ago, for instance, an investiation was under way of the always perlexing transit problem in New York. The egislature had passed a fantastic bill givng the city the right to purchase all of he existing subway, elevated and streetar lines. The city did not have the money, f course, nor had it the slightest prospect f getting it. But public hearings were duly eld at which the value of the properties as discussed at great length. The special ounsel in charge was former Supreme ourt Justice Clarence J. Shearn, a man of reat ability. He probed his way through he verbose testimony of technical valuaons experts. He brought out the truth, an approximation to it, regarding the al worth of various transit corporations. nd the papers unanimously applauded his ork. But Samuel Untermyer, down in his fice in the Equitable Building, read the counts with a doubt. He directed the attntion of a chance visitor to a long row thick volumes, the printed transcript the celebrated Money Trust investiation of 1912 for which he had been the aminer.

"Shearn's doing pretty well," he said, ut it's a complicated job. One needs aining for an investigation of that sort."

II

It may or may not be true that other lawyers lack Mr. Untermyer's genius for legal exploration. But there is not the slightest doubt that he surpasses all his contemporaries in the art of making the first page. The secret of it is that he has an uncanny sense of what is news. He has, like Roosevelt, all the instincts of a trained newspaper man. He is aware that headlines leap out of clear-cut and novel sensations, out of the development of new and startling facts, out of the stirring up, as Kipling said, of an Awesome Stink. He knows the value of suspense and climax. For weeks on end, during a legislative investigation of the housing situation in New York in 1920, he and his activities occupied the most prominent position on page 1 of all the local newspapers. It was, during some of the hearings, my privilege to report them for an afternoon paper.

Mr. Untermyer rarely failed to draw from the witness on the stand some damaging statement in time for the first edition. He rarely failed to provide another lead for the early Wall Street run. And late in the day he would invariably drag out something else that was fresh and exciting, so that new headlines might replace those of the morning and early afternoon, and edify the crowds on their way home from work. He proceeded swiftly and surely to each of his series of climaxes. When one was about ready to break I used to think—possibly it was only imagination—that he would look over to the press-table to make certain that we were on the job and knew that something was coming. Sometimes, of course, a witness would prove disappointing. It may have been that some associate counsel had erred in the preliminaries. Or perhaps, but more unusually, the witness was a facile and skillful villain, a match for the most hardboiled and searching of interrogators. Thus once in a while Mr. Untermyer found himself, late in the afternoon, without a new sensation for the morning newspaper men.

But even on these occasions he was never in the least disturbed, for he could always fall back on the tried and true expedient of making thunderous charges.

"This has gone far enough!" he would say, taking off his tortoise-rim glasses and glaring with indignation and horror at the slightly bewildered State senator who happened to be presiding. "This witness is beyond question the most evasive that I, in my long experience at the Bar, have ever encountered. It is fortunate that his testimony is not needed. The evidence already shows the true situation. I charge, Mr. Chairman, that the interests he represents constitute one of the most vicious, the most rigid and the most dastardly combinations in the history of monopolies restraining trade! I charge that they bleed the public for millions each year!"

It is to be noted that Mr. Untermyer seldom makes the charge that these criminalities have been actually proved. There is usually at least a chance that no criminal act has been shown and that nothing will ever be done about it. But the gentlemen of the press know that such statements before a legislative committee are privileged and that libel suits cannot follow. So the next morning the newspapers scream in headlines that "Untermyer at Housing Probe Charges Combine; Lays Millions Yearly Toll to New Trust."

There are few more entertaining ways of spending an afternoon than listening to him conducting a case. He belongs very definitely to the "Answer Yes or No!" school of lawyers. He permits few explanatory answers and when a witness reads a statement into the record he promptly cross-examines on the basis of it. There is, in short, no softness in him. Samuel Untermyer is a small man, almost dapper in his meticulous attention to the details of dress; but his size is forgotten because of his great leonine head. Inevitably in his buttonhole there is an orchid, grown under his personal supervision at his country place. An underling carries several of these blooms to court in a damp paper bag, so that he may change to a fresh one during the noon recess. Always the center of the picture, he manages to give the court, the jury and the spectators to understand that every opposition witness is a master of evasion and probably a perjurer. Beyond all cross-examiners I have ever heard he knows where he is going. His questions follow in swift, precise series. The path to his climax stretches straight ahead of him. All of this is usually clear to the court, the jury and the disinterested persons present, but through some magic he always keeps the man on the stand from knowing what it is all about. Consequently, that gentleman is trapped almost infallibly into the very admissions that his pursuer is seeking.

One of the stage props that Mr. Untermyer uses most frequently is his pair of shell-rimmed glasses. When a witness is recalcitrant, he snatches them off so that, ostensibly, he can better view the wretch. The effect is often devastating.

III

It was toward the end of 1910, the close of the desolate decade that was the stepchild of the 90's, that the career of Samuel Untermyer took form and shape and caused him first to be known as something of a publicist. He was already very wealthy, having been an extraordinarily successful corporation attorney almost from the date of his admission to the Bar in 1879. William Howard Taft, it will be recalled, was then Chief Executive of the nation, and rapidly losing the popularity which his contagious chuckle and his fondness for possum had brought him. The panic of 1907 was still very fresh in the mind of the public, and it was becoming apparent that many wealthy men had grown more wealthy as a result of that grotesque hysteria. Down at Princeton, N. J., a serious professor of history had left his books to become Governor of New Jersey, and was talking about the necessity of revising the country's banking system so that greater

lasticity of credit would be possible in ime of stress.

Mr. Untermyer knew the trend of the imes. During the months that followed he birth of 1910 he was found making ublic addresses on the injustices suffered y the poor under the yoke of the rich. Ie offered the not entirely original thought hat men may be born free and equal but hat life swiftly rectifies that error. In pril of that year he shocked his fellow ttorneys by a speech in which he inti- nated that the bandage across the eyes of ustice had slipped and that she was guilty f smiling, with a come hither glance, oward Big Business. The opulent law- reaker, Mr. Untermyer said, was well rotected from the dangers and obscenities f jail. The poor man, on the other hand, ound the law swift and terrible in its ighteous vengeance:

> Nowhere in our social fabric is the discrimination between the rich and the poor so emphasized to the average citizen as at the bar of justice. Nowhere should it be less. . . . Money secures the ablest and most adroit counsel. . . . Evidence can be gathered from every source. The poor must be content to forego all these advantages.

This was, of course, heresy in a lawyer. But the address, and particularly that por- ion of it which called for the creation of Public Defender, was duly recorded in he press. During 1911 Mr. Untermyer con- inued to bite the hands that had fed him or so long. He began to say nasty things bout the trusts and combinations that vere the pride of the G. O. P. and had urvived the loud talk and the Big Stick f Theodore Roosevelt. The good-natured 'aft had, of course, done nothing to curb he power of these octopuses. So Mr. Unter- nyer found many to applaud when, in Jovember of 1911, he made a speech in vhich he intimated that Steps Must be 'aken. A month later he made one of the rst of the sweeping accusations that he vas destined to make at such frequent ntervals during the rest of his life. There vas in existence, he charged, an effective Ioney Trust, and through it the whole nancial resources of the nation were con- trolled by a few men. This was "likely to lead to an oligarchy more despotic and more dangerous to industrial freedom than anything civilization has yet known." He went on:

> There has been greater concentration of the Money Power in the past five or ten years . . . than in the preceding fifty years. The process of absorption is likely to continue until a few groups absolutely dominate the financial situation of the country. . . . It has come to pass that less than a dozen men in the City of New York are for all practical purposes in control of the direction of at least 75% of the deposits of the leading trust companies and banks in the city and of allied institutions in various parts of the country.

It was true talk, all too true. The news- papers began to take notice. They failed to recall that Mr. Untermyer had been per- sonal counsel to the notorious James Hazen Hyde prior to the life insurance scan- dal, that he had received huge fees from the brewing interests and was popularly thought to have been paid $750,000 for arranging the merger of the Utah Copper and the Consolidated Copper Companies. Meanwhile at Washington the politicians (as usual a year or two late) started to give attention to the matter. In October, 1912, fortified with Congressional author- ity, the House Committee on Banking and Currency began an investigation. Mr. Un- termyer was chosen as chief counsel and soon got control of the committee. The chairman and theoretical leader was the Hon. Arsene P. Pujo, a statesman of Lou- isiana, but Mr. Pujo, although Sam would have done so anyhow, agreed to let the chief counsel run things. He started in with characteristic vigor. He issued stu- pendous statements from his New York office—statements so lengthy that along Park Row it began to be said of him that he couldn't turn around in less than two columns. Lengthy as they were, however, these hand-outs were usually hot enough to land on the front pages. The members of the Pujo Committee, reading the head- lines, gradually became slightly peeved. They craved, naturally enough, some of the glory. So some of them began a move- ment to have the chief counsel shoved in

the background, to fix his status as an employé. When he heard about this he hopped a train to the capital. After the ensuing uproar died away it was announced from the committee's rooms that Sam would be the boss.

The hearings began in due time and Mr. Untermyer swiftly demonstrated his immense knowledge of high finance and his extraordinary ability and merciless diligence as an examiner. He had plenty of nerve. He hurled questions at J. P. Morgan the Elder, at George F. Baker, at Frank M. Vanderlip, at Henry P. Davison and at A. Barton Hepburn with the same hearty zest that an ordinary attorney would show in bullying a precinct detective at a burglary trial. And the admissions that he obtained from their reluctant and haughty lips justified most of the accusations about a Money Trust that he had been making. Nor did he fail to set up for himself all the psychological advantages possible: as always, he was strong on the imponderables. On December 18, 1912, for instance, the elder Morgan was rudely summoned to Washington by a subpœna which called for his appearance at 10 o'clock. He had never before been subjected to the plebeian indignities of the witness-stand, but he entered the committee-room, flanked by high priced counsel, at the scheduled hour. The hearing had not yet started and Mr. Untermyer was fiddling with some papers. He greeted Mr. Morgan courteously and signalled to the chairman that he was ready to begin. The great banker half started from his chair, assuming that he was to be questioned immediately. But he sank back, somewhat foolish looking, as Mr. Untermyer called the name of a perfectly obscure person. Thus Mr. Morgan, who had not been kept waiting for decades, was forced to sit still, quiet and docile, for hours while Sam interrogated unimportant witnesses. He seethed furiously, being seventy-five years old and entitled by the national *mores* to great respect. By the time he was eventually called to the stand, late in the afternoon, he was almost apoplectic.

Nevertheless, Mr. Morgan did pretty well as a witness. He testified for the balance of that day and all of the next. He could not conceive, he said, that there was any peril in great power resting with such reputable men as, at the time, were supposed to be in control of the financial situation in New York. He admitted, deprecatingly, his own tremendous puissance and gave his views on such matters as credit, character as collateral, and the Best Interests of the Nation. Sam kept plugging away in an effort to draw specific answers about monopoly and competition from him. Finally he succeeded and the transcript shows the following:

By Mr. Untermyer: You are opposed to competition, are you not?

Mr. Morgan: No, I do not mind competition.

Q. You would rather have combination?

A. I would rather have combination.

Q. You would rather have combination than competition?

A. Yes.

Mr. Untermyer continued his probing for months. Witness after witness of national and international prominence appeared in answer to the Pujo Committee's subpœnas. He charged this and he charged that. He demonstrated that outsiders had precious little chance of getting into American industry in a big way unless the Morgan-Baker group was willing. He showed that the Clearing House Association exercised, without a vestige of governmental control, despotic power over the banks of the nation. He forced from the Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury under Roosevelt, an admission that he had hurried to New York during the panic with $39,000,000 in government funds and that he had meekly deposited these at the direction of Mr. Morgan in various banks, the names of which he could not remember. Mr. Cortelyou admitted that the funds might have been used for the relief of Stock Exchange gamblers instead of to save tottering banks. But like most other investigations, the Pujo inquiry was largely ineffective. The Stock Exchange is still its own master and

ee Clearing House Association does about hat it likes. The voice of Morgan speaks om the grave and has much of its old ower.

But one thing appeared out of the count-ss questions and answers and the thou-nds of pages of testimony of the Money rust investigation. This was the figure of muel Untermyer, clothed in a new dig-ty and famous throughout the land. He d proved his worth. He had become a ining defender of the Plain People against e machinations of wealth and power.

IV

uring the sessions of the Lockwood ousing Committee a few years ago it was r. Untermyer's custom to receive some his newspaper friends on Sunday at his amorous country estate, "Greystone," st above Yonkers. "Greystone," it is teresting to note, was once the home of muel J. Tilden, one of the few early nerican lawyers whose investigating ge-us was comparable to that of Mr. Unter-ver. It was he who exposed the Tweed ng of Tammany Hall and who, as Gov-nor of New York, had ever been hot on e trail of graft and dishonesty in every rm. Sam bought the home from the Til-n estate in 1900 and lavished $100,000 money and far more in time and affec-n in refurbishing the old place. The nday visits of the newspaper men to his me were primarily, of course, for the rpose of getting stories for Monday rning. Sam never disappointed them in s respect and occasionally, to some of se who had known him the longest, ealed himself as a man of sentiment and ling who, if he was a tyrant in his office l a Berserker in court, loved in his home flowers and trees and narrow paths hioned with fragrant pine needles. reystone" faces the immense sweep of Hudson and its gardens rest on a slope t leads down to the river. Except during Winter they are gorgeous and colorful. d when snow covers them Mr. Unter-myer leads his guests through greenhouses where there are orchids of such wild beauty and in such profusion that they would daz-zle the eyes of even a Park avenue blonde.

On a number of occasions, following the more sensational of his public services, Samuel Untermyer has been talked of for public office. Not seriously, it is true. The organizations of both parties have small use for a man who holds views as strenu-ous and individualistic as does Sam or for one so likely to gallop off the reservation and start an investigation of the boys who placed him in office. And Mr. Untermyer is too wise and practical a person to be interested in the futile support of inde-pendent citizens who annually hold public meetings at the Hotel Astor and designate, in the name of Better Government, public figures for office. There is one job, though, that Mr. Untermyer would like to have been offered, and if a city administration had been intelligent enough to tender it he might have accepted. Once, under pledge that no mention of it would be made at that time, he confided this ambition. He would like very much, he said, to be New York Park Commissioner. He was stand-ing in his gardens at the moment and as he spoke gestured toward the flowers.

"As Park Commissioner," he said, "I could make the parks of New York really beautiful. They ought to be planned out, like the parks of European cities. I've made a study of the subject. If I were Commissioner I'd be glad to spend a lot of my own money. It would be a pleasant job, working among flowers—"

Mr. Untermyer does not spend his money carelessly. On another occasion, walking through the grounds at "Greystone," he pointed to a small stone fountain. As he did so he grinned with naïve delight.

"See that?" he demanded. "That used to be on John D. Rockefeller's place at Tarrytown. The old man didn't have any use for it; it didn't fit in. I offered him $125 but he said it was worth $150. I stuck to my price, though, and he waited a year before finally coming around."

It was not, of course, the $25 that interested him. It was the principle of the thing; and the distinction of getting the best of the dime-dispensing Mr. Rockefeller. Incidentally, although Mr. Untermyer rarely gives away large sums of money, he is not stingy. He pays his hired hands well, far above the market rates. But he expects them to accomplish several times as much work as do other employers. And he can, if he chooses, boast that he asks none of them to labor more furiously than he does himself. His life has been filled with crowded hours and still is, if to a lesser degree. Lately he has been allowing himself more leisure, and is becoming increasingly fond of floating up and down the tranquil rivers of Florida in his houseboat. It is seldom now that he calls for the editions of the morning papers, as he once did, at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Untermyer was born in 1858 in Lynchburg, Va., the son of a Jewish tobacco planter who had great faith in the cause of the South. It is related that Isadore Untermyer had invested heavily in Confederate bonds as an outward sign of this faith and that the shock and grief of the news of the surrender of Lee killed him. In 1865, then, with Sam only seven years old, Mrs. Untermyer was left penniless in a country devastated by war. A woman of vigor, she promptly moved to New York with her three sons. There young Untermyer was sent to public school and to the College of the City of New York. He attended night sessions of the Columbia Law School by working as an errand boy in the daytime. He was admitted to the Bar in 1879 and immediately started on his swift journey to fortune and the front pages.

One of his first big cases was as counsel for a Philadelphia brewer whose partner had conspired with their attorney to obtain $140,000 in beer profits. In those more simple days the thought of a lawyer engaged in conspiracy caused considerable excitement. Sam then began his habit of winning cases, and, despite a costly and more experienced battery of lawyers on the other side, came through with $52,000 in damages. The case aroused wide interest among other gentlemen engaged in the manufacture of suds. Mr. Untermyer was retained by a number of them within a short time and even managed a divorce case for one of the beer barons. One of his biggest jobs was arranging a deal whereby an English syndicate bought up some breweries in the United States for the purpose of distributing, to English investors who did not dream of the unhappy days of Prohibition, some $80,000,000 in stock. By the end of the 90's, Mr. Untermyer was one of the leading corporation attorneys in America. He told Big Business how things could be done. He saved $6,000,000 or so for the bondholders of the United States Shipbuilding Corporation, who confronted an elaborate, but so he contended, phony reorganization plan. Meanwhile he gained respectability. He became a member of the Lotos, the Lawyers', the Manhattan, the Democratic and —who did not?—the Press clubs. He acquired a yacht, his country place and a magnificent town house in Fifth avenue. And in 1900, the newspaper files show, indignant citizens of Yonkers complained to the police that he was exceeding the speed limit of eight miles an hour by driving furiously to the railroad station behind his team of horses. He denied the charge, in a letter to the editors of the New York papers, and protested that he was a law-abiding citizen.

Between 1905 and 1907 he was very much interested in showing prize collie dogs. One of his rivals was the elder Morgan, who had been gaining relaxation in this way for some years and was in the habit of carrying off most of the blues. Competition between the two canine fanciers became increasingly keen and it is possible that it was not made more friendly by the fact that Mr. Untermyer had angered Mr. Morgan by his criticism of the shipbuilding trust. In February, 1907, both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Untermyer were leaning

er the ring at the Madison Square Gar-
n as the judges made their final delib-
ations. Suddenly the financier's eyes
eamed with satisfaction. His purp had
on! In order to get down into the ring
pat his pet Mr. Morgan had to pass
e attorney. He did so hurriedly, almost
ocking Mr. Untermyer aside in his
ste. It was a bitter pill for Sam, but he
as not yet licked. He cabled to England
r the best pedigreed collies to be had.
nd in a few weeks his dogs had their
y. They cleaned up at the Boston show
d Mr. Morgan was left ignominiously
ting his finger nails.

V

a confidential mood Mr. Untermyer
metimes admits that he derives consid-
ble satisfaction from reducing to ab-
dities the revered figures of the business
orld.

"These fellows," he murmurs, thinking
some of the very important gentlemen
o have squirmed under his cross-exami-
tion, "think no one can question what
ey do. I like to show them they're
ong!"

The funny thing about it is that he be-
nes highly indignant himself and com-
tely huffy when some one questions his
n actions or judgment. In the offices
ich he shares with his son in the Equi-
le Building he permits no contradic-
ns. He carries, figuratively, a signed
ignation in his vest pocket when he is
nsel for an investigating committee,
l is ready to slap it on the table in the
nt that anyone insists upon a course
which he does not approve. It is partly
s dictatorial note in his character that
kes him so cordially detested by many
those who have come into contact with
n. Once, for instance, he was in the
bit of ordering that his public state-
nts be "printed in full or not at all."
a time he actually got away with this;
il some of the more outspoken news-
er men cured him by handing the state-
ments back and declaring that they were willing to make no guarantees. It has long been his custom to telephone city editors when some mistake has appeared in a story about him and demand corrections.

He has a savage sense of the humorous, as applied to other people, and slight ability to appreciate a joke on himself. When he was very much in the limelight a cartoonist made a drawing of him, accentuating the Hebraic slant of his profile and the bushy nature of his hair. Most public men are inclined to relish such caricatures and some time later this particular artist sent the original of his drawing to Untermyer. Sam looked at it without the vestige of a smile and turned abruptly to some papers.

"I don't look that bad!" he grunted.

He was once actively interested in politics, despite his refusal to consider public office for himself. He was a delegate to a number of national conventions, and was usually considerable of a nuisance to the political geniuses who prefer to have conventions managed from smoke-laden hotel rooms instead of from the floor. One of the few times in his life that he has backed the wrong horse was when he thought William Jennings Bryan a man "whose sincerity and ability are conceded by the fair-minded men of all parties." He was an enthusiastic supporter of Woodrow Wilson, and labored with great devotion for the man and the principles for which he was fighting. He never, at least publicly, wholly made up his mind about the Hon. John F. Hylan, one-time mayor of New York. He worked for Hylan's election in 1918, but three years later called him "a bumptious vulgarian," "a political mountebank" and "a profaner of synagogues." And then in 1923, despite these harsh words, he wrote Mr. Hylan that he had been "the only mayor in years with the courage to make a fight against corporate greed."

Sam, it must be admitted, is once in a while muddle-headed despite the clarity of his vision in the court-room. And there

is in him, too, an unexpected softness that sometimes betrays him. He was ruthless in sending Brindell, the notorious labor grafter, to jail. And yet, not long afterward, he petitioned Governor Smith to parole the man because he had been told that his mother was ill. Sam had made no investigation to determine the truth of the story and when, Brindell being free, he found that it was false he did his best to send him back to jail. He worships his children as he did his wife, a Gentile, who died a few years ago. One son, Alvin, is a lawyer and once wanted to go into politics. Mr. Untermyer gave liberally of his money and time in two unsuccessful attempts to satisfy his son's ambition. But Alvin was defeated, first for the Legislature and later for the Supreme Court.

"I have made enough money," said Mr. Untermyer at about the time of the housing investigation. "More would only bother me. Now I am going to help my fellow men."

The cynical men who make newspapers and who heard of this pointed out that many millionaires, late in life, adopt this noble policy. "Writing obituaries," they call it, and said that Sam was desirous of favorable notices on the day of his death. They were cruelly unjust. Sam is little interested in post-mortem headlines. He prefers that the pieces about him be printed while he is alive and can still frame their wording and attempt to dictate how they shall appear. The charge is unjust, too, because he began his crusades against privilege and unfair monopoly many years ago, when his expectation of life was measured in decades. Now, almost seventy years old, he has practised law for forty-seven years. He has met and vanquished the leaders of the Bar during two generations. He has probed into the hidden affairs of banks, trust companies, life insurance companies, manufacturies, labor leaders, politicians, industrialists, financiers and all the conglomeration of affairs and men that make America. No one has ever been able to tell, probably not even Sam himself, where one of his investigations was going to lead or upon whose toes it was likely to tread. The only thing that Mr. Untermyer has never investigated is an investigating committee. Possibly he will do this before he dies. No man could do it better.

EDITORIAL

Obviously, the chase of Reds is still a profitable sport in the United States, despite the great scarcity of ıe game. One seldom picks up a small-own paper without discovering that some etired cavalry captain, or Ku Klux organ-er, or itinerant chautauquan has just been o town, alarming the local Babbitts with les of a Muscovite plot to seize Wash-ıgton, burn the Capitol, and heave poor al into the Potomac. The theme is a vorite one with the evangelical clergy, ho connect it with the sinister enter-ises of the Pope and the Rum Fleet. The ıral Congressmen also do their share, pecially at election time, and there is no irking on the part of the small-town litors. In the larger cities the thing is rganized into a definite art and mystery, ith the usual outfit of highly respectable lse-faces and go-getting executive secre-ries. How many such executive secre-ries live by it I don't know, but the ımber must run into the hundreds. I have efore me the first broadsides of the latest cruit. The sodality that he serves has the ıposing name of the Industrial Defense ssociation, Inc., and its headquarters are Boston. It publishes a four-page paper lled *What's What*, and Vol. I, No. 1 is ven over to what is called "An Amazing ory of Subversive Activities." These velations are to the classical effect that e "subversive societies and organiza-ons actively working for the destruction Christianity, civilization and govern-ent in America" now "number several ındreds." All of them, it appears, stem om the American Civil Liberties Union, hich is sworn to upset everything that o% Americans cherish—including, pre-mably, the Bill of Rights that it spends much time and wind defending—and to bring in an era of communism, pacifism and free love. Thousands of little children are lured into "soviet Sunday-schools" by the agents of this and other such hellish organizations, and there "taught that there is no God." In the background are the sinister figures of Jane Addams, the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Mrs. Kate Crane Gartz, Amos R. E. Pinchot and Ben Huebsch. To aid the infernal cause there are "1500 publications, including 18 daily papers."

It is familiar stuff, and transparently idiotic, but it still seems to work. The executive secretary of this Industrial Defense Association, Inc., encloses a subscription blank with his *What's What*, from which it appears that the net is out, not only for the fat fellows whose thoughts of their Rembrandts and Rolls-Royces make them toss and pitch at night, but also for the little fellows who shiver at the threat of losing their Fords. For so little as $2 a year one may become a member of this great patriotic organization, and entitled to all its privileges and benefits, including that of getting confidential warning whenever Jane Addams hatches a new plot. For $5 one may become a contributing member, with the rank, presumably of a captain of infantry. For $10 one may enter a *corps d'élite* of a thousand, chosen to raise $10,000 to "maintain effective work against the so-called soviet Sunday-schools, now teaching Class Hatred and Atheism [the capitals are the executive secretary's, and his, too, I assume, will be the 'effective work'] to innocent children in many of our industrial communities in New England." For $50 one reaches the estate and dignity of a sustaining member, with palms. For "100 and up" one becomes a donating member, with the rank of a

brigadier-general of artillery, a pew in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and a ticket good for any Summer Saturday on the U. S. S. *Mayflower*. These prices are surely not high. Regarded as insurance, they work out to the lowest rate ever heard of in Christendom. For if this Industrial Defense Association, Inc., gathers in enough kale to enjoy a healthy existence, as seems probable, New England will be saved from the Red Menace that now hangs over it, and not only Sacco and Vanzetti, but every other denizen of that chill region who dreams of bombs and barricades will go to the electric chair. At the moment, it appears, "a gigantic spider-web" of Bolshevik intrigue covers the area from Nauset Beach to Bald Peak. But the same juice that bounces the Saccos and Vanzettis into Hell will set that diabolical web afire, and so save "Christianity, civilization and government."

II

As I say, this is old stuff, but it still works. In almost every American community of above 50,000 population there is another executive secretary on the job, and the stereotyped balderdash about the subversive schemes of Miss Addams, Dr. Holmes and Ben Huebsch is getting the *mazuma* out of the Babbitts. The larger cities commonly have three or four such organizations; in New York there must be at least fifty. And in the smaller places the patriotic work is carried on by traveling seers and buglers, often in the uniform of the United States. The local Chamber of Commerce is always willing to hear them, and they are politely received by Rotary and Kiwanis. Now and then an atheistic newspaper editor ventures to demand something resembling proofs, but not often. His advertisers answer for the challenged tocsineers.

The plain fact is, of course, that there has probably never existed in history a nation in which radicalism, whether properly or improperly so called, has been at a lower ebb than it is in the United States at this moment. The movement survives only as a sort of historical curiosity. Half its leaders were dispersed by the Mitchell Palmer *Cheka*, and the rest took to patriotism and safety. Even in the innocuous form of Marxian Socialism it is now almost as dead as phrenology, the Bill of Rights, or the humoral pathology. If you are doubtful, go look at the half-dead periodicals that still venture, with the sheriff looking in at the window, to voice its grandiose aspirations. Half of them devote themselves to blaming everything evil that happens, from the fall in cotton to the latest California earthquake, upon the machinations of Wall Street. The other half labor heavily and vainly to prove that Bolshevism in Russia is still a going concern, and that its great heroes are not quarrelling among themselves, and have not made any concessions to capitalistic economics. It is impossible to imagine the proletariat taking fire from any such vapid dullness: as well think of Dr. Coolidge himself starting a revolution. Are there any radical young professors left in the universities? If so, then the worst heresy they preach is that Whittier was a bad poet and Whitman a noble one. Let them venture an inch further, and they are on the pedagogical beach next morning. Very few of them, in truth, show any desire to venture further. Radicalism, of late, has grown highly respectable: its chief surviving professors have ceased to toy, even, with free love, that bugaboo of all good Babbitts. Two-thirds of those known to me personally have entered, since 1918, into the bonds of holy matrimony, and not a few of them are dreadfully hen-pecked. Many of them, as everyone knows, are in favor of Prohibition—a sardonic and appalling fact, but a fact.

It was gold, no doubt, that busted radicalism among us—the flow of gold from all the countries of the world. "Bolshevism," said Marshal Foch after the war, "is a disease of defeated nations." Who will deny, eight years after the Armistice,

iat it was the United States that won the ?ar? It not only defeated the Central owers; it also bankrupted France, put ngland on board wages, and sent Russia nd Italy flying into chaos. Is war un-rofitable—when one wins? Then it is also nprofitable to own a chain of national anks. The United States, since 1915, has een wallowing in all the wealth of the orld: it has poured in in a steady and olossal stream. True enough, there have een high tides and low tides, but there as never been any actual halt. More, that ealth has been very evenly and equitably istributed. If the great masters of capital ave got hog's shares, then the little fel-ws have also got pig's shares. There is arcely an American, save certain of the ore incompetent variety of farmers, who not richer today than he was in 1914, nd even those farmers would have been ke the rest if they had not tried to grab ore than their fair shares in 1917 and 918. In the face of such unparalleled ɔulence, radicalism has no more chance making converts than common decency a Methodist conference. The honest orkingman, thinking of his Ford, has no om left in his cortex to think of the rrows of the world. The very ladies' rment workers of the East Side, once so ll of Marxian indignation, now move to e Bronx and take it out on $2 movies. ne thing goes far beyond mere inert in-fference; it proceeds to the length of a llow tolerance. There was a time when Red, mounting his soap-box, was gal-ntly beaten up by the American Legion its classical odds of 100 to 1; today the obs simply laugh at him.

III

ie marvel is that the organs of capital-n, in the face of these plain facts, should ll see Reds under the bed. One inevitably ays with the thought that a guilty con-ence underlies these nightmares—and ɔvides board and lodging for the execu-e secretaries. No one knows better than the capitalist that capitalism, in its present stage, is still imperfect—that it is still corrupted by principles and practices borrowed from its ancestor, cannibalism. The great journals of Wall Street, I believe, would not bawl against radicalism so vociferously if they were not aware that the radicals, given better sense, could make out a far more plausible case than that concocted by Marx. We pass, as the learned professors tell us, through a period of transition. Capitalism is yet a bit wild and goatish. It will either mend its ways or it will plunge, soon or late, into disaster. That time will come when the flow of wealth ceases, and the dinner-pail is empty again, and there is no gas for the Ford.

Such unpleasantnesses used to be called panics. The science of finance now disdains the name, and offers confident assurance that it has learned how to evade the things themselves. Maybe so. But in all things human there must be ups and downs, and we are now so far up in the Republic that the only way to move is down. A certain greenness begins to show itself in the bright face of the Coolidge prosperity, especially in the South and Middle West. No doubt we are doomed, before long, to take another swig out of the black bottle. The panic of 1873 brought in the greenbackers, that of the early 80's opened the way for labor uproars, and that of 1893 launched the pirate ship of Bryan. Three panics, all of them severe—but how much radicalism? Not much, at all events in the current sense. The greenbackers shouldered pitchforks, but only symbolically; the Debses and Powderlys succumbed placidly to the eight-hour day; Bryan died a Christian martyr. I don't believe there will be anything worse the next time. Revolutionary radicalism doesn't flourish on American soil. No matter how far we plunge into the abyss, we still remain above the other fellow. This is an evil country, indeed, for utopians, whether of the barricade or the sacred grove. But it is a paradise for executive secretaries.

H. L. M.

THE BALLAD OF THE GHOST-ARROW

BY GEORGE STERLING

Winter on New England
In sixteen fifty-four.
December's snow on scanty fields
And banked against the door.

The wide snows of Winter
Are on the silent land.
The wide snows leave Connecticut
Clean as God's great hand.

And morning on Connecticut
Comes in across the snows
As down the golden courts of Heaven
A seraph crowned with rose.

Seth Arnold and his four great sons
Slept till the morning light;
Whence the more need for frosty toil
To set the farm aright.

They open wide the oaken door
That stood the night-wind's wrath.
They cast aside the heapéd snow
And take the buried path.

"My sons, what see you past the barn—
A shadow swift and dark?"
"Beyond the barn, nor anywhere,
No living thing we mark."

"It was the sachem Cannogret
I shot ere you were born,
Because I coveted his field
That bore the tallest corn."

"We say there was no living thing:
Your eyes are dim with years.
Go sit you by the cheerful fire
And drowse away such fears."

"My sons, what is that stealing mist
Where Cannogret had camp?"
"'Tis but our neighbor's chimney reek
Beyond the frozen swamp."

"Nay—'tis the sachem's wigwam-smoke
That drifts above the trees."
"Now get you, father, to the house
And take today your ease."

"I fear there is no ease for me.
Beside the orchard there.
What is that gliding shape I see,
With feathers in his hair?"

"Father, your sight is dim with age.
Pray, leave your axe and go."
"I see the murdered Cannogret
Raise to his breast the bow!"

"Father, no living thing is there
Beside our apple trees.
Pray, get you, father, to the hearth
And take today your ease."

"Dear sons, 'tis he! Dear God, my heart!
I heard his arrow sing!
Now bury me beside my wife,
Above the little spring."

They raised him up and brushed the snow
From face and silvery hair.
They searched the orchard and the barn
And found no footprint there.

But by the nearest apple tree
A blue-black feather lay,
Fallen, 'tis thought, from a crow's wing,
At the first break of day.

THE CHANGING EAST SIDE

BY ZELDA F. POPKIN

On that notorious Southeastern tip of Manhattan Island which for a half century has been synonymous with threadbare idealism and sickening congestion, Packards rub fenders with pushcarts today, night clubs are flourishing, and neighborhood Chambers of Commerce speak with the voice of progress. The settlement-houses in which an earlier generation flapped on its wings are now teaching the arts of serving salmon salad and applying cosmetics to a youth that yearns only to look and eat and amuse itself like its uptown neighbors. Americanization has come at last to New York's East Side. It will never again be called a hotbed of radicalism. By vocal and printed proclamation it inveighs against its further classification as a slum. It has become self-conscious about the shine on its shoes, the crease of its trousers, and the good opinion of the rest of the world. It looks confidently toward a future in which all good citizens are going to make a great deal of money, and every man's wife will wear broadtail and ermine, and ride behind a liveried chauffeur.

While from their office-buildings uptown certain philanthropists still fill the newspapers with news of a venture by which all the tenements of the East Side are to be torn down and replaced by model dwellings, a change is taking place down there which makes all the clamor sound a little silly. In 1916, 542,061 persons lived in the narrow streets south of Fourteenth street and east of the Bowery. But in 1924 there were only 416,108 inhabitants in the district, and this year the estimate generally agreed upon runs between 300,000 and 350,000. As it declines in numbers the East Side rises in aspiration. An individual householder cannot hire a plumber today for love or money. The gentlemen of that profession are rushed to the limit of their union working hours with the installation of bathtubs. Into kitchens where for years a scabrous washtub sufficed for a whole family's ablutions, into little hall closets, into corners that are darkness leading into dark, go new white porcelain tubs. And these tubs are not put in for the storage of coal, but to forestall the departure of the tenants. Rubbish is still flung out of the windows in Hester, Orchard and Rivington streets, and the muck and smells still make a sensitive man regret his supper, but there are electric lights now in sunless slabs of brick where spluttering gas-jets sang the lullabies of two generations, and there are white-tiled gas-ovens, and enameled woodwork, and stippled walls.

A revolution is going on—a revolution such as no soap-box agitator ever dreamed of, without bloodshed, without fire, without martyrs, without even orators. It follows the fashion of revolutions only in the fact that it was made possible by a single act of autocracy—the passage of the Restrictive Immigration Act of 1921. Under that statute the tide of immigration from the ghettos of Europe, which for a quarter century and more had streamed into New York, was reduced to a trickle which could be absorbed annually with little or no effort. The bulk of the old-time immigrants who came to New York (and the great bulk of the immigrants invariably came to New York) found their way to

relatives on the East Side. They learned in rapid succession a few words of English, way of making a living as peddlers or factory workers, and the importance of moving uptown. As they saved money and departed there was always plenty of newcomers to take their places. But when in 1927 an East Side family puts its belongings on the van, the old flat is doomed to be vacant for months. It is common now to find several vacant flats in a tenement-house where a few years ago five families dwelt in three rooms. The gaps left by those who have departed are seen not only in their former dwelling places, but also in the half empty classrooms in the public schools.

Rents on the East Side run today from three to eight and a half dollars a room a month, with the average at five-fifty. Along Second avenue, in the northern end of the district, one encounters a higher rent belt, and there a few apartment-houses have been erected which ask seventy-five dollars for one room, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a two-room apartment. But low rents still prevail throughout most of the East Side, and they have been a considerable factor in keeping the exodus from becoming a general flight. The housing shortage which prevailed uptown until a year ago held back many more.

There are, of course, still families of substance that maintain their old homes on the East Side, though they display their diamonds on the piazzas of the Summer hotels in the Catskills or at Long Branch. Such families, which can afford to move out of the neighborhood and yet continue to live there, do so for one of two very good reasons: they have business establishments which must be opened early in the morning and kept open until midnight, and it is thus inconvenient to live elsewhere, or they feel so completely at home in their old surroundings that they cannot live anywhere else. Those of the latter category buy expensive furniture for modernized tenements, and ride in costly automobiles through reeking, rubbish-laden streets. The New York City automobile registration figures for 1925 showed that 3,794 East Side families then owned their own automobiles. That was only one in one hundred, to be sure, and one finds a far larger proportion in the average American city of 350,000, but it must be borne in mind that the East Side's reputation has hitherto been for poverty, not for prosperity. Of these cars two were Rolls-Royces, eighty Packards, and two hundred and nineteen Cadillacs. This year there are many more.

II

The exodus of population and the installation of modern improvements are, however, only minor paragraphs in the story of the changing East Side. Of far greater significance is its altered character and outlook. The old spirit of self-sacrificing idealism is dead. It sickened with the Armistice. It died with the election of Calvin Coolidge. It was buried when the nails were hammered into the coffin of its symbol and hero, Meyer London. Before the war, if you wanted to get information about the East Side, you went to the social service agencies and studied their poverty surveys. Today you go to the advertising agencies. A daily newspaper which recently made a survey on behalf of its advertisers decided that the new East Side presented the "finest consumer market of high-grade products in America."

The muck still lies thick in the gutters of Eldridge street and Houston, and the wash-lines still swing from fire-escape to fire-escape before unwashed front windows, but if one turns the corner into Delancey street on the one end or Second avenue on the other, one is brought up instantly by the glitter of plate glass and electric lights and the display of luxury. When I first visited this new East Side I wondered who bought all the fine furniture that was on display. I have since learned that as much of it is purchased by the immediate neighbors as by the former neighbors who now live uptown. The latter, in over-

whelming majority, are still loyal to the place of their rise and deliverance. It is their home town, their Main Street. They steer their motor-cars between the push-carts in Orchard street and haggle with a zest which living in West End avenue cannot inhibit. They sniff at the glistening wares in the fish-market under the Bridge, slip off a glove to grab a succulent slice of dill pickle, or munch a pod of leathery, sweetish Saint John's bread. These gaudy customers keep alive the old East Side tradition, and greatly help the business of the pushcart peddler. When the middle of Delancey street became Schiff Parkway a few years ago, it took on new dignity, and the pushcarts were forced from it and driven back to Grand street. That famous thoroughfare, which once held Lord & Taylor's, is now their avenue. Every conceivable utility, from goldfish to artists' smocks, is sold there.

But it is time now to fade out of the picture the old Talmudist bending broken in spirit over his pushcart. One finds in his place a young go-getter whose dreams, when he dreams at all, are of a fine shop in Division or Delancey street, around the corner. One finds this new type of East Sider even among the sidewalk and basement herring-stores, of which there are several in each block. One may be amused to hear English spoken in college-trained accents by a young man who was sent to school on the earnings of the business, and then decided that herrings and sauerkraut offered as good a field as any for a learned man who wanted to be rich.

A few blocks west, one runs into Division street, where for five blocks or more both sides of the street are lined solidly with plate-glass windows, filled with cloaks and suits. There is a startling similarity of modes and prices and store exteriors. The fashions are replicas of the sort of thing everyone is selling all over town. The Brenner Brothers' place, ablaze with lights and magnificent with an iron marquee, is the shining diadem in Division street's crown. Women whose purses are ample for the Fifth avenue shops drive down to shop here under the roaring elevated trains, maintaining that nowhere in all New York are garments smarter or prices lower. And they run over to Grand street for their chapeaux, and there wrought iron grill-work and ornate torchères ease the payment of twenty-five dollars for an East Side copy of a Paris model.

Allen street, too, has become a modern business thoroughfare. A scant five years ago word was whispered around Greenwich Village that one could pick up a bargain in an old brass samovar or pair of candlesticks in a basement shop in Allen street, if one knew how to bargain, and that lovely embroideries were tucked away on the shelves of other musty shops. Fads flare quickly. Brass became a craze. The demand multiplied faster than the supply of immigrants startled at the proposal that they sell the family samovar for the price of a whole pair of shoes. Today, in Allen street, you can buy for nearly the same prices they are sold for in department stores uptown an extraordinary variety of copper and brass, Russian, Chinese and American, shining in its newness, and if you desire to be spared the long trip downtown, you can procure a catalogue and order by mail.

Near the river a whole block of tenements has been turned into warehouses. East Broadway, in whose little cafés a generation of wounded spirits conceived great symphonies and dramas over glasses of tea, now retains only one block of glory and that one is made glorious by the building from which the *Forward* flashes its name in Yiddish to the East Side and in English toward that region across the river whence its readers are migrating in great numbers. Even Allen street, a dark sliver of thoroughfare under the elevated, where still darker rear tenements hide their loads of misery, is soon to see the sun, for the overhead tracks are to be torn down, the tenements are to follow, and the street is to be widened and parked. On Ludlow street, near Hester, in the

eart of the old Poverty Belt, a block of d tenements has been demolished and lans are under way to erect a palatial audeville theatre. There is a modern sky-traper hotel in Delancey street, where randmothers in *sheitels* and bearded *all-ghtnicks* walk proudly and at ease on the ch carpets of a marble lobby, and decline be awed by the brass buttons of the ell-hops.

It would be decidedly inaccurate to say r imply that there is no longer any pov-rty on the East Side—no families living elow the actual minimum of subsistence. o population group of more than 300,000 ould be without its share of dependents. ut it may be said with assurance that here are not enough persons living below he subsistence minimum in the district o justify classifying it any longer with he world's great slums. One may find here nd there, in a two-room flat, a family of ve or six, including an invalid father, ttempting to live on fifteen dollars a veek, and too proud to ask for philan-hropic assistance, or a thwarted, white-earded scholar, past eighty, who sleeps n a bundle of rags at night, and sits eside a pushcart of decaying apples all ay, and yet will not tolerate a customer whose accents smack of pity. On the other and, the couple which takes a weekly tipend from the charities may have a housand dollars sewed into the mattress. One still finds many hundreds of the sick, he failures, who cannot adjust themselves o the process of earning a living, of fam-lies whose progeny multiply much more uickly than their incomes, of refugees from war and pogrom who have reached these hores within recent years and have not et learned their way about. But all these orlorn and once typical East Siders are teadily diminishing in numbers.

Far more characteristic of today is the rganization named the Grand Street Boys, ade up of men who in childhood lived n the vicinity, and whose membership uns into the thousands and includes the Governor of the State, half of the city administration, and many of the most representative of the city's business and professional men. They have gathered into a fellowship based on their humble beginnings. They present a panorama of achievement following struggle and sacrifice, determination and toil. The present generation seeks to emulate them, but finds it unnecessary to travel their hard road.

III

Characteristic, too, of the new East Side are the night clubs and cabarets. These night clubs are a very recent development; they are, in fact, only about three years old. Their immediate progenitors were the Roumanian and Hungarian cafés, which had little string orchestras, and were haunted equally by the intelligentsia and slummers. The intelligentsia have gone North with the 200,000 who have moved away from the East Side these last ten years, and the restaurants of the region, like everything else, have changed to meet an altered patronage. During the war and immediately following it, thousands of newly rich were set up among the more recent immigrants through the media of cloaks and suits, furs, diamonds, real estate and Prohibition. These men and their wives soon had purses ample for the Ritz, but their tastes remained in Delancey street. The Yiddish theatres still lured them (indeed they were deaf and embarrassed in the English-speaking theatres), and the cuisine of the Yiddish restaurants watered their mouths. The shrewd Mayor of Delancey Street (each of the main thoroughfares of the East Side has its street mayor, appointed by Tammany Hall to dispense the largesse of the wigwam) was the first to enter the trade of entertaining them. He fitted up a basement with soft lights, draped mirrors with brocaded silks, and called up a Broadway booking agency for a dozen cabaret singers. A few days ago he sent me an announcement that "some of my hangings came from a mansion in Paris; my lamps were uncovered in an art

shop in Italy." But despite these pretensions the cuisine and atmosphere remain uncompromisingly Yiddish. You can have a half dozen varieties of herring, but no lobster *à la* Newburg, and all the roasts of the hotel cuisine, but nothing save *strudel* or compote for dessert. *Café au lait* is forbidden, along with ice-cream, but tea is served steaming hot in glasses, with lumps of sugar to nibble as one sips. The orchestra plays everything from a *kasatske* to the Charleston, and the cabaret singers bawl in three languages. There is a cover charge to keep out all but the more prosperous of the neighbors. The returning sons and daughters of the East Side tip the head-waiter for seats at the crowded tables, where the atmosphere, heavy with smoke and the aroma of food, is to them the atmosphere of home. They sweep in with broadtail wraps and hands humped with diamonds to revel amid the scenes of their erstwhile poverty. It is an orderly, richly-gowned assembly, and its idea of a good time includes plenty of food and display, a sentimental Yiddish song or two, and then a bit of music with the toe-tapping rhythm of Broadway. There are a half dozen cabarets on the East Side today that imitate this one. They represent one phase of the East Side's pursuit of its new gods.

Love of learning was ever the heritage of the European Jew. In the years when he was driven over all the map of Europe, he had no comfort but in his Holy Books. The Old World parent desired no greater happiness than to see his son a learned man. He brought this reverence for scholarship with him to America. He starved and scrimped that his sons might go to college. His children filled the law and medical schools. He lived on bread and herring and tea so that his daughter might have a dowry which would help her finance a young student husband. The marriage broker reaped his greatest harvest from the graduating classes of the medical and dental schools, for there was a steady demand from wealthy prospective fathers-in-law for professional men whose titles would add *yiches* (prestige) to their wealth. But now the marriage brokers, of whom there are still dozens in Norfolk and Suffolk streets, say that there is no demand for the educated man as a husband. "The girls want business men, rich business men," the dean of the brokers (who boasts of one hundred matches a year) told me. "They don't care how ignorant the men are as long as they have check-books and can sign for a large amount. The girls want furs and diamonds and servants. They don't want to work or sacrifice as their mothers did. They see luxury everywhere, in the magazines, the movies, the streets. Sacrifice themselves for a poor student? Not they! What for?"

All these changes in the East Side's standards and interests have been felt in the settlements, the schools, the public libraries (where the circulation of books is diminishing with the decrease and altered character of the population), the press, and the theatre. The settlements, which were organized to help the foreign-born in their adjustment to American life, have a new youth problem today. Their task was comparatively simple when they merely had to teach English, civics, the oath of allegiance, and the millinery and dressmaking trades. Now a generation is growing up which speaks and thinks American. The foreign-born, in fact, compose only fifty per cent of the East Side's present population. To justify their existence the settlements now have to meet the competition of the public dance-hall and the movies. They must teach art and music on high levels of instruction, for the new East Side youth demands and will get the best. One settlement has a course for brides; another teaches the art of putting on make-up and manicuring one's nails while the ghosts of an earlier generation which wrangled over Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Karl Marx look on in aloof pity. After all, the apology runs, girls will use rouge, and it is better to teach them to put it on in a manner that won't make them

ook like Indians on the warpath. One of e oldest and most important of the set-ement-houses, a short time ago made a ther comprehensive survey of the altered ast Side to determine whether and how could continue to be of service. A pains-lking study offered assurance that among ie youth of a population of 300,000 or core, there was still work to be done. ut it was not the old work.

Such recreation centers, of course, have o contend with the commercial places of creation, especially the movies and the reign language theatres. The Italians nd Chinese have several theatres which ive nightly performances. The Jews have miniature Broadway. Second avenue, ith Minsky's Winter Garden Burlesque Houston street at its head, is the East de's Rialto—an avenue of playhouses to hich the whole city comes. Here Kessler nd Adler, great tragedians both, once od the boards with no more than a senti-ental notice from the world uptown. oday, when Mollie Picon, whom they all the Mitzi of the Yiddish stage, opens a new show, the dramatic reviewers om uptown taxi to Second avenue, and olemnly appraise her talents for their illions of readers, and Mayor Walker oses for his picture at her side.

In the older Yiddish theatre the audience as half the show. It brought its supper long and ate with much smacking of ps, crackling of paper and dropping of ange peel all through the performance. shouted down from the gallery to greet iends in the orchestra. And it wept copi-usly over dramas which dealt with the omestic relationships of alien parents and mericanized children, with faithless hus-nd and sacrificing wife, with warring other and daughter-in-law. It is infi-tely more "refined" today. Peanut brittle the extent of its gustatory indulgence, d it prefers to laugh at the vulgarities American life rather than to weep at e tragedies of its own people.

"Take it your right seats and don't make fights," the usher admonishes his audience. A silver curtain upon which are painted medieval knights in armor, full tilt for combat, rises upon a Coney Island vista. The audience howls its delight when Mollie leans over the footlights to toss out hot dogs with the same coquetry which Raquel Meller shows in tossing violets. It lacks the grace to blush when the actress burlesques her grandmother in the ritual of blessing the Sabbath lights. It follows with tapping toes a lusty-lunged Irish colleen who sings "I Want to Go Back to Killarney." It accepts without surprise the fact that more English than Yiddish is spoken on the stage.

This is the new theatre of the East Side masses. Its following is substantially the following of the second-rate Broadway musical comedies. But Second avenue also has its Art Theatres. Maurice Schwartz has just moved his Yiddish Art Company into a magnificent playhouse at the corner of Twelfth street. Ben-Ami, the greatest actor that the modern Yiddish theatre has produced, has come back, after a fling on Broadway, to act among his own people. New blood is stirring. This renaissance of dramatic art on the East Side is due, however, mainly to the renegades who have moved uptown, and to alien influences. The Neighborhood Playhouse down in Grand street had a great deal, perhaps more than its promoters realize, to do with the change. Last Winter this theatre, which was started as a semi-philanthropic venture to give the boys and girls of the tenements a chance to develop their histrionic talents, produced a translation from the Yiddish of Ansky's "Dibbuk." The play had been produced on the Yiddish stage but had been practically ignored, save by those rare souls who can evaluate drama without the promptings of dramatic critics. But by producing it in English translation, the Playhouse aroused a wide interest on the East Side in this treasure of the Jewish drama.

Interest was stimulated, not only in the Yiddish theatre, but in the whole fascinating subject of *Chassidism*. Around the

corner from the playhouse wherein alien tongues spoke the philosophy of these Jewish mystics and made a pageant of their strange beliefs, there were enacted, and still are, just such scenes of mystical ceremonial as were presented on the stage of the Playhouse. *Chassidism*, with its belief in good and evil spirits, its homage to a holy man, a *guter Yid*, and its optimistic pantheism, its joy of living, still dwells on the East Side, numbering its adherents by dwindling thousands, laughed at by the younger generation, and held incredibly dear by the older, to whom it has been infinitely more than a mere formula of worship. The naïve sons and daughters of the Old World still bring their perplexities to a shrewd showman whom they call their *zadik*, and he, enriched with their offerings, plays the stock market and uses his holy wisdom to guide his speculations in real estate.

IV

The East Side is a bit bewildered today, torn beween yesterday's dear dreams and today's madness for acquisition. The old idealism is staggering into its grave. Thirty years ago, an uncle of mine came from Russia and went to live on the East Side. He earned eight dollars a week and was an anarchist. Regularly, he gave one-half of his weekly wage to help the benighted masses to learn how benighted they really were, and to stimulate them to do something about it. He shared his bed in the dark room of a tenement with a young student of medicine. His bed-mate boasted, in the mysterious conclaves which used to last all night, that he had carried a bomb under his arm through Manhattan's streets on the anniversary of the Haymarket massacre. He belonged to a reckless band, mad with its passion for social justice and bent on martyrdom. When it was rumored that there would be interference from the police, who had refused a permit for a parade in memory of the victims of the Haymarket, these ardent young lunatics made and carried bombs to prove that they were freemen. Their road to glory was not, however, destined to be soaked in blood. They paraded unmolested, and feeling quite foolish after it was all over, they dropped their bombs into the river. The tale was lately told to me with a swagger—the bravado of successful, solid citizens, amusing themselves with reminiscences of the days when they were one with the starving idealists of the East Side, who fed their bellies on a handful of crackers and their souls on the dream of a better day. That better day has undoubtedly come, but in quite a different manner than these men dreamed of it.

It is amusing to observe that in the East Side's few remaining radical debating societies they are still debating a question that occupied the philosophical minds of thirty years ago. The boys and girls grow heated in their efforts to settle the problem: "Are low wages or high wages better for society?" With the logic of their adolescent idealism, they maintain that the current high wages are destroying the labor movements, and smothering the revolutionary spirit which they believe must light the torch of progress. When their fathers and mothers argued the matter three decades ago, they invariably concluded that high wages would bring in the millennium, with ample leisure to every worker for the pursuit of art, literature and music. They were simple fellows, and they hadn't heard of broadtail wraps and platinum wrist-watches.

The spirit of the old-timers has even gone out of the trade unions, partly because the old leadership is gone, but mostly because the old compelling urge of poverty is gone. The needle trades, in which a majority of the East Side workers are employed, are superbly organized. They know what they want and they know how to get it. They know how to bargain and when. The men and women who gave birth to the sweatshop have now spawned one of New York's greatest and richest industries, and organized it magnificently, both from the employers'

d the employés' standpoints. But the l fire has died out. The go-getter is now busy in the union as at the employer's sk. Whatever intellectual stimulus one ds on the East Side today has its origin gely in those youths of the working ss who have not been in the land long ough to know that the tabloid newsper and not the *Freiheit*, the sensational vie and not the art theatre, are the tellectual divertissements of the true merican workingman. And Americanition lies in wait for them too.

The Socialist party, which in 1916 was the height of its influence and stood an cellent chance of governing the city of ew York, now with difficulty retains its ght to a place upon the ballot at election me. The company unions took a slice out its side; high wages and prosperity enated all those to whom Socialism as a practical necessity and not a mere phisophy. The Russian Revolution, which ve impetus to the organization of the eft Wing Communists in America, dealt the severest cut, for the Communists ok away the young blood which had en the life and spirit of the party. Then eyer London was killed by a speeding xi, and Gene Debs died, exhausted by e struggle. The *Forward*, grown older, llowed into the conservatism that fols fullness of years and purse, and is ssed at the meetings of today's radicals. eactionary, they scream at it, and they rn it in protest.

The *Forward*, it is interesting to note, as the first of the several Yiddish dailies take note of the sweeping changes in e East Side. It saw a new generation owing up, speaking no Yiddish. It realed that the comparatively insignificant mbers of new Yiddish-speaking arrivals ould be inadequate to keep up its large rculation. And so, preparing against the t too distant day when Yiddish would longer be the tongue of the East Side, began nearly a year ago the publication a weekly four-page English supplement, to lay the foundations for a full-fledged Anglo-Jewish newspaper in America. How skillfully it interprets the new interests of its readers may be seen in its subject matter, which runs from advice to the lovelorn to learned dissertations on running the world.

In the midst of these sweeping social changes 20,000 Italians have moved into a fraction of the vacant space left by 200,000 Jews, and Chinese, Poles and Russians have come in on the heels of the Italians. These changes in the racial composition of the East Side are important in their social implications. The local business men are concerned with the influx of Italians, for they claim that Italians do not purchase as much and as expensive clothing as do Jews; the public libraries are concerned too, for they say that the children of Italians do not read as much as Jewish children. But they make good neighbors and the babies of many races sprawl together in the crowded, dirty streets. The growing generation, springing out of the sidewalks of New York, no longer feels itself to be Italian or Slav, Jew or non-Jew. Indeed, peace seems to have settled on the region, for every one is too busy getting along to pick a fight. Thirty years ago, when the remains of a celebrated rabbi were being carried through the streets, hoodlums climbed to the top of the Hoe Press building and stoned the mourners with metal ingots. It was a disgraceful episode, and to many of those in the procession it carried an appalling reminder of the outrages from which they had only recently fled. Yet it was wholly characteristic of the spirit which then prevailed between the Jews and their neighbors. But when I crossed Seward Park the other day, I saw in this square, which lies in the very heart of the Jewish district, that a carnival was being conducted by the Sisters of Charity and that Jewish mothers and their offspring were crowding and elbowing one another to enjoy the pleasures of the merry-go-round and three-shots-for-a-nickel.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE hazards of Christian monogamy in the grand old town of Moscow:

> Ernest Hill and Irizone Mitchell (colored) had just been pronounced husband and wife Thursday night when a tornado swooped down upon Good Hope Church, where 100 friends were witnessing the ceremony. The church was picked from its foundation and wrecked. Six of the party were killed and a score injured. Bride and groom, both seriously hurt, were found nearly three miles apart.

CALIFORNIA

ILLUMINATING thought of the Plato in charge of the editorial page of the Long Beach *Press-Telegram:*

> President Coolidge, as a public man, has a big advantage in not talking much. What he does not say does not have to be explained or retracted.

A DISTINGUISHED anonymous physician, as quoted by the *Shield*, organ of the Anti-Cigarette League of this State, published at Los Angeles:

> A child born of parents who both smoke has no chance. IT IS DOOMED BEFORE BIRTH.

COLORADO

Two adjacent items in the classified columns of the Denver *Post*, a sheet renowned for its public services:

> I PROTEST against any man teaching women to smoke. Mathilda Jane Nation, 1335 Ogden.

> WILL teach six prominent ladies "smoke rings." William Withers, 2580 Elm. York 7326W after 4 P. M.

ANOTHER beautiful flower springs from the rich soil of American ecclesiasticism in Denver:

> William Penn Collins, Boulder attorney, was today appointed "Bishop of Righteous Hell" by Bishop Frank Rice of the Liberal Church, Inc.
>
> The office, unique in the history of Christianity, involves "locating and defining the region known as Hell." Bishop Rice, reactionary to all ordinary church rules, says "that if Hell can be located and defined it may be possible to make it a more comfortable place in which to exist."
>
> Collins is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin.

POLITICAL advertisement in the *Weld County News*, published at Greeley:

J. M. PETERSON

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR CONSTABLE

The Well-Known Christmas Tree Merchant of Greeley

Christmas Tree Pete is in the race for Constable in Justice Precinct No. 7, Greeley, to be voted for Tuesday next, and if elected to that office by the votes of all my friends throughout the city and county in Justice Precinct No. 7, promised to some of my friends if I am elected to that office of Constable of Greeley that I will have my mustache shaved off. One can not help many, but many can help one.

Now, you all want to see me wear the tailor-made uniform while I am in office, which term expires in 1929. I believe in a fair and square deal to everybody, rich or poor, and I believe in helping the poor people whenever I can, and if I am elected to the office of Constable by your votes on Tuesday next my Christmas trees will be on sale this year for half-price to everybody.

I want to attend strictly to business in the office of Constable that the people have elected me to. Let us always look ahead, for the past has gone forever. I stand for right and justice to all in this world, for I am the People's Party candidate.

Win or lose, I know my friends will be in for a fair and square deal from me. You will find me just the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow. I'll thank you, one and all, for your support on Tuesday next—win or lose. It would not surprise me to lose out but it would surprise me to win out.

J. M. PETERSON : : : GREELEY, COLO.

CONNECTICUT

MODERN promotion methods invade the ecclesiastical world of West Bridgewater:

> The Rev. S. P. Weaver of the Sunset Avenue Church has offered five gallons of gasoline to the man or woman who brings the most people

o church next Sunday. The day has been desig-ated as Automobile Sunday, and the Rev. Weaver will preach a sermon on "Signs of the utoist."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

OM the clip-sheet of the Board of Tem-ance, Prohibition and Public Morals of Methodist Episcopal Church:

moking by women in America is largely con-ned, first, to prostitutes, second, to high so-iety women who have money but have not or re not loyal to family traditions, and third, o poor little flappers with holes in their stock-ngs, who want to imitate the society dames.

FLORIDA

MENEAL want ad in the Tampa *Tribune:*

GENTLEMAN, Protestant, single, age 40, of good looks, figure and address, 6 feet 1 inch tall, 225 pounds weight, Old American stock, Scotch, Irish, English descent. Sound, healthy and strong, well educated, traveled writer, philosopher, generally interested in natural science hobbies. Absolutely clean past, nor-mally sexed, wants two children. A home lover, steady and kindly. An independent, original thinker, foresighted and experienced in real estate, expert with autos and boats, owns some exceptionally valuable property in Florida, will live in Florida Winters and California coast or elsewhere Summers. I will give all to the right woman. I desire the acquaintance of a present-able, healthy woman of equal worth and com-patible qualities. Strict privacy guaranteed re-plies. Write Box H-240, care *Tribune.*

RANGE phenomenon recorded by *This ek in Sarasota:*

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown (Miss Elizabeth Reaves) will be interested to learn that they have a son who was born in a New York hos-pital Monday afternoon.

GEORGIA

AIN speaking by Editor W. B. Townsend his Dahlonega *Nugget:*

We have often said that there is more harm ac-complished by late night revival services than good. We are told that several boys and girls met on Crown Mountain last Sunday night when their parents likely thought they were at the Pentecost Church. Some were there drink-ing, while one or two got in the lock-up. This is why we say that but little if any good is ac-complished. The Lord needs rest same as the people who meet for a big to-do so often. If a person has religion, what is the use of being eternally calling the Lord's attention to it? He knows all about it. And if you have no religion and want it, wait till morning. The Lord will have it for you. This would cut out a lot of mis-chief and avoid numberless illegitimate children.

ILLINOIS

EXCERPTS from a placard displayed in the Rotarian club-rooms of Chicago:

My Chicago is peopled with men and women with the will to work and the wit to live. Big-hearted, open-handed, broad-minded—what city can boast a finer breed than these? They toil not in the eternal pursuit of the almighty dollar so much as in sheer love of the great upbuilding process of which they are a part: the rearing of a high civic fabric upon a mud flat. . . . My Chicago is not a city for drones. Neither do poets flourish well in its atmosphere. Things are too busy getting done to give any mere mortal time to record their doing or to idly contemplate the process. Some one in au-thority is constantly putting a pick or a shovel or a stick of blasting powder into the hands of the poet or the drone and setting him to work writing odes about baking powder or shoveling dirt for a new building. . . .

JOHN LLEWELYN JONES

INDIANA

LINES distributed to the soft-hearted club women of this great Commonwealth:

CHILDREN CRY FOR THE RILEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

I cannot see the bright blue sky,
My eyes are sore, no kite can fly,
I cannot walk or run or play,
My feet are clubbed—I cry all day,
I cannot talk as other kids do,
My tongue is tied, I'm shamed too,
I have a weak heart, my lungs are bad,
Had contagious diseases when a lad,
I cannot shout, my tonsils are rotten,
I have hair lip, and am always forgotten,
Whenever there is to be jolly fun,
Because I look so bad, and cannot run,
I hurt my crooked leg, when I fell,
I have adenoids so bad, I cannot smell,
I cannot hear the music sweet,
My ears are as bad as my poor feet,
My back is humped, one foot is gone,
My hip was broken when I was young,
I cannot go to school, as other boys,
Oh, pity me, I loose all play and joys
Of child life, they say I am not right,
I'm feeble minded and I am a fright,
It's no fault of mine, that I am here,
That my parents drank too much whiskey and
beer,
And lived a bad life and was allowed to produce
Boys like me, to suffer and be of no use,
A black mark on the State that will permit
The breeding of mental and moral unfit.
Let us all get together and decide what is best,
And fight a good fight for all the rest
Of the future boys and girls of our State,
That their minds may be right and bodies
straight,

To fight for our country and our God,
Without submarine, bomb, gas or poisoned rod.
Do you want to help every child grow,
Strong, bright, useful and happy, as you know
Our dear Lord intended they should stand
As monuments of strength in this dear land.
So we beg all club women to do their part,
A cause so worthy reaches every Hoosier heart,
$10,000 is our goal, a ward we must give,
So some dear children may better live,
Always remember the more good deeds we sow,
The larger the crop and harvest will grow,
And when our bugle call does come,
We will gladly go to our Heavenly home—as Tiny Tim prays,
And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one,"—
Enfolding all the creeds, within the span,
Of his child heart, and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

ELLA BAGOT KEHRER,
Chairman Indiana Health Com.

IOWA

NEWS of the progress of Prohibition as reported by the Associated Press:

Drinking in hotel rooms of America "has increased 95% since the adoption of Prohibition," in the opinion of Richard R. Lane, owner of hotels in Des Moines, Cedar Rapids and Davenport, Iowa, who is attending a convention of the Northwest Hotel Association.

"The maids know—they carry out the bottles. Extra bellboys are required to carry the cracked ice, and hotel room furniture tells the story. In many instances furniture has been all but ruined by guests who scrape the caps from their bottles.

"Only one feature of Prohibition has benefited hotel men," Mr. Lane observed. "It has boomed the sale of ginger ale. But this acts as a boomerang, because guests are wrecking furniture by opening the ginger ale bottles on it."

KANSAS

FROM the leaflet of welcome of the Hotel Kansan, "The Pride of Topeka":

We may never see you, never get to know you, but just the same, we want you to feel that this is a HUMAN HOUSE, and not a soulless institution.

Human beings care for you here, make the bed and sweep the room, answer your telephone, run your errands, cook and serve your food. We keep a human being at the desk and a human being carries your valise. They are all made of flesh and blood, as you are; they have their interests, likes and dislikes, ambitions, dreams and disappointments, just as you have.

We are not going to intrude upon you, for one of the joys of being in a hotel is that you can be left alone.

May you rest well, "full of sweet sleep and dreams from head to feet!"

May you be healthy under this roof, and no evil befall your body or mind!

May every letter, telegram or telephone call you receive be of a kind to make you happier.

We are all travelers from the port of birth to the port of death, wanderers between the two eternities—for a little space you lodge with us—and we wish to put these good thoughts upon you—so God keep you, stranger, and bring you your heart's desire!

And when you go away, leave for this hotel a bit of grateful feeling.

SIGNIFICANT cultural and sociological news from Emporia:

Atheism is worse than murder, in the opinion of Emporia Teachers College students who have listed the Ten Commandments according to their moral worth.

The classification was made by forty-five students in ethics classes taught by Dean Norman Triplett.

MAINE

ONE of the blessings of civilization in store for the benighted Eskimos, as reported by the Poland Spring correspondent of the great Boston *Herald:*

Commander Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer, who made the principal address last night at the closing dinner of the Fall conclave of Rotary International 38th district, said today that when he returns to Labrador for the Field Museum of Chicago, he would endeavor to organize a Rotary Club among the Eskimos. "The Rotary spirit of friendly helpfulness will be a fine thing for them," he said.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE eminent chief editorial writer of the Boston *Traveler* fills his pipe, sprawls out in his swivel chair, and pats himself on the tummy:

What a wonderful sight it is to walk along our streets and see how immensely our citizens enjoy themselves. Tales of poverty and starvation in other parts of the world, but such a lot of happiness and prosperity prevails here. We are fortunate indeed. We can afford to be generous in many ways.

Look at the people who ride about in autobiles. Everybody has one. Ten years ago they were the luxury of the rich. Today they are the necessity of the poor. Look at the dresses our women wear. Ten years ago such styles, such materials, could be afforded only by the great ladies of high society. Now everybody wears them. Look at the simple luxuries the jewelry shops offer, the nicknacks, the thousand and one little trifles the heart longs for. They are within everyone's reach.

This certainly must be America's golden age. No wonder our people appear such a happy lot. Times are good. Employment is steady. No class distinctions prevail here. Was there ever such

a country as this, with its marvelous opportunities, its certain rewards for industrious labor, its limitless possibilities, and its equality for all?

MICHIGAN

IVORCE news from Muskegon:

Mrs. Lester Cox was granted a divorce on grounds of cruelty yesterday after testifying that Cox refused to pay for a collect telegram in another city telling him of the birth of a son.

ROM a report of a D. A. R. orgy in the minent Adrian *Daily Telegram:*

The principal address of the evening was delivered by Captain L. C. Ives, M.D., of the United States Army, who spoke on the subject "The Reds," which he defined as "Russian or American Communists or pacifists, voluntary or involuntary." He traced their development from the organization of the Illuminati, in Bavaria, May 1, 1776. He declared the original organization had six objectives, as follows: the abolition of all government; the abolition of patriotism; the abolition of property rights; the abolition of inheritance; the abolition of religion; and the abolition of the marriage vow.

Both the anarchism of 1850, and the Bolshevik communism of today are the outgrowth of this movement, Captain Ives stated. He added that while he did not want to be a calamity howler, he believed there were 1,700,000 soldiers of this organization in the United States today. Propagators of pacifist propaganda are, voluntarily or involuntarily, "in the pay of Moscow," he said and included in his blanket condemnation nearly every organization except the D. A. R. and the Red Cross. The League of Women Voters is tainted, in his opinion; the National Grange, W. C. T. U., Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have not escaped this pollution, he asserted. They are all "direct or indirect agents of Moscow" was his assertion.

MINNESOTA

HE progress of culture in Fergus Falls:

Gust Comstock, thirty, a barber-shop porter, today drank himself into a new world's championship, consuming sixty-two table-size cups of coffee, defeating eleven competitors who passed out of the race at the twenty-seventh cup, shortly before noon. Barbers gave Comstock a championship belt studded with sixty-two coffee beans, fifty-six of which represented his previous record established two years ago. Tonight he attended a banquet. He finished the contest in good condition, after twelve hours of drinking, which started at 7 A. M.

MISSOURI

UBLIC notice in the *Wayne County Journal-nner*, published at Piedmont:

I wish to say my wife and I lived happy together, not a cross word between us. She has told me she has seen more pleasure since we have lived together than she had seen before in her life, until she told me a certain person was coming to visit her that evening; I then said, if she comes I will leave the place, for I thought it best for her not to visit yet; there was certain things I wanted straightened up first in order to keep down talk. I stepped out of the room and when I came back in she was packing her things. I said, "What are you doing?" and she answered, "I am going home."

I have this to say, whether we ever live together any more or not: She is a perfect lady in every way. I write this to settle the minds of the people as to why we are separated.

J. R. SINGLETON

NEBRASKA

TRIBUTE to a Nebraska worthy in the estimable Orleans *Chronicle:*

Jim Thomas, who called ducks before the Civil War broke out, and who was considered an authority those days and after, all up and down the Mississippi river, on ducks and geese, and how to shoot them and snare them to the execution block, was unintentionally omitted from the *Chronicle's* recent report of the march on the Platte recently, at which time we reported that Heinie Lideen accidentally shot a goose. Mr. Thomas spent most of his boyhood days on the big river above mentioned, calling ducks and geese. Fact is he became a semi-professional. And yet today the Nimrod sports in this section of this moral propinquity say he has not lost any of his charm when it comes to vociferating in duck language. The fellows that were with him on the Platte, account of which we are here and now remodeling for public enlightenment and to relieve our conscience of a serious but unintentional misstatement of facts, say he is the best duck caller in existence today, and no territory barred. Mr. Thomas never had his tonsils removed or the valve ground in his Adam's apple or in any manner had his articulative organs interfered with by Twentieth Century medical science students.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE effects of living in the shadow of Dartmouth College, as set forth in the Hanover *Gazette:*

Monday afternoon last week Mrs. L. H. Jones entertained the teachers of the grade school and some of the pupils' parents at a tea at her home. The high-school and junior high-school teachers and the staffs of both the Howe and College Libraries were also her guests Tuesday evening at an informal gathering to which everyone wore a costume representing her suppressed desire. One person said that her suppressed desire was "to see life," so her costume consisted of a large-letter "c," which she wore on the front of her dress and the copy of *Life* which she carried in her hand.

NEW JERSEY

THE subtlety of Steinback, J., of Freehold, as reported by the New York *Times:*

> The testimony does not convince this court that Mrs. Egan was intoxicated, but it does believe that she was under the influence of liquor.

MISS JANE P. WOOD, of Maple Shade, in the eminent Camden *Courier:*

> Harding died a martyr, like many other good and true men before him.

NEW YORK

FESTAL day in the very heart of American civilization:

> TOMORROW TOMORROW
> *You are invited to attend the*
> *DEDICATION SERVICES*
> *of the*
> FERNCLIFF CEMETERY MAUSOLEUM
> AT HARTSDALE
>
> Addresses by
> THE REV. CHARLES STELZLE
> MR. C. D. MILLARD, *Supervisor of Westchester Co.*
> European and American Opera Singers and the Gloria Trumpeters will furnish the music.
>
> *MUSICALE*
> *at the*
> MANHATTAN CHURCH
> *Broadway at 76th Street*
> at 8 P. M.
> Prayer and Address by the minister,
> THE REV. EDWARD H. EMETT, D.D.
> Miss Victorina Hayes, of the La Scala Opera, Milan, Italy, and the Boston Opera Company, Miss Helen Gleason, of the San Carlo Opera Company, and Miss Adelle Custer, of the Royal Vienna Opera Company, will sing, assisted by the Manhattan Vested Chorus Choir. Organ recital by the church organist, Mr. Robert Adams. Motion pictures of the Holy Land and Egypt, The Unknown Soldier at Washington, D. C., and Rudolph Valentino's Funeral.
> BROADCASTING
> from the Mausoleum at 3 P. M. and from the church at 8 P. M., over Station WMCA.
> NO ADMISSION CHARGE—NO COLLECTION
> *Souvenir Programme on Request*
> THE FERNCLIFF CEMETERY MAUSOLEUM CO., INC.
> 366 Madison avenue, New York City

THE gifted sports editor of the *Graphic:*

> Sharkey comes from Lithuanian stock. Lithuania is one of the Balkan States.

CARD of thanks in the Syracuse *Journal:*

> Mrs. Lena Beverina gratefully acknowledges the sympathy and kindness of all her neighbors and friends, and wishes to thank them for assisting her in the death of her dear husband.

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from the oddly-named town of Liberty:

> Isidore Scherer appeared before Judge Thacher in the Federal Court today as attorney for Harry A. Cohen, a druggist of Liberty, who was charged with the possession and sale of alcoholic beverages.
>
> "In March or April last," said Mr. Scherer, "one Louis Sitko entered the drug-store of Mr. Cohen, who had opened a store at Liberty rather than anywhere else because of his own ill-health, and bought some shaving cream and other sundries. This man, who subsequently turned out to be a representative of some Civic League of Albany, said he had settled in White Sulphur Springs, a suburb about four miles from Liberty. He chatted with Cohen and became a regular customer. The two became friends, sometimes meeting in a restaurant near the drug-store. And about two months after the visitor's first appearance he called at the drug-store accompanied by a woman with a babe in her arms, introducing them as his wife and child. Some time later he brought in two friends of his, whom he introduced as Jesse Earl and a nephew of a judge.
>
> "On August 12, the league agent came to the drug-store and asked Cohen as a great favor to sell him a pint of whiskey. He said his wife was suffering and when Cohen told him to get a prescription, he stated he was a comparative newcomer in Liberty, could not get a prescription at the minute, and that his wife was enduring great pain.
>
> "After considerable urging upon the promise that the prescription would be brought in the morning, Cohen turned over a bottle containing whiskey to his supposed friend, whereupon that individual flashed a badge, and Jesse Earl and the supposed nephew of the judge, who had entered and were standing near the cigar counter, flashed badges also, and he was told he was under charges of violating the Federal Prohibition Law."
>
> C. D. William, Assistant United States Attorney, told Judge Thacher that Federal agents had admitted that someone had made the acquaintance of Cohen and asked him to sell whiskey. Judge Thacher imposed a fine of $250, which was paid.

WHAT people in Poughkeepsie are proud of:

> Mrs. James W. Hinkley, Sr., and Miss Mary Hinkley were luncheon guests last Friday of Albert W. Hemphill in the Equitable Building, New York City. At the same time, Queen Marie of Rumania was the guest of the Bankers' Club at luncheon on the fortieth floor of the same building.

NORTH CAROLINA

RELIGIOUS placard conspicuously displayed in Warsaw:

DANCE
EVANGELIST
JOHN C. COWELL, JR.
Calls for all Undertakers, Ambulances, Doctors, and Red Cross Nurses to Be at the
CARTER WAREHOUSE
TABERNACLE
WEST HILL STREET
WARSAW, N. C.
Tuesday Night, 7:30 P. M.
To Take Care of All the Dead and Wounded Dancers, Card Players, and Theatre Goers
EVERYBODY INVITED
Subject—
"Unmasking the Modern Dance"
Cowell Will Skin - - - Ramsay Will Hold

OHIO

ILLUSTRATED postcard distributed by the hundreds of thousands in the great city of Columbus:

"No man ever stands so tall or so straight as when he stoops to help a child."

No sentence ever pronounced by prophet or poet, statesman or philanthropist, preacher, priest or rabbi, is more beautiful or inspiring than this literary legacy from the eloquent tongue of the Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, founder of Mooseheart, and member of the National Cabinet of the American Insurance Union.

JOHN J. LENTZ,
National President,
American Insurance Union.

HISTORICAL remarks credited to Pastor Perry Hopper, of Toledo, by the celebrated *ade* of that great city:

There is nothing that holds the family together like a little family prayer. Our Puritan fathers lived on parched corn, but they talked about God. They shot Indians through the port hole with one eye and taught the Bible to their children with the other.

OREGON

AMERICANISM begins to seep into the great wn of Bend, a well-known hive of Olufs:

Maurice Hoover, member of Bend's Volunteer Fire Department, was declared champion spitter at a stag party contest held by the department last night. He spat twenty-two feet, and registered high from the accuracy standpoint. Several other contests were held.

PENNSYLVANIA

HE Rev. Dr. A. Ray Petty, pastor of race Baptist Church, of Philadelphia:

Jesus would have made a good quarterback on a football team.

POSTCARD sent to all the intellectuals of Pittsburgh, the home town of Andy Mellon, public servant extraordinary:

A SERIES *of* PUBLIC LECTURES *on the*
LAWS OF VIBRATION
By ALFRED HARRISON WATTERS

How the Alphabet and Numerals create the great force that sways the Thought World and produces Mass Intellectual Pressure and its effect on "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Demonstrations will be given of how this Force controls all public affairs, such as Ball Games, the Stock Market, Prize Fights, Elections, etc.

First Lecture, 8:15 P. M., *Monday. Crystal Parlor, Hotel Henry. Admission*, 50c.

RHODE ISLAND

THE Hon. William L. Sweet, president of the Providence School Committee, as reported by the *Tribune:*

I think it is a crime that Rupert Hughes can write books and circulate them in this country criticising the men whom we have made our national idols.

TENNESSEE

FIRST fruits of Bryanism in Memphis, as disclosed by a remark of the Rev. Dr. W. Graham Walker, visiting evangelist of the Highland Street Christian Church:

Heaven is a place large enough to accommodate 299,900,000,000,000 souls with a mansion of 100 rooms each, 16 x 16 x 16.

HISTORICAL judgment credited to the Hon. John Trotwood Moore, State historian of Tennessee, by the eminent New Orleans *Item:*

I believe that, next to God, Andrew Jackson was the greatest man who ever lived.

FROM a bulletin of Union "University," at Jackson in the Total Immersion Belt:

The world has recently had a wonderful demonstration of the influence of athletics upon national character. For example, Germany had no athletics—had no games. Her boys and people were not taught in youthful contests to give and take. They were not taught the meaning of the words fair play in a struggle with a contestant. To understand the results, contrast their national character as demonstrated in their inconsiderate and cruel conduct of the war with the daring, courageous, yet chivalrous spirit of America, as illustrated by her schoolboy army, which knew how to fight, and yet knew how to consider the common rights of humanity, even of an enemy; in other words,

knew how to play fair. One was the result of physical training without athletics, and the other character and physical training with and through athletics.

TEXAS

CULTURAL note from the advertising columns of the El Paso *Times:*

LITERARY SHOP

All kinds literary work done. Papers written for club women. 601 E. Nevada st.

UTAH

THE Gentile poison spreads to Springville, an ancient hive of the Mormon faithful:

THE KIWANIS KALLER

Kelly's Grove, Springville, Utah

SECOND ANNUAL CAMP FIRE PARTY

Do you remember the party we had down by the river bridge last year, when the ladies located the most beautiful trysting place in this vicinity and invited you prosaic Kiwanians out to spend an evening and forget life's humdrum?

They have found another such charming spot and are again inviting us to visit with them. We are all leaving Thursday at 4:00 P. M. for Kelly's Grove.

Park your car and burst up the reserve and turn yourselves over to the ladies. We are going to play London Bridge is Falling Down, Ring Around the Rosie, Drop the Handkerchief, and Postoffice.

Mrs. John W. Farrer will then catch the firefly to light the bonfire for us to roast our taters, brew our coffee, and toast our weenies. Bring your own plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon, or whatever utensils you are used to eating with.

JESS ELLERTSON,
Secretary.

VIRGINIA

PUBLIC notice in the distinguished Radford *Journal:*

We, the colored citizens of East Radford, Va., do highly respect and appreciate the good street that our City Manager has repaired for us which extends on the North side of the Norfolk & Western Railway, called Virginia street. We certainly thank you for your kind hospitality and the town at large. And for our future reference you shall have our support.

THE COLORED CITIZENS OF EAST RADFORD

WASHINGTON

ECCLESIASTICAL notice distributed in Pullman, home of the State university:

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday, 7:30 P. M.

"THE HIGH COST OF COURTING"

First of Series of Twelve Sermons on

"HOME BUILDING"

Happy Eighteen Minute Singspiration

Bring Your Singer, Whistler and Hummer

SPIRITUAL advertisement in the *Evergreen,* student organ of the State College:

"HUSBANDS THE MODERN YOUNG WOMEN WANT"

Also

A REAL COURTING DUET, ACTED OUT UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT

By

Five-Year-Old Betty Turner

and

Seven-Year-Old Bobby Bond

Sunday, 7:30 P. M., at

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

C. E. STANTON, Pastor

The Girls, in Their Letters, are Hitting Straight Out—No Quibbling

A REAL THRILL AWAITS YOU

WISCONSIN

THE Rev. A. J. Soldan, pastor of the Luther Memorial Church, of Madison:

If the Apostle Paul had been here Saturday I think he would have enjoyed seeing the Wisconsin-Iowa football game. Paul surely must have been a great sport fan or he never would have had the knowledge of athletic contests which appear in his writings.

THE Rev. F. B. Dunkley, pastor of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, of Milwaukee, speaking before the Junior Optimists of that marvelous town:

Arthur Brisbane is the greatest writer on social questions the world has ever known.

WYOMING

BEAUTIFUL song chanted by the Lions of this cultured Commonwealth:

Yes, We Wear Our Pajamas

Tune: "Yes, We Have No Bananas"

Yes, we wear our pajamas
Yes, we wear our pajamas
In Winter and Springtime and Fall.
We've short ones and long ones
And right ones and wrong ones
But Summer style beats them all
'Cause when hot nights get too many
We don't wear any!

CANAL ZONE

WANT AD in the Panama *American:*

WANTED—Two ladies of reasonable age and appearance to accompany us to the Barbecue, Sunday. Must be white, congenial and fairly good drinkers. Charles Reilly and Santy McKeon, c/o Panama American.

ON APPROACHING HOLY MEN

BY D. L. PAUL

The invasions of democracy, rather than loss of faith in their supernatural powers or any other decline n orthodoxy, have done away with much ff the formality once attending intercourse vith the rev. clergy, but theoretically at east, among believers and infidels alike, hey are still recognized as a class apart rom the laity. The faithful, moreover, rom the papal stronghold that is New ork to the remotest wilds of the Total mmersion Belt, still consider them as beonging to the upper strata of the American ocial organism, and are willing to concede o holy clerks of their own denomination, f not to the profession as a whole, rights nd privileges above those of the layman. t is strange, therefore, that in all the curent handbooks of etiquette ecclesiastics hould receive less attention, comparaively, than butlers and serving maids. Beond meagre hints that they are officially n evidence at hymeneal and funereal ories, all the information available, even n Mrs. Emily Post's exhaustive and imnensely popular tome, as to what is exected by the clergy from the layman ocially is limited to a few generalities bout introductions and correspondence, otally inadequate, even if perused, to disel the phenomenal ignorance prevailing mong people otherwise well coached as o what is correct or usual in polite society.

Nowhere, for instance, is there an inelligent discussion of the matter of prelence. If it is so much as mentioned in ne books of social usage, only secular ersonages are considered, and the men of od, so to speak, are left out in the cold. ut it is becoming more and more common for them to be present at civic receptions, conventions, banquets, flag-raisings and other orgies *extra ecclesiam*, and sooner or later answers must be found to the questions of precedence that naturally suggest themselves. It would seem that even the lowest clerics, as representatives of God, should have the right to a prerogative of honor, in such assemblies, before mere men and women of the world, of how high soever standing. But even in countries where a union of church and state prevails churchmen of various ranks within their own trade are sandwiched in between the unordained, also arranged in the order of their importance, and thus even Archbishops and Bishops of the established church play second fiddle, as it were, to certain secular dignitaries. The rules of precedence obtaining in such Christian lands have, ordinarily, but one code of canon law to reconcile with the civil regulations in the matter, and thus the problem of properly lining up the laity, from sovereign to commoner, and interspersing churchmen of various ranks according to a more or less satisfactory understanding between church and state, becomes a relatively simple one. But in this country, where the clergy of a dozen or more large and competing denominations, each with a potential, if not actual, canon law of its own, must be taken into consideration, the problem assumes proportions truly alarming, and has been dodged accordingly by all our authorities on etiquette. As a result, questions of precedence have often given rise to unpleasant controversies. Prominent Roman Catholic prelates have declined to attend social functions at

which their right to precede important seculars or the hierarchs of other sects might be disputed, and Methodist pastors have more than once indignantly regretted their inability to sit at table with Catholic Bishops, Jews or atheists accorded places above them.

There is no intention of treating the subject here with any completeness. But, simply as a matter of enlightening the ignorant, and for the guidance of the Methodist-Baptist *bloc* at such time as one or the other of the evangelical churches shall at last obtain recognition as the one by law established in this country, a brief statement of the rules of precedence based on Roman Catholic canon law may not be amiss. The Pope, of course, always takes first place; but, as it is extremely unlikely, despite all the warnings of the evangelical press, that that gentleman will ever take up his residence in this country, he may be omitted from the discussion. After him come the Cardinals. We have four of them. (It so happens that American Cardinals are Archbishops also, but the two dignities do not necessarily go together. Throughout this article, the term Archbishop will be used for one who is not at the same time a Cardinal.)

Then, in descending order, come Archbishops, Bishops, monsignori (protonotaries apostolic, vicars-general, domestic prelates, papal chamberlains), and simple priests. Within these classes, priority of promotion or ordination determines precedence, except that the Apostolic Delegate, an Archbishop residing in Washington, and the Archbishop of Baltimore rank first and second, respectively, among American Archbishops. Not to confuse matters, abbots and other superiors of religious orders may be disregarded here, except to observe that, other things being equal, the so-called secular clergy, *i.e.*, those who do not belong to religious orders, take precedence of the regular clergy, *i.e.*, those bound by monastic or community rules. A Bishop in his own diocese precedes visiting Bishops and even Archbishops, excepting the Metropolitan of the ecclesiastical province to which the see belongs.

Keeping in mind this general scheme, it is fairly easy to dispose of the Catholic clergy in proper order at exclusively or predominantly Catholic gatherings, where, on the ancient theory that the spiritual is superior to the material, they take precedence before all secular personages. Tolerated American custom, however, permits derogations from the rule, and prominent Catholic laymen—Governors of States, mayors of cities, and the like—are frequently given places of relative honor, depending on the nature of the affair and the willingness of democratically inclined ecclesiastics to yield their own right. When the secular dignitaries at the gathering are mixed as to religion, the lords temporal, as in Europe, relegate the lords spiritual to secondary places. Hence, the President of the United States, who, for present purposes, may be considered as a reigning monarch, and the Vice-President, heir-apparent to the presidential chair and the only person, under our system of government, remotely comparable to a prince, would occupy the first two places of honor, but Cardinals, as princes of the Church, would claim precedence before everybody else. The Apostolic Delegate, while without recognized diplomatic standing, is, in view of his representative character, entitled to a place immediately after accredited foreign ambassadors; and Archbishops, and probably also Bishops whose territory is coextensive with or larger than that of a particular Governor, go before State Governors. In general, Bishops will yield in favor of a Governor, but they precede all other State officials, as also do lesser prelates, excepting, perhaps, that a Lieutenant-Governor might claim precedence before a vicar-general. No definite provision is made for county officials, but they would seem, under our form of government, to belong ahead of parish rectors, unpossessed of prelatical dignity, who, in general, are content to follow the mayors of cities.

Numerous details and exceptions must

: omitted here, but from what has been iid, it may be possible to arrive at some ystem of placing correctly the Protestant ergy at a reception or other assembly to hich Roman clerics are not invited; or, iking the relative importance of the vari- us sects into account, of so distributing ie clergy of different denominations who ay be present that the party will prove a leasant one for all concerned. I merely ake the suggestions, leaving the working ut of any plan to others better equipped r the purpose.

II

With regard to introductions, there is the ictum of the authorities on etiquette that o lady is ever presented to a man, except- g the President of the United States, a igning sovereign, or a Cardinal. The first vo exceptions need not concern us here. he third is of some importance, though any 100% American ladies would doubt- ss do all in their power to avoid being resented to a Cardinal. They will be horri- ed to know what Catholic women are xpected to do when so presented.

In the first place, owing to the position hat the Catholic clergy retain in the mind f their own people in America, a Catholic y person, male or female, must always be resented to a priest, whatever his rank. few exceptions based on rules of preced- nce recognized abroad and favoring lay ersons of noble birth or high official anding are inconsequential in this coun- y. It is not uncommon, however, for hese ecclesiastics to cede their right to rominent laics, especially at public recep- ons; hence, priests ordinarily permit them- lves to be presented to Governors or even sser personages, though these happen to e Catholics, and even Bishops occasion- ly do so. But, to proceed.

The form of introduction to a Cardinal : "Your Eminence, may I present Mr. lank?" Thereupon, the person presented expected "to support lightly with his ght hand the Cardinal's extended right and," make a genuflection (*i.e.*, bend the right knee as far as the floor), and kiss the episcopal ring on the Cardinal's hand—not the hand itself. He may wait a moment for the Cardinal's blessing, which may or may not be given; he is then free to rise and express his delight in appropriate words, remembering always to say "Your Eminence" instead of "You." If the meeting is perfunctory and others are in line to be presented, he should pass on almost immediately, "making a respectful inclination as he withdraws." When the person doing the presenting has called expressly for the purpose of introducing a stranger, he performs the genuflection and osculation first; by observing him, the person to be introduced can perfect his knowledge of what he is to do.

Should a genuflection for any reason be dangerous or otherwise impracticable, a low bow may be made instead; in that case a blessing is not to be expected. If, by prearrangement, the interview is to be lengthy, the person introduced, having made the genuflection, is to remain standing until the Cardinal himself has taken a seat and indicated that the visitor may be seated also. Toward the end of the interview, he will anticipate the Cardinal's rising; and, upon taking leave, repeat the performance of genuflecting and kissing the ring. It is at the leave-taking that a blessing is ordinarily to be expected; hence, he should guard against rising too abruptly after bending the knee.

The same ceremony is observed for the Apostolic Delegate, who, however, is "Your Excellency"; and for an Archbishop within his ecclesiastical province or a Bishop within his own diocese, excepting that the formula is varied to "Your Grace" or "Your Lordship" respectively. Outside an Archbishop's or Bishop's own territory a low bow is substituted for the genuflection and the kissing of the ring may be omitted; nor does the person presented offer to shake hands unless the prelate, as he may do in deference to the general American custom, extend his hand to a man. He will not do so to a woman.

The etiquette of subsequent meetings with these dignitaries is the same, saving that the layman should wait until, by some exterior sign, he is recognized before rendering the customary homage and not speak until he is spoken to. Similar formalities are observed when calling alone upon them, the sending up of a proper letter of introduction taking, on the occasion of the first call, the place of the spoken introductory formula, and one's card doing the same on subsequent occasions. Incidentally, all such calls should be made by appointment.

Non-Catholics are not expected to perform the actions which signify submission to the spiritual jurisdiction of the ecclesiastic in question; they simply conduct themselves as well-bred people do when introduced to anybody else of importance. Consequently, at least a profound bow is in order. But putting forth the hand to a high Roman Catholic dignitary is not, unless he anticipate the action by extending his. More than likely he will not. The forms "Your Eminence," "Your Excellency," and "Your Grace" are, however, to be used, as occasion requires, regardless of conscientious objections. Some democratically inclined Bishops seem, of late, to favor even Catholics' omitting, in less formal introductions or in mixed gatherings, acts that are on the order of religious ceremonies. Practically all of them in this country have ceased to object to being addressed as "Bishop" (only at the introduction to such Bishops is the surname added) instead of "Your Lordship" or the obsolescent "My Lord." But corresponding familiarities are not, in general, allowed with Archbishops and Cardinals.

Protestant Episcopal Bishops in this country are not lords, and in informal conversation are addressed simply as "Bishop," adding the surname at the introduction; in very formal discourse, as in publicly presenting one of them to an audience, "Right Reverend Father" is pleasing to them, though by no means common. When traveling in England they are customarily addressed as "My Lord" or "Your Lordship" and thus put on the same footing as the Bishops of the Established Church of that country, who, when sojourning in America, are properly so addressed. Similarly, a visiting Anglican Archbishop is "Your Grace." He is introduced as "The Most Reverend, His Grace, the Archbishop of York." Methodist and other evangelical Bishops are, of course, never introduced or addressed otherwise than as "Bishop," with or without the surname according to circumstances. It goes without saying that Protestant Bishops want no genuflections. But a respectful bow, on occasion, is in order. Most of them shake hands, at least with men.

For Catholic priests, the introductory formula is "Father Blank, may I present Mrs. Dash?" There is no bending of the knee or osculation of the hand (foreign Catholics sometimes attempt the latter), though a discreet bow is permissible and appreciated. A woman never extends her hand; a man may, though politeness suggests that the priest be allowed to make the first move. It is quite possible that he will not, and the omission should not be interpreted as a slight. Promiscuous handshaking, such as is indulged in by many Protestant pastors, is not commonly practised by the Catholic clergy. A priest should also be allowed to start the conversation, throughout which he is addressed as "Father," without the surname. Protestants do not, ordinarily, object to styling the Catholic priest "Father." There are occasional outbursts of protest from Ku Klux evangelists on the ground that the priest, being a bachelor, is not the father of a family, or that it is unscriptural, but these arguments have been overwhelmingly refuted by alert Catholic apologists. It may be remarked, however, that only in America is the custom of referring to the priest as "Father" so widespread. In some countries the title is not used at all, or is reserved to the monastic clergy or otherwise limited. Formerly American priests did not resent being known as

Mister"; now, except from a hopeless coramus, that address is construed as an entional offense. The High Anglican rgy also like "Father," and it would m eminently proper to use it whenever affords satisfaction to the person addressed. Most of the Low Church clergy ent it, particularly in recent years, as a lection on their Protestantism.

For the abbot of a religious order the roductory formula is varied by using, t the surname, but the so-called "name religion"—a Christian name assumed hen the religious vows are taken; or, ore generally, "Father Abbot" without y name. The honorary prelates and other gnitaries having the title of "Monsignor" (literally, "My Lord," now taken a noun, which may be in apposition or eceded, when used alone, by an article) e introduced as "Monsignor Blank," d thereafter addressed by the title alone. hile it seems hardly logical to use this le in the third person, it is done by well-tablished custom, even in Rome, where rchbishops and Bishops, as well as infeor prelates, are all addressed and referred as "Monsignor." *Monsignore* is a vocave, incorrectly given in our dictionaries an alternative spelling, and frequently ed in the newspapers. The surname ould never be used with this form of the ord save in attracting the attention of e particular monsignor in a group of em. To *monseigneur*, the French form, ed for all prelates, the rank is sometimes ded, *e.g.*, *Monseigneur l'Archevêque*, not e surname. Either of these vocatives is casionally used alone, in this country, the formal salutation in a letter, but general principles it is in rather bad m to use foreign expressions for which cepted English equivalents exist.

Unless a priest has actually obtained the gree, he is never called "Doctor"; this ademic title is disregarded if he has ne honorary ecclesiastical title; otherse, he is simply "Father." If "Doctor" used, the surname is always added. In ntrast is the growing custom of styling nearly all Protestant divines "Doctor," though they may not have received even a high-school education. The latest manual of etiquette distinguishes between ministers who are doctors and those who are not, prescribing "Mister" for the latter; the older ones did not distinguish effectively, and most rural white pastors, as well as most of their colored colleagues, seem to enjoy their courtesy rights. "Brother" in reference to a Protestant pastor was once esteemed a provincialism, though as such, it enjoyed a wide currency; it has gained momentum since the war, and, with the spread of the Kiwanian, Rotarian and Y. M. C. A. idealism, is now accepted, if not encouraged, by more than one evangelical body, perhaps as a desirable offset to the Catholic "Father." It is rather odd that no 100% Protestants have ever raised objection to it on the score that Roman Catholic monks who are not priests have been called "Brother" for centuries. Otherwise, ministers of the Gospel are popularly known in the rural regions as "Reverends." The use of "reverend" as a noun is, of course, in the worst possible taste, but it continues notwithstanding all protest from the pedagogues. Hence, it is not uncommon for a small-town American hostess to say: "Mrs. Black, meet Reverend Blank," and the society columns of bucolic newspapers frequently contain statements such as: "The officiating reverend took dinner with the relatives of the corpse after the funeral." "Reverend," in this sense, has not afflicted the Catholic clergy so far in their relations with their own parishioners, but Jewish rabbis have not altogether escaped. These gentlemen of God are correctly introduced as "Doctor (or Rabbi) Blank." In direct address, "Rabbi" alone is scriptural and permissible.

Canons and deans are fortunately not common in America, and, speaking to or of their own, Roman Catholics seldom use either of the titles. Among Anglicans it is proper to say "Canon" or "Dean," with the surname. The correct employment of

various less common designations for the ministers of some sects—Parson, Elder, Pastor, and the like—can, in general, be determined from the foregoing discussion.

The niceties of correspondence are rather complicated, and, for the Roman Catholic clergy in America, they differ in many respects from the usage in Rome and elsewhere abroad. In writing to a Cardinal, the correct formal salutation is "Your Eminence"; to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, "Your Excellency"; to some other Archbishop, "Your Grace"; or, from a non-Catholic, "Most Reverend and dear Sir" to any of the three; to a Bishop, "Your Lordship," "My Lord," or "Right Reverend and dear Father (or Sir)" and to a priest, "Reverend and dear Father (or Sir)." Honorary monsignori and abbots are also "Right Reverend." Informally, the Apostolic Delegate might be saluted simply as "Excellency"; a Cardinal, Archbishop, Bishop, monsignor, canon, dean, or doctor is "My dear" or "Dear," depending on acquaintance or the character of the communication, plus the title and surname of the individual, *e.g.*, "Dear Cardinal Blank." For an abbot, the religious name takes the place of the surname: "Dear Father Francis"; or, "Dear Father Abbot," but not "Dear Abbot Francis."

III

In America, unlike in England, the addition of "My" indicates greater familiarity than its omission. Generally speaking, female correspondents should omit the possessive. Writing to his own ordinary, a priest or layman may begin "My dear Bishop (or Archbishop)" without the surname, the pronoun then having reference to the spiritual relation between writer and addressed rather than to personal intimacy. Any dignitary less than a Bishop may be informally saluted as "Dear Father Blank."

Lately, there has appeared a tendency to write "Reverend dear Father," without the conjunction or a comma. These formulæ are used, as circumstances demand, by the Catholic clergy in communicating with one another. "Your Reverence" has disappeared as an epistolary salutation, and is practically obsolete in personal address except among aged Irish-Americans; even these seldom refer to a priest as "His Reverence" now.

Between "Right Reverend" and the simple "Reverend," custom in America brought in the designation of certain priests (canons, deans, superiors of religious orders who are not abbots, monsignori who are not prelates, and college presidents) as "Very Reverend." (This is observed also by Anglicans for their canons and deans.) As a matter of logic and fact, there is no "very reverend" cleric as distinguished from one who is "right reverend," the "right" in this construction having no reference to the prerogatives of the higher clergy, notwithstanding writers who have maintained the contrary, but being only the adverb synonymous with "very." (*Cf.* Chaucer's "right fat"; also the colloquial "right smart.") This agrees perfectly with official and social usage in Rome itself, where every Archbishop, Bishop or monsignor is *Reverendissimus* (the superlative), which, however, is construed only as "Right (or Very) Reverend." *Admodum Reverendus* (literally "Quite Reverend"), formerly used more extensively in Latin publications and letters to describe higher ecclesiastics who are not prelates and especially religious superiors who are not abbots, is now confined chiefly to the latter class. The expression, ordinarily translated "Very Reverend," has, in this country, created a distinction for which, if "Right Reverend" be properly understood in English, there exists no plausible basis whatever.

Judging from recent official publications, *Admodum Reverendus* is disappearing from Vatican usage. There is no good reason, therefore, for keeping up "Very Reverend" in this country as something intermediate between "Reverend" and "Right Reverend"; still, it is being done, and there are those who insist that the lower monsignori

.., the papal chamberlains) are *only* very Reverend." To settle this dispute, ention is directed to the *Annuario Pon-ficio*, a directory published by the Vatican ess, wherein the chamberlains, like other nsignori, are *Reverendissimi;* and, since dignitaries higher than the honorary lates are the same, other descriptive jectives are added if further qualification necessary: *e.g.*, *Eminentissimus ac Rever-dissimus* for a Cardinal; *Illustrissimus et verendissimus* for a Bishop. British and merican usage retains only the last adjec-ve, but translates it by the superlative : Cardinals and Archbishops, and, some-nat illogically, by a comparative for a shop!

In Ireland, however, he too is "Most everend," and Catholics in Great Bri-in sometimes follow the Irish custom. l these various adjectival expressions, e the simple "Reverend," should always preceded by "The." The article is, how-er, now often omitted on the envelope, en by the highly literate, and the abbre-ations, "Rt. Rev.," "Vy. Rev.," as well "Rev." itself, are so commonly used—obably not to delay postal clerks and rriers by obliging them to read too long dresses—that it is useless longer to pro-t against them. The practice is encour-ed indirectly by the clergy, who, espe-lly those with illegible signatures, have eir name with such abbreviations printed their stationery or typewritten beneath eir signatures for the guidance of their rrespondents in directing the reply. The rrespondent usually takes the hint too erally and abbreviates accordingly.

Certainly for the sake of brevity "His cellency" or "His Grace," preceding, example, "The Most Reverend John ank," are no longer customary on the ver, though they are still used in the erscription of the letter itself to the ostolic Delegate or to an Archbishop pectively. The word indicating the of-e of a cleric is never written between the jectives and a given name; it should, wever, precede the surname if his initials or given name are not known: *e.g.*, "The Right Reverend Bishop Blank." (Generally speaking, it would seem more courteous to ascertain the initials or given name before writing.) One exception in favor of Cardinals is that their rank is indicated between the given name and the surname: "His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons." In this case, "The Most Reverend" is omitted. Another exception, relatively unimportant in this country, is the superscription for a canon—"The Very Reverend Henry Canon Blank." "Monsignor," being a title not indicative of an office, may precede the name: "The Right Reverend Monsignor John Blank," but is preferably omitted. Incidentally, "Monsignor" is correctly abbreviated "Msgr." —not "Mgr." as American dictionaries have it. In Europe, following Roman custom, the abbreviation is "Mons." "Doctor" is rarely used among Catholics for the superscription; in proper circumstances, it would not be incorrect to write it before the full name. The word "Father" should be omitted in addressing a priest by his full name; hence, never "The Reverend Father John J. Blank." If his given name is unknown, "The Reverend Father Blank" is correct. In some monastic orders the surname is discarded altogether in favor of the religious name. For priests conforming to that practice, it is proper to write, say: "The Reverend Father Francis, O.S.F."

All Catholic Bishops are *ex officio* doctors of divinity, and, with other clergymen who have obtained the degree, add D.D. after their surnames. The initials of other academic titles, if used, follow this; more frequently they are omitted. The word "Doctor" and such initials are, of course, never used in the same superscription. A member of a religious community adds after his name the initials of his order's Latin name (*e.g.*, S.J. for a Jesuit; O.S.B. for a Benedictine), which always precede D.D. if he is also entitled to these.

There are, of course, no Anglican Archbishops resident in this country. For those in England, the envelope is properly ad-

dressed "The Most Reverend, His Grace, The Archbishop of York," followed by the full name; the letter then begins: "My Lord Archbishop, May it please Your Grace . . ."; the superscription for Bishops of the Church of England is "To the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Chester." These are admittedly clumsy formulæ. The formal salutation for an English Bishop (Established Church) is "My Lord"; the informal, "My dear Lord Bishop." Apparently, it would not be amiss to conform to these models in writing to British Roman Catholic Bishops, prescinding from the fact that they are not, as are the Bishops of the Established Church, members of the House of Lords.

IV

Most ecclesiastical authorities agree that the proper superscription for a Protestant Episcopal Bishop in this country is "To the Right Reverend William Blank, Bishop of Wilmington." Whether the episcopal see is always to be mentioned is not certain; Roman Catholics omit this on the envelope, since it sometimes happens that the name of the see does not correspond to that of the city in which the Bishop resides, and there is consequent confusion for the postal clerks. Likewise, "To" is superfluous, and does not seem to be used in practice. "Most Reverend and dear Sir" is accepted both as the formal and informal salutation of an Anglican Archbishop visiting in America; "Your Grace" would, of course, be entirely proper formally. For Protestant Bishops in general, the correct formal salutation is "Right Reverend and dear Sir," excepting a few High Anglicans who prefer "Father." The correct informal form is "My dear Bishop Blank." In other than purely business letters to Bishops and higher dignitaries, it is considered more polite to place the superscription last, at the left hand of the page, in line with the body of the communication. This is sometimes done also in formal social letters to the lesser clergy.

For a Protestant minister the envelope is inscribed "The Reverend John Blank." If his given name is unknown, some authorities recommend "The Reverend . . . Blank" instead of "The Reverend Mr. Blank," but there is little reason in substituting dots or dashes for the abbreviation of the title common courtesy accords to any man. Older manuals prescribed "The Reverend Doctor Blank" in this case. A Protestant clergyman is saluted formally as "Sir" or "My dear Sir"; informally as "Dear Mr. Blank," or "Dear Doctor Blank" if he be entitled to the degree. "Dear Elder" is used, though not always, by Campbellites and Mormons in corresponding with their clergy. Outsiders having occasion to write to ecclesiastics addressed in their own sect by some unusual or distinctive title should conform to the custom of the denomination in question. Lutheran ministers of certain synods, for instance, are called "Pastor"; hence, it is customary for a layman to write "Dear Pastor" (adding the surname for another than his own pastor) in addressing them. "Dear Brother," with or without the surname, is rapidly being adopted in some of the reformed churches; between ministers of the same denomination, "Brother" alone is winning favor. Jewish rabbis are either "Doctor," "Rabbi," or "Reverend," with the full name, on the envelope; the salutation is simply "Dear Sir"; or, informally, "Dear Doctor Blank." "Dear Rabbi" is also used, from laymen and other rabbis alike. Between rabbis themselves, the spread of Rotary notions has, I am informed, introduced "Dear Colleague." It is slightly better than "Dear Brother."

The amenities so far discussed are exchanged between clergymen of the same denomination and also in interdenominational correspondence. "Dearly beloved brother in Christ," "Fellow laborer in the Lord" and the like are not uncommon in the letters of one evangelical divine to another and have been used in letters from such pastors to Catholic priests and rabbis.

The formal closing of a letter is apparently limited only by the ingenuity of the writer and the degree of respect he entertains for the cleric addressed. For a dignitary who has been saluted as "Your Eminence," "Your Excellency," or "Your Grace," the accepted manner is "I have the honor to remain, of Your Eminence (Excellency, Grace), The humble (respectful) servant," which is also appropriate, with proper modification, for a Bishop who has been saluted as "My Lord" or "Your Lordship"; otherwise, "I have the honor to remain, Respectfully yours." "Your Eminence's" and the like, instead of the prepositional phrase, while approved by ecclesiastical authorities on etiquette, are awkward, and not used to any great extent by Catholics, who, however, in writing to their proper Bishop, sometimes close: "Begging (Asking) Your Lordship's blessing, I remain," etc. A rather common, and very good, form is "With every sentiment of esteem and regard, I remain," etc. The formal close is shorter: for a Cardinal, "Of Your Eminence, The humble servant"; for an Archbishop, the same, except "Grace" instead of "Eminence"; for a Bishop, "Sincerely (Faithfully) yours," unless he has been saluted as "Your Lordship," in which case it is correct to write "Of Your Lordship, The servant." All in all, the advance of democracy has appreciably diminished the former taste for "I beg," "humble servant," and similar expressions. Catholic priests writing to their own ordinary sometimes add "in Christ," "*in Christo*," or "*in Domino*" (in the Lord), or, by abbreviation, "in Xt. (*Xto., Dno.*)" after the final word or "servant."

For clergymen of all denominations who are not Bishops "Faithfully (Sincerely) yours" is always appropriate, the prefixing of "I beg to remain," "I remain," etc., adding a little to formality. "I am" is, of course, used only on the occasion of the first letter; it is then permissible to close with "Yours respectfully," which, however, is considered a business rather than a social form. Catholic priests writing to one another, as well as Protestant pastors, frequently use "Fraternally yours." But it smacks of the lodge room, as also does "Cordially yours." "Sincerely your friend and brother" is a contribution from the headquarters of the Latter Day Saints.

Formal letters to Bishops of the Church of England close with the clumsy compliment, "I have honour to remain, Your Lordship's obedient servant"; informal, "I have honour to remain, my dear Lord Bishop, Faithfully yours." Note that "honour" is to be spelled with a *u*. Why the word should be used without an article is not explained. For a Church of England Archbishop the approved closes are: formal, "I remain, my Lord Archbishop, Your Grace's most obedient servant"; informal, "I have honour to remain, my dear Archbishop," plus the signature.

V

Formal communications to the Pope must be in Latin, though French or Italian are, in general, allowed if it is impossible or difficult to put the message into intelligible Latin. To foreign Cardinals Latin is also the usual vehicle of communication, but the diplomatic language, French, is in good taste; then Italian, since that is the native tongue of most of the Cardinals in Rome, and finally, any language with which the Cardinal addressed may be familiar. If this happens to be English, the formulæ given for American Cardinals are in order, though by no means so elaborate as those in vogue abroad. It is safer, if a layman should have occasion to engage in correspondence with His Holiness or members of the Sacred College, to entrust the rather delicate job of composing the communication to some one who can do it properly in the classical Roman style. The closing formulæ are particularly elaborate.

The Protestant clergy seem to be fond of complimentary closes. Many of these are in the nature of scriptural texts or allu-

sions: "Yours in the communication of the Holy Spirit"; "Faithfully yours in the fellowship of Christ"; "Yours, in His Name"; "May the Lord bless thee thrice, and I remain, Yours truly"; "May peace surpassing understanding abide between thee and, Yours truly." Others bear specific reference to the lodge affiliations of the writer and addressee: "Yours in the I. O. O. Fellowship"; "Fellow Klansman, I salute (greet) you, and remain, Yours"; "Fraternally yours, John Blank, 32°"; "Sincerely yours in the Square and Compass"; "Yours for America and pure womanhood." The favorite phrases, however, are usually of a militant character: "Yours for the smashing of Rome, rum and rebellion"; "Yours in the fight for the right" (this one I have from an African Methodist Bishop serving a term in a State penitentiary with which I was once connected officially); "Faithfully yours, dearly beloved Bro. in Christ, in the cause of righteousness"; "Unto death in the battle for the Lord"; "Yours in the battle against Sin and Satan"; "Fellow soldier of Christ, Yours in the bonds of brotherhood," and the like. One, the chosen valedictory of a Campbellite divine, "Yours in the dissemination of the Seed," acquired a peculiar appropriateness when it was discovered that the rev. gentleman, a married man, had not yet got over sowing his wild oats. His last public appearance was in a race down a narrow and littered alley one dark night, scantily clad, hotly pursued by an irate disciple of whose hospitality and supposed absence he had taken pastoral advantage.

A RESOLUTE LADY

BY L. M. HUSSEY

Witnessing Mrs. Borneman's act, Mr. Harlow, in the crude surprise of the moment, called it murder. e was later to regret the error. A less nsitive man would have held obstinately the first designation, but Mr. Harlow, accordance with whim and nature, had love for intelligent precisions of speech. bit impishly inclined to grin at all faiths, himself held to the faith that one should scribe all phenomena in meaningful rms. Had an apple bounced off his head, it happened to Newton in the fable, ver could he have leaped to his feet with ry of ecstatic satisfaction: "Ha! Gravitaon!" Inevitably Mr. Harlow would have ttonholed himself forthwith, shook a refinger under his own nose, and inquired: Now, define the word. Just what do you ean by gravitation?"

On that superb Autumn day he had mbered up the mountainside, through lsamed pine woods and weedy stretches chestnut forest dead with blight, to an on observation tower on the summit. here he was alone. Gazing across magnifint reaches of landscape he could see no ing person. Under the roof of the large tel in the valley he knew there were no ests, for the vacation season in these rts was ended. It was now a region easantly unpeopled. Indulging a whimal fancy, it entertained Mr. Harlow mentarily to imagine that a just God d finally put an end to the antics of the man race, and that he alone, of all the nians, remained alive. "But in that case," told himself, "justice would fall short completeness. There is no reason for my vival. I am not a Methodist, nor yet a Baptist. I've no faith in my own peculiar salvation. I should be in limbo with the other animals."

However, a moment later, he smiled. "It's all in accordance with divine practice," he amended. "That would be the way of the good God. In addition to doing justice He indulges His little joke."

Pleased with his understanding of heavenly wont and use, his eyes searched idly once again the undulations of the high hills. And then he saw that gallant lady, Mrs. Borneman, put a quietus to her husband. He saw first the touring-car dart out upon the curve six or seven hundred feet below. Of the two occupants Mrs. Borneman was at once identified by a brilliant checker-board sweater, a garment the gentleman on the tower had observed her to wear before. She sat at the wheel driving, but her husband was not at her side. The top of their touring-car was thrown back, and Mr. Harlow could see the man seated uncompanionably on the rear cushions. This denoted, he told himself immediately, a late row. Unquestionably they had quarreled during the morning, these two. The fact, surmised by deduction, caused him not even a trifling surprise. Although at the moment a widower, he had been in his day a married man, and he understood the manners of wedded life.

There on the tower, for want of another spectacle, he watched Mrs. Borneman drive to that part of the curve where a sharp dip would carry the car to the next lower level. At the summit of this declivity he observed the car to slow and stop somewhat like a complicated beetle groping its way. Pausing before she steered down hill,

the woman sat with her hands on the wheel. She turned her face toward the landscape. Her head moved slowly as if this spectacle were new to her and it was her wish to fix each detail perdurably upon her memory. She even glanced upward but Mr. Harlow felt that she had not noted his presence in the tower. Meanwhile, her aloof companion leaned forward from the rear seat and appeared to question her. He asked, perhaps, the reason for this delay. If she gave him any answer she did not deign to turn her head in speaking.

Then, with a certain lithe abruptness, Mr. Harlow saw her open the door, slide under the wheel and stand outside on the road. Her somewhat needless scrutiny of a countryside with which she was meticulously familiar had given her, one might infer, resolution. Mr. Borneman was still leaning forward, repeating, it might be, his unanswered query. Now it was certain that the lady did not reply. She did not pause for words. She was then at a truce with explanations. She passed a hand over the door, and her body, in pushing, moved forward. More lithely than she had left the car she at once jumped aside. When Mr. Harlow, with a sudden tautening of his muscles, saw the car blunder forward he understood that Mrs. Borneman had with deliberation released the brake.

So swiftly accelerated was the momentum of the driverless vehicle that Mr. Harlow could never be certain afterward whether or not the man on the rear seat made an effort to save himself. Perhaps he was too startled for action. As a subsequent detail of that eye-dilating event, Mr. Harlow believed himself to remember a sprawled figure ineffectually grasping toward the wheel. Yet of the truth of this he was not sure. The outstanding certainty was the swoop of the touring-car down the steep slope, its projectile-rush to the edge of the road, its moment of mad careening there —and its disappearance. There was no crash. The lifeless Mr. Borneman was found lying on a bed of pine needles after the wreckage had been hauled away.

II

In attending the funeral Mr. Harlow regarded himself as rather disreputably curious. However, at the services that were held at the Congregational Church on the outskirts of the mountain village of Silverdale, Mr. Harlow was surrounded by two or three hundred others who were on hand simply out of morbid curiosity. He admitted, nevertheless, that the interest of these natives was less reprehensible than his own—indeed, their coming was not reprehensible at all. They were, he understood, marooned folk, folk outside the significant stream of life. They farmed stony hillsides for poor crops, as if the fulness of Adam's curse had been forever visited upon their kind. Or they cut down the taller pines on the mountain sides and dragged the logs fifteen miles to a railroad station. And withal because of their human semblance, they had the gift of speech but nothing to talk about. Now and then God, who was customarily forgetful of these remote children, recalled them to mind and dealt with them generously. He gave them, occasionally, stuff for exciting conversation. Thus He had been gracious in causing Mr. Borneman to take that leap, and the remains of Mr. Borneman, on exhibition in the church, were, after all, of legitimate interest.

Mr. Harlow's own interest was centered largely upon the widow. She sat in a front pew, her head slightly lowered, as the pastor assured his constituency, who might otherwise have doubted the fact, that the notorious Mr. Borneman was now on his way to heaven. Yes, he touched upon his past, somewhat blemished life, a part of which was known in the neighborhood. Mr. Borneman had been born in those parts and touchingly enough he had returned there, after his reformation, to die.

Everyone knew something of his mad career in far cities. It was known, for example, that he had served at least one term in prison. He had been, it was understood, a lurid blackleg, nor was this a fact

holly without local savor, for the unfortunate fellow was one of the many results of the philoprogenitive vigor of a former pastor in that very community. The current pastor, officiating at the obsequies, remarked this fact in order to warn the faithful, showing how the stench of unrighteousness may insinuate itself into an atmosphere saturated with sanctity. But, praise to the Lord! Mr. Borneman had reformed, he had seen the light, and God had not taken him away before his immortal soul was reclaimed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Harlow, with a rumble of these words in his ear, found it more profitable to observe the widow, his friend Mrs. Borneman. That is to say, he had no emphatic interest in the polite sermon, for it was not notably original nor abundantly logical. Although a reflective man, he did not even indulge a vagrant thought upon the windy fatuity of preaching fellows. So the handsome profile of Mrs. Borneman engaged him, and her possible thoughts compelled his imagination. Her possible thoughts—now, and before. Conceding her sanity, what prior reasoning had led her to that ultimate act on the mountainside of which Mr. Harlow seemed alone the witness? What had persuaded the agreeable lady to speed her husband to swift conclusion? The past villainies of the man? But these, as Mr. Harlow was well aware by local gossip, she had endured for nearly two decades. In short, Mrs. Borneman had been to her husband an exemplary, faithful wife. Finally, one might presume, her patience had been rewarded. It was admitted that Mr. Borneman had given up the entertainment of his and that shady transaction. A year ago he had come back to this region that had known him as a boy, and during the space of a twelve-month he had lived in sobity. It was not reasonable to imagine the charming Mrs. Borneman avenging indignities she no longer suffered.

Again Mr. Harlow permitted himself to stare at her profile. She was handsome and composed. She affected no great sorrow. There was, it seemed, a kind of serene resignation in her face. Certainly, as Mr. Harlow scrutinized her, he could find no trace of apprehension there. She did not suspect that, after all, there had been a witness of her act. At that moment Mr. Harlow generously determined not to blame the lady for it. Being of a theological turn of mind, he informed himself that harsh censure is childish, if not downright irreligious. Whenever, he reasoned, a natural catastrophe comes to pass, no one takes God to task. An act of God is inculpable. Why blame, then, an act of man —or of a handsome lady?

From these meditations Mr. Harlow was aroused by the assault upon his ears of a painful wailing. Charged with bucolic impressions since his six months' residence in these parts, his first conception was of a hungry bull-calf bawling for the cow mother in an adjacent pasture. But no, it was only the choir singing a hymn of praise.

The congregation stood erect. There followed the ceremonial of viewing the rather dislocated remains of that reformed man, Mr. Borneman. A line formed that filled the aisle on the left and fringed the back of the church. Then, moving slowly, the procession passed before the coffin. Men and women peered at the face, commended the admirable cosmetic achievement of the local undertaker, and so sated their curiosities. Thus Mr. Borneman was put to his final use in a world where nothing is wasted.

The undertaker's assistants screwed down the lid.

III

Mr. Harlow now told himself that common decency demanded that he call upon the widow. At any rate, in such a time as this, a visit of the sort was customary. And Mr. Harlow held that of the various ways of life one should choose ever the easiest. One should walk comfortably in the beaten path. This, he maintained, was the wisdom of the Orientals.

Furthermore, during his six months near

Silverdale, he had been friendly with Mrs. Borneman, finding the taking of tea with her a charming recreation. Her unlucky husband he had deemed less agreeable. Mr. Borneman he had discovered, with mild surprise, to be an exception to the rule that the company of erring people is more pleasant than that of the sanctified. In brief, Mr. Borneman, during Mr. Harlow's casual contacts with him, had proved a somewhat dull fellow. The vivacity of his wife was, however, undeniable. And now, the funeral over, and several days gone by, it was fitting—in fact, compulsory—to call.

Nevertheless, from that obvious social duty Mr. Harlow shrank peculiarly. His reticence resulted from a sense of insecurity. He had not yet conceived a reasonable surmise that might explain the act of which he had been the secret witness, and so he could not approach the lady wholeheartedly, in sympathy and from the vantage of an assured viewpoint. He was puzzled, and he feared the trend of his possible conversation.

In addition, he was uncomfortably aware of a sense of duty. There had been a coroner's inquest. At this the apparent fact had been admitted that during a moment when the wife of the deceased stepped out of her car to have a look, as she explained, at the landscape, the brake had slipped, carrying the unfortunate man to his destruction. To this fact Mr. Harlow was aware of an important corollary which he had not, of course, revealed at the inquest. He had viewed the business from the iron observation tower. He possessed information singular and exclusive, and this involved, he saw plainly, an obligation. But he disliked obligations since they limited his sense of freedom. He was not thinking, of course, of a duty he might owe to the State or the Law or some other of those mythical corporations that have so surprising a validity to most minds. The duty he owed was to himself—specifically, to his legitimate curiosity. Chance had permitted him to learn something of a drama that had been denied to all other eyes. And obviously, he told himself with a sort of stern, moral fervor, he was obligated to know the rest. Without further hesitation he attired himself for a call at the widow's home.

She lived in a remodeled farm house somewhat off the main road. One entered an agreeable lane fringed by young bull pines, smelling of balsam and offering a haven for sly chipmunks. Mr. Harlow observed the scamperings of these dainty animals with a smile. Now that he had come at last to the performance of his duty, he felt light-hearted. His mood was akin to the holiday spirit. He whistled a tune as he lifted the knocker on the front door.

A maid led him into the pleasant library. Never did Mr. Harlow enter this chamber without remarking its appointments with a charmed eye. It came to him that Mr. Borneman, who was, on the authority of the local pastor, now in heaven, could not have been a wholly stupid fellow during his terrestrial term. True, he had reformed; but he had not abjured iniquity until its accumulated profits permitted him comfortable quarters for the living of a sinless life.

Rising from his chair near the window, Mr. Harlow bowed. Mrs. Borneman had entered, smiling graciously.

They were now seated at a convenient distance for conversation. On the small serving table there was a litter of tea things. Mr. Harlow nibbled a slightly sweetened cake.

"It would have been better," Mrs. Borneman was saying, "never to have married than to have had marriage end with this catastrophe. But, of course, to be an old maid—that's also tragic!"

She smiled winningly. Mr. Harlow nodded.

"Yes," he amended, "but the old maid's tragedy is after all illusory, not actual. It is the melancholy illusion that she has missed some great adventure. As for the married woman, my dear lady, her tragedy is the knowledge that the great adventure was an illusion."

"I was not thinking of myself, Mr. arlow. I was thinking of poor Jacob: He as really a deeply religious man. I mean ways, not simply during the past year. ll our married life he planned to reform soon as he could afford to. And then nen he realized his ambition and came re, he had so little to live for that I felt was only just that he should live a long hile. He loved this neighborhood. He d a pathetic affection for all these scenes his childhood. You remember that cob was born near Silverdale? He and the od Mr. Stauffer, our Congregational stor, were such excellent friends. The rcumstances of Jacob's return were of mense use to Mr. Stauffer in his sermons. cob provided him with a wonderful ample. I think that if my poor husband d had his life to live over again he would ve repeated all his wrong-doing just for r. Stauffer's sake. Jacob was a kind an."

Her voice underwent a melancholy modation that to Mr. Harlow was just a bit nusing. Like most widows in speaking their departed companions, the dear dy was not entirely sincere. In general r. Harlow found this mask of insincerity very good taste—the only proper cloak r the emotions of people of gentle breedg. It would be ghastly to hear from the s of a widow the truth about the deased. Indeed, almost all forthright truthlling was ghastly. The human race had evated itself above the animal brutalities its capacity for mendacious appraisals—its capacity to live by a code of saving usions. All these truths were axiomatic Mr. Harlow. Yet he felt that in this stance a measure of sincerity was rticularly appropriate. Very suavely d with candid glances he began to eak.

"Probably," he said, "Mr. Borneman's lization of his importance to Mr. auffer had much to do with his reformaon. Or, to speak frankly, wasn't he aging little? Advancing years deplete us all. e injunction, 'Go and sin no more,' is very successful only with eunuchs. On the other hand, my dear lady—I am still looking at the possible causes for Mr. Borneman's reformation—I think there may have been other compulsions. For instance, I have the notion that, after all, the poor fellow had a sort of childish love for country life. I believe he delighted in these lofty hills, the beautiful bucolic prospects. Wasn't that true?"

Into the eyes of the widow there came a faintly puzzled glint, even a gleam of perturbation. She was not a stupid woman—and she had some reason, however remote, for apprehension. Slowly she nodded her head.

"Yes, that was true, my friend. Jacob loved all these scenes. He never tired of our landscapes. He—"

"That," interrupted Mr. Harlow, "might have become in the end a bond of sympathy between us had he been spared longer. In respect to the local scenery I have the same elemental tastes. You know something about my prejudices, Mrs. Borneman. For instance, my dislike of all games involving physical exertion. I leave such sports to those who can find no other way to function. At the same time, queerly enough, I am quite in love with the view from one of these mountain tops and I'll drive myself to considerable exertion in order to enjoy it. Yes, I do a lot of trudging and tramping through the pine woods. I've taken off weight at such exercise. Of all the local prospects one gets the best, I think, from Bear Mountain. There's the observation tower, you know. You've been up there, of course? From the tower not a detail of the valley is hidden. Let me see—it was last Tuesday afternoon when I made my last climb and—"

Mrs. Borneman's fingers released the tea-cup and its saucer. The cup shattered itself against a rung of her chair, but the saucer, unbroken, rolled with a sort of droll, tipsy independence until it came to rest against the wainscot.

Mr. Harlow raised his eyebrows solicitously. "I startled you?" he asked.

IV

It was an inadvertence, that release of the tea-cup, nor was Mrs. Borneman likely to permit herself another betraying gesture. Her aplomb returned to her at once, although Mr. Harlow thought her face still a trifle blanched. She did not reply to his question. But she looked at him with the surveying gaze of one who endeavors to sum up the powers of a cunning opponent. Mr. Harlow's candid eyes met hers. He saw that she was at last to speak and he maintained an attitude of gracious attention.

"A man of your powers of observation," she remarked slowly, "might gratify many curiosities from that tower—isn't that so, my friend?"

"Quite true, dear lady. A very just observation."

"I feared it was true," she murmured.

There was another pause. Presently Mr. Harlow observed her body to stiffen a trifle. Apparently she had come to a resolution. He waited with an engaging smile.

"You know, Mr. Harlow, that I've been very much pitied in this neighborhood?"

"One hears now and then this or that fragment of gossip."

"Not only in this neighborhood," she continued. "I've been pitied everywhere, by everyone. By all my friends. By my family. Even by my servants. Everyone has been able to imagine my probable despair as the wife of Jacob Borneman—that is to say, before his reformation. Everyone has thought very highly of me for my foolishness in remaining at his side. People are always esteemed for their follies."

Mr. Harlow nodded his agreement. Then, leaning a bit forward and in her posture somewhat tense, the widow continued: "So much for common opinion, my friend. All my married life I have been pitied and esteemed for a foolish woman. You understood that. You knew or guessed that much. But let me tell you more. I have never had a confidant. I have never been confidential with you, have I? You won't believe me indiscreet if I—"

Mr. Harlow dismissed her fears with a deprecating wave of his hand. "As between a man and a woman," he avowed, "indiscretion is the better part of friendship. It would be very charming should you—"

A momentary blush intensified the coloring of the lady's handsome face.

"I was not thinking of gallantries, Mr. Harlow," she declared. "I was thinking of my early life, my upbringing. You must know something of that. . . . In order to understand. . . . I am sure you're a very sympathetic man. Please, if you can, use your imagination. Were you ever troubled concerning your soul, Mr. Harlow? Were you ever distressed with the moral implications of each little point of your behavior?"

"Frankly, no. I hope to live long enough to avoid that."

The lady sighed. "That was the way I was brought up," she confessed. "That was the preoccupation of my parents and family. As a child I lived in an austerely religious atmosphere. Our people had tremendously strict convictions—"

"And in consequence, secret vices, I fear!"

"Then, my friend, you also believe that everyone is vicious!" exclaimed the widow, brightly. "How tolerant, how charitable of you to say that! It makes what I have decided to tell you so much easier to say. Imagine your poor hostess as a child, as a young girl, hedged about by barriers that one dared not leap openly. These repressions were in conflict with my nature. I have a frank personality. My impulses are open and obvious. You've perhaps noticed that about me?"

"I haven't had the opportunity to know you very intimately," he murmured—and at once regretted the tone of his reply. His shoulders shrugged slightly in reaction to an abrupt, inner uneasiness. Mrs. Borneman was not only charming but, it might be, dangerous. Mr. Harlow desired no emotional entanglements with a widow of whatever illusory charm. Although still mourning the death of his dear wife, he

uld not forget that he had been, after all, married man.

"When I met poor Mr. Borneman I was astonishingly romantic girl," she continued. "I don't mean about Jacob. Not in e beginning. Even then, although he as young, he was growing a little bald. at in marrying Jacob I imagined, in my mantic way, that I would enter upon a w freedom. I had all of a child's craving r adventures. It seemed to me that no mount of excitement could ever satisfy y appetite. I wanted desperately to cape my home. I believed that Jacob was inging me a gift of life!"

"He did?"

"Not immediately. In spite of the fact at he was a minister's son, poor Jacob as not a blackleg from the beginning. It as quite a period—the first few years of ur married life—before he yielded to atan. It's amazing, the stubbornness of me natures. Astonishingly enough, in iew of his heredity, Jacob tried for the ngest while to avoid becoming a cheat. the beginning he was a banker. . ."

"Really? That's a fact I never knew."

"I suppose not. Jacob never mentioned to anyone. It was one of his bitter disppointments. He failed for sixty thousand llars."

Mr. Harlow nodded sympathetically. I can understand his reticence, then," he marked. "Naturally an unforgettable sappointment. The sum was so small."

"After that," continued the widow, poor Jacob followed his instincts and ent astray, as Mr. Stauffer would say. I gan soon to receive the first of those pity- g letters from my family and my friends. hy didn't I leave the man? He began by lping to promote a copper mine in rizona. Of course, you understand the ine was imaginary? Jacob was not the incipal in that negotiation and his profits ere small. At the same time he escaped ing to the penitentiary, although there ere some harrowingly anxious moments. fter the mine promotion we began to avel. You've probably read something of that period of Jacob's activities in the papers?"

"There were several fairly complete accounts published," admitted Mr. Harlow.

"Yes, he became notorious on the ocean liners. His most successful game was baccarat. All the while I was perfectly certain he would be detected sooner or later by some gentleman or other. Fortunately, the time it happened was just an hour or two before we were due to land at Liverpool, and we managed to hurry over the side without being detained. There was so much lucky confusion at that moment. Imagine my anxiety! We went round about to London and there Jacob made his first connection with the jewelry syndicate.

"When that was exposed and the whole thing appeared in the papers, my mother read of it and wrote to me, saying that I had given Jacob his last chance and how foolish I would be to let him have another. But we didn't separate! As a matter of fact, the syndicate made some astonishingly exact replicas, and if it had continued another year half the fashionable women of London would have had their diamonds replaced by paste. It was simply the bungling of a subordinate that exposed the entire business. The man that got them all in trouble had formerly been in religious work in the United States. I think he was a collector for Foreign Missions in the Northern Baptist denomination. Jacob had always opposed him. He always said that it was silly to employ a cheap cheater in a first class fraud. I lived very quietly in London while Jacob served his term, and after his release we went to Paris. There I met some of my former New York friends and they actually wept when they learned all I had been through with Jacob."

"You never left him, however?"

She shook her head.

"From France," she continued, "Jacob's operations took him finally to Italy. After a year he escaped at night in a rowboat that landed him at Mentone. There was not a capital of Europe that didn't see something of the poor man. Of course I fol-

lowed him everywhere. He made the mistake, at last, of returning to New York, and within six months he was in Sing Sing."

"That was his final escapade, wasn't it? The oil lands fraud?"

She nodded. "Yes. He worked too much alone on that. Of course it was more profitable that way. But in order to make it safer, as he admitted afterward, he should have interested a few congressmen or one or two Cabinet members. . . ."

V

Her eyes fastened themselves on the rug at her feet and her lowered face grew dolorously pensive. Mr. Harlow, frowning a little, watched her. Was it necessary, after all, to acquit this otherwise original lady on grounds purely conventional? Had she been, when all was summed up, no more than a conventionally faithful wife, enduring the incidents of an intolerably humiliating life out of her adherence to the principles of an obscure morality? Or perhaps she had remained staunchly at Jacob Borneman's side for the sake of deriving a paltry thrill from the pity of her friends?

"They were," ventured Mr. Harlow, "perhaps right?"

His question caused her to start; she emerged from her preoccupation. "What do you mean, my friend?"

"The pity of your friends. . . . You wanted it? It was just?"

Surprisingly, a flush, that deepened until it was a profound crimson, covered her face and neck. Her eyes widened and darted energetic flames. This luteous glinting in them fascinated Mr. Harlow. She leaned forward tensely.

"It doesn't matter," she declared, "what anyone else thinks. I'm quite indifferent. But because of your . . . your explorations on the tower it's very necessary that you understand. It's necessary for . . . for my safety. You *must* understand. And sympathize! Imagine, in a brief picture, my life with Jacob. I don't say that he was personally a prepossessing man. For one thing, he was not handsome. He grew conspicuously bald. He had certain irritating habits that there's no need to mention. Do not look at those things! But draw a picture, if you can, of the life he gave me. The apprehensions. . . . The anxieties. . . . One came out of one's apartment, for instance, and observed a loiterer on the street. If his face seemed sufficiently stupid one imagined for an instant that he might be a private detective. One passed him with trepidation. It was an experience repeated with a hundred variations. The hours of waiting! The flights between cities after nightfall! I told you how we once made an escape in a rowboat with the added danger of two Italian brigands at the oars who demanded extra money two hundred yards from the shore."

For a second she paused. Her voice had become vibrantly alive.

"In every adventure I was at Jacob's side. Even *he* pitied me! He wondered at my faithfulness. I never explained it to him, but it's necessary for you to know. Consider the romantic young girl thirsting for thrilling contacts with life. He gave them to me! Jacob Borneman gave them to me. He gave me the extraordinary excitements that were necessary for my nature. No matter what his personal habits might have been, I would never have separated myself from him. With him I found the utter fulfillment of my romantic hopes. With him I became a creature of medieval hazards. I suppose most of his enterprises were in fact sordid, but I looked upon them as superb risks. I never wanted safety!"

The vehemence of her emotion subsided; Mr. Harlow observed her taut muscles to relax. A little forlornly she drooped in her chair.

"All this was before his reformation," she murmured.

A second later, before Mr. Harlow could discover an appropriate comment, she spoke again.

"He had his three periods," she said. "He was a banker, he was an adventurer, and, thirdly, he was a member of the Con-

gational Church of Silverdale. Again at unfortunate heredity! Do you know, might say there was a fourth period. A ef one—recently. I refer to poor Jacob he appeared lying in his coffin."

The theologically-minded Mr. Harlow as visibly interested by her last suggestion. "Just what do you mean?" he inquired.

"His face was different," she said. "I w that difference and couldn't quite derstand. He seemed peaceful. I never w his face so peaceful in life."

"You have never looked at many of the es of the dead," interposed Mr. Harlow. They all exhibit that same placidity. ilosophically, this fact has long conced me that the soul is not damned to mortality. Otherwise the faces of the ad would not appear so blessed."

The lady nodded, as if in agreement.

"I've made you understand—so far?" e asked. "In his second period Jacob ve me the fulfillment of dreams. At that ne everyone pitied me. In his third riod—"

"As a member of the Rev. Mr. Stauffer's ck?"

"Yes. In his third period, when he had last reformed, all my friends wrote to me yfully. No, they didn't pity me then—hen I was in need of it! Imagine a person my temperament facing life with a nday-school superintendent who had come quite bald! All his little personal bits—I had considered them trifling noyances before. In the end they goaded e. And his conversation! He had disvered some terrible phrases. You probly know them. They're common enough ong church people."

Mr. Harlow shook his head dubiously. "I'm not so sure. Customarily I don't go church—an abstention that results from e prejudices of my early training."

"Still, here or there, you must have heard ne of poor Jacob's phrases, the catchrds that made up his dreadful talk after reformation. For instance, he used to ak of Service. . . ."

'Oh yes, Service! A word, Mrs. Borneman, that is symptomatic of the pious age we live in. Nowadays, I understand, everything is Service. A man can't empty his garbage-pail without thinking of Service, if it be no more than to breed maggots."

"Life with Jacob the Blackleg," pursued the widow, "was a gaudy adventure. Life with Jacob the Saved was—can't you understand?"

Yes, Mr. Harlow understood at last. And it gratified him to realize that Mrs. Borneman had been, after all, resolute and unconventional. He had always imagined these qualities in her, and the confirmation of his perspicacity pleased him. He stood up and bowed suavely.

"Nevertheless," he said, "there are certain habits that a man might well sponge away. I have no intention of following Mr. Borneman's example and entering now on a new period of life. I suppose I shall continue much the way I have been going. However, one thing I shall avoid in the future. I shall avoid trudging and tramping over the mountainsides. I shall forever eschew the labor of mounting to the iron observation tower on top of Bear Mountain. I no longer have the wish to witness all the enactments of an entire countryside. I see at last that to yield to such an impulse is to yield to a vulgar curiosity. Can't one aspire to escape vulgarities? Dear lady, I at least comprehend you. And be assured that I shall put out of my mind forever all the trifling observations I have made from time to time from the mountain top. In an unguarded moment one might incautiously babble of such matters and find them misinterpreted. Now I am saying goodbye to you. We shall not meet again and I tell you this for the sake of your peace of mind. I have remained long enough in these parts. Tomorrow I leave—probably for a far place. This is goodbye. Frankly, even for your experiences during the third period, I do not pity you. I have taken another attitude. To pity is human—but to ignore is divine. . ."

And then, bowing again gallantly, Mr. Harlow made his departure.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Law

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND ITS LIMITATIONS

By Roger Sherman Hoar

The Corpus Juris, a leading law encyclopedia, says: "Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are the corner-stones of Anglo-Saxon democratic institutions," citing as its authority a decision by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, that citadel of popular rights. But an inspection of the source itself reveals the fact that the court merely said:

> Freedom of speech and freedom of the press have always been *supposed to be* the very corner-stones of Anglo-Saxon democratic institutions.[1]

But the supposition is so firmly established in the popular (and even in the legal) mind that, although the constitution of Massachusetts (in company with those of only three other States of the Union) contains no guaranty of freedom of speech, yet Massachusetts (being "the cradle of liberty") has always nursed more isms per square mentality than any other State. In fact, the Supreme Judicial Court of that Commonwealth has so far forgotten itself and its constitution as to decide one of the leading cases on freedom of speech on the assumption that the State constitution actually contains such a guaranty.[2]

Any fundamental principle of constitutional law is apt, sooner or later, to run counter to some other fundamental principle. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.[3] When an irresistible force meets an immovable body, something has got to give. Freedom of speech, being guaranteed by the Federal Constitution and by the Bill of Rights of every State except Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and North Carolina, is an irresistible force. Let us see if there is not some immovable body which it occasionally meets.

To lead up to the discovery of such an immovable body, permit me to digress for a moment, and give a bit of the history of this alleged fundamental right of free speech. Everyone knows, of course, that free speech has received of late some pretty hard knocks at the hands of the police power, the law of libel and slander, the regulation of the United States mails, the various censorships, etc.; but, on the other hand, it has always served as a convenient excuse for the upsetting of obnoxious statutes by the courts. Thus, when various American Legislatures enacted laws requiring that employers must give discharged employés written statements as to the reasons for their discharge—which laws, of course, were of the sort that nice little courts *must* declare unconstitutional—the courts were hard put for grounds, until by a stroke of genius it occurred to some corporation lawyer to allege that such laws constituted an abridgment of the right of free speech. The courts promptly fell in line with this idea. Thus the Supreme Court of Kansas said:

> It would seem that the liberty to remain silent is a correlative of the freedom of speech. If one *must* speak, he cannot be said freely to speak.[4]

And the Supreme Court of Texas said:

> The liberty to write or speak includes the corresponding right to be silent, also to decline to write. . . . To say that one can be compelled at the instance of another party to do what he has

[1] *State v. Pierce*, 163 Wis., 615, 619.
[2] *McAuliffe v. New Bedford*, 155 Mass., 216
[3] Although this is a misquotation, I use the form in which these words have become a proverb.
[4] *Atchison v. Brown*, 80 Kans., 312, 315.

he constitutional liberty to do or not is a con-radiction that is not susceptible of reconciliation.[5]

The reasoning employed in these de-ions can be further extended. If freedom to speak is a necessary correlative of edom *to* speak, then it would seem clear at another correlative is the right not *ilisten* to another's free speech if one does tt want to be annoyed by it. To the right freedom *of* speech, in other words, there ould be added the right of freedom *from* eech. This new right is based upon the ndamental principle of the right of ivacy, which may be traced through nglo-Saxon jurisprudence clear back to e Roman law.

The individual surrenders to society any rights and privileges which he ould be free to exercise in a state of ture in exchange for the benefits which receives as a member of society. But he not presumed to surrender *all* those ghts; and the public has no more license, ithout his consent, to invade the domain such rights as it is necessarily to be pre-med he has reserved, than he has to olate the valid regulations of the organ-ed government under which he lives. he right of privacy has its foundation in e instincts of nature. Each individual as stinctively resents any encroachment on his private rights as he does the with-awal of the rights which are of a public ture. The right of privacy in matters rely private is therefore derived from tural law.

Although neither Blackstone nor any her of the commentators have expressly ferred to this right of privacy, yet the ustrations given by them as to what ould be a violation of the absolute rights individuals tacitly assume its existence. his tacit recognition is even more con-asive than an express mention would be. hen the law guarantees to all individuals e right to "life, liberty and the pursuit happiness," these inalienable rights mprise something more than the mere ivilege of breathing and existing. An in-

[5] *St. Louis v. Griffin*, 106 Tex., 477, 485.

dividual has a right to enjoy life in any way that may be most agreeable and pleasant to him, provided that in such enjoyment he does not invade the rights of his neighbor.

The *injuria* of the Roman law embraced all of those wrongs which are a direct invasion of the rights of the person and the rights of property. But it included more. An outrage was committed, not only by striking with the fists or with a club or lash, but also by merely shouting until a crowd gathered around the victim; and it was considered a legal wrong merely to follow a woman or a young boy or girl. And, in unequivocal terms, the law declared that these illustrations were not exhaustive, but that an injury or legal wrong might be committed "by numberless other acts."

The fact that merely to attract public attention to another was punishable shows that the ancient law fully recognized the fundamental right of an individual to be let alone. This was carried over into the Common Law of England and America, and appears from time to time in various places, conspicuous examples being: the abatement of private nuisances resulting from noises which interfere with one's enjoyment of one's home, even though the noises may arise from the carrying-on of a lawful occupation; the conception that "every man's house is his castle"; and the suppression of eavesdroppers and common scolds. Instances might be multiplied where the Common Law has both tacitly and expressly recognized the right of an individual to repose and privacy.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, which is so fully protected both in the Federal Constitution and in the constitutions of most of the States, is not a right *created* by those instruments, but rather is an ancient preëxisting right, merely recognized and perpetuated by them. It is a part of the more general right

of privacy, the right to be let alone.

In my book on "Constitutional Conventions" I pointed out that the rights, conceded or guaranteed by the various constitutions, are really based upon a higher sanction, and I liken these constitutions to the man who was trying to show his authority over his dog by ordering him to sit up and beg. The dog refused to obey. Finally the man, still determined to show his authority, cried out: "Well, then, lie down! I *will* be minded!"

Thus it is seen that there is a fundamental right of privacy, the right to be let alone, various parts of which right have been expressly embodied in our constitutions, and which has been recognized in its entirety by the Civil Law of Rome and by the Common Law of England and America. This right has been recognized in conflict with the right of freedom of the press, and has frequently come off the victor, as in cases involving the unauthorized publication of personal photographs. The cases in which the freedom of the press have been held superior to the right of privacy may be explained on the ground that, in those cases, the individual concerned has waived his or her right of privacy by becoming a public character.

What will happen when the right to be let alone runs counter to the right of freedom of speech? The two rights have already clashed in the long line of legal decisions rendered on peaceful picketing in labor disputes. The basic conflict in such decisions is between the right of the strikers, on the one hand, to express their sentiments freely, and the right of the workers, on the other hand, to be relieved from annoyance. Although this true nature of the conflict has not always been expressly recognized by the courts, which have often based their opinions on such collateral matters as property rights and freedom of contract, the fact remains that the decision has always gone to the strikers or to the employers according to the extent of the annoyance which the free (often very free) speech of the pickets was causing to the employés on their way to and from work. And the best judicial minds have recognized this conflict between the right of freedom *of* speech and the right of freedom *from* speech.

Thus Chief Justice Taft has said:

> We are a social people and the accosting by one another in an inoffensive way and an offer by one to communicate and discuss information with a view to influencing the other's actions are not regarded as aggression or a violation of that other's rights. If, however, the offer is declined, as it may rightfully be, then persistence, importunity, following and dogging become unjustifiable annoyance and obstruction, which is likely to savor of intimidation. From all this the person sought to be influenced has a right to be free.[6]

And that clear-thinker, Vice Chancellor Pitney of New Jersey, who later became a Justice of the Supreme Court, has said:

> No person has a right to impose upon another his arguments or persuasions against the will of that other person to listen.[7]

Although those two decisions were rendered in labor disputes, the fact should not be lost sight of that the language used and the principles involved are equally applicable to any and every sort of conflict between the two fundamental, but opposed, rights: the right of freedom of speech, and the right to be let alone.

Therefore one may prophesy that eventually freedom *from* speech will be accorded full recognition in the text-books on Constitutional Law. And it is not beyond the realm of possibility that, when the Supreme Court of the United States finally passes on the monkey trial at Dayton, the learned Justices may sustain the anti-evolution law on the ground that the simple mountaineers of Tennessee have a fundamental constitutional right to protect their children from having to listen to the free speech of the evolutionists.

In conclusion, I wish to assert the following principle: that freedom of speech connotes a willing listener, and that the right of freedom of speech ceases to exist if the listener is unwilling to listen.

[6] *American Steel Foundries v. Tri-City Council*, 257 U. S., 184, 204.

[7] *Frank v. Herold*, 63 N. J. Eq., 449.

Cookery

THE JEWISH CUISINE

By Nettie Zimmerman

The European Jews developed through the ages a distinct culinary art and a sense of gastronomic appreciation. Particularly in the oppressed limits of the ghettos, where the confined life allowed few pleasures, the Jewish housewife exercised ingenuity and skill in contriving delicacies that would enrapture her dear ones. The joy of good eating was one of the few indulgences that life afforded, and the Jewish *veibel* made many remarkable dishes.

A local reputation as a cook was her most coveted distinction. It was her key to popularity. She didn't have to stamp the Charleston or use mascara. All she had to do was to cook—and every male in the vicinity, from the High Rabbi to the town idiot, danced steady attendance upon her. Her salon was her kitchen. Roasting, baking, wine-making, pickling, all the most intricate processes of kitchenry, she handled with professional ease.

Many a Jewish youngster in the America of today has stood perilously close to a mother's animated elbow and watched the miracle of *luckschen* making. First a thick wad of yellow dough was rolled on a floury board into a paper-thin, fragile-looking sheet, which somehow rarely tore or split. One might not touch it while it dried for hours, drying on the board. Then the sheet was folded into a long, brittle strip—and an expert hand, holding a sharp knife, flashed down the length of the dough. The next thing one saw was a mass of delicate wisps of noodles, which were put aside for further drying and ultimately boiled in water, drained, and eaten grandly with chicken consommé.

Another exciting episode in the childhood of a Jewish boy or girl was witnessing the evolution of the *challah*, the Jewish ceremonial bread, composed of white flour, yeast, water and eggs. Friday morning or the morning preceding a holiday, a sacred mass of dough, which had been protectingly covered for about twelve hours, was unveiled and cut into three, six, nine or twelve small wads. These were stretched into tails, which were pressed together at one end, like a switch, and braided into a long, wide-bellied loaf, tapering at each end. By means of a bunch of soft goose feathers, the *challah* was tickled with egg yolk for polish and baked brown, dry and light. To every true Jew a *challah* has the same look of intimate Jewishness that is borne by a page of Hebrew, a *sheitled* woman's head or a fringed *tallis*. My most cherished youthful present was a miniature *challah*, baked separately for me, and braided to look exactly like the full-grown model.

On *Purim* the old-time Jews commemorated Queen Esther's historic fortitude by eating *Haman taschen*—literally, Haman's pockets. These were shiny, pouch-like buns, stuffed with a sweet paste made of poppy seeds or filled with jelly or fruit. Then, to symbolize, perhaps, the weapons hurled at the hated Haman, the Jews have eaten on *Purim*, since time immemorial, a special chick-pea called *nahit* and a large brown bean called *bub*. These commonplace vegetables, in the old days, were simply boiled and then rolled in pepper and salt, with a resulting spiciness that created in every hungry youngster an insatiable lust for more.

Pesach (Passover) without *matzohs*, even to the more agnostic members of the tribe of Israel, would seem almost unthinkable. *Matzohs* are used instead of bread and are not esteemed as delicacies. Of the latter *Pesach* offers many delightful specimens: macaroons of almond paste that melt in your mouth, special fried *matzoh* meal egg pancakes, potato puddings, sponge cake, and the specially prepared *med*, a home-brew of honey and malt, with a goodly kick.

On *Simchos Torah*, every Jew could sniff, through the open windows of the sur-

rounding homes, a pungent and savory aroma, declaring that his neighbors' wives were preparing the holiday sweet: stuffed cabbage, filled with rice, nuts, raisins and gingerbread crumbs, and cooked in a sweetened, citron-and-cinnamon-flavored sauce. Similarly, *Chanukah*, to the Jewish *bocher*, meant not only slim, yellow candles in a glistening *menorah*, but luscious potato *latkes*—pancakes made of grated, raw potatoes, mixed with flour and shortening and fried in *schmaltz* (rendered chicken or beef fat). Dozens of these were eaten by after-supper guests who came to participate in the *Chanukah* revelry. The afternoon before *Yom Kippur* the Jews solemnly prepared for the trials of a twenty-four-hour fast. At the final pre-fast meal, every well-regulated family ate *kreplach*, the Jewish *ravioli*—small pouches of dried dough pressed about bits of chopped meat, boiled in water, drained and served with consommé.

On the Sabbath, as everyone knows, cooking was taboo. Yet, as the day was one of general leisure and hospitality, an advance stock of food was always lavishly provided. The experienced hostess prepared early. On the preceding Thursday she had already started to knead, brew and stew all sorts of melting delights for the guests who were sure to troop in between synagogue services. The great tiled oven, resplendent in the well-equipped combination kitchen, dining, living and frequently sleeping room, was tended by the *Shabbos goy*, a Gentile hired to do the forbidden tasks. Thus the pious Jewess kept her food heated without incurring the sin of making a fire or cooking on the Sabbath.

Roast fowl usually appeared as the *piece de résistance* on the noon-day Sabbath menu. But the real *chef d'œuvre* was the *tcholnt*—the lowly potato glorified, as never before, into a golden and toothsome morsel. A special iron pot was filled with whole peeled potatoes, which were doused with pepper, salt, *schmaltz* and bits of fatty beef, and water. They were shoved into a banked oven for an overnight sojourn, and emerged on the Sabbath, not hard and cindery, but luscious and golden to the heart, with the color of sweet potatoes and the flavor of a savory roast. Beans were sometimes substituted for potatoes. Ovenless households sent their *tcholnt* pots to the baker on Friday afternoons. When the community contributions were all in, the baker locked them inside his oven and allowed the fire to go out. To retain the heat he sealed the door with lime. At noon on the Sabbath the Jewish small boys came to claim their respective *tcholnts* and carried them home for the family onslaught.

Kugel was the official Sabbath dessert. Made of *luckschen* or soaked white bread, mixed with beaten eggs and liberally dotted with raisins, sugar and spice and shortening, it was baked firm, brown and fragrant. By an ingenious arrangement, *kugel* could be baked simultaneously with the *tcholnt*. An earthenware, covered pot bearing the *kugel* was placed in the center of the iron *tcholnt* pot; the *tcholnt* potatoes or beans were arrayed to fill the empty space around this centerpiece. Thus the Sabbath vegetable and the Sabbath pudding fulfilled their destinies together.

The Yiddish for foot is *fis*, a corruption of the German *fuss*. The Russian for foot is *noga*. The Russian Jews tolerantly took both these words, combined them into *fisnoga*, literally foot-foot, and by this term, every Jew, from the butcher to the ultimate consuming husband, designated calves' foot jelly. The leg was boiled until soft; the meat was then removed from the bone and chopped with garlic, pepper and allspice. The chopped meat, mixed with the gravy, was poured into a large pan and allowed to stand until it congealed into a solid, quivering mass. This delicacy, reserved for the Sabbath high tea, was dished out in generous square slabs and consumed with great relish. While its iciness might freeze the mouth, its high seasoning warmed a man's inners.

The Sabbath tea would have been colorless without *taiglech*, one of the few gooey

ish pastries. Plain, unsweetened, gin-
ed balls of dough were boiled in honey
removed from the pan in the form of
ky, dark-brown clusters of crisp, honey-
thered kernels. *Taiglech* served both as
fectionery and cake.

ekach is the name for a substantial dry
ce, baked in high square loaves. When
wn and made with honey it is called
ig leckach. The golden variety, made of
s, sugar and flour into a delicious
nge-cake, is called *zucker-leckach*. Pass-
r was the season for *zucker-leckach*. One
d dozens of egg whites beaten stiff and
ks creamed with sugar. This mixture,
nbined with just enough *matzoh* meal
stiffening, and baked in a hot oven,
duced an airy substance with a golden
wn, sugary crust and a spongy center.
ves jealously compared their *leckach-*
ing successes and boasted of the num-
of eggs used. Husbands knew that
kach was the ambrosia to accompany the
tary Passover wine.

The forms of doughy foods, outside the
lm of cake, were infinite. *Luckschen* and
plach headed the list. Then one met with
fel, consisting of bits of grated dough,
sped in a hot oven. A supply was kept
hand all the time, to be boiled, like
e or other cereals, and eaten with con-
nmé, gravy or milk. Coarse noodles or
iled dumplings, called *kloeskes*, also helped to empty the flour bin. Their most delicious affinity was a gravy made with bits of liver, onion, water, pepper, salt and flour—the *tout ensemble* bearing the title of *kloeskes mit leber*.

Knishes still flourish today in the East Side restaurants. A crust made of flour, shortening and salt, rolled out thin, is covered with either chopped meat, grits or potatoes, and trimmed with bits of fatty meat. This is folded like a jelly roll, forming alternate layers of dough and filling, in a long, snake-like, blistered mound. It is baked and served, while still hot, in crisp and crinkly chunks. *Blintzes* are common property in New York today. They are flat squares of dough, folded omelette-fashion over jelly or sweetened pot cheese. They are then fried in butter and served hot.

Times have changed and things are now different with the Jews, particularly in this country. But the older ones still sigh for the good, old, vanished days. And even the younger ones, particularly those of Riverside Drive apartments and marital problems, might learn a lesson from any homemaking grandmother, for she learned long ago that a plate of good soup placed before a hungry mate was a love potion more telling than the lure of Black Narcissus on a marcelled head. Her gentleman had no reason to prefer blondes.

BE IT RESOLVED

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

THE most sadly neglected of all sources for the study of the so-called minds of American law-makers is to be found in the resolutions—not bills, remember, but resolutions—which they adopt at their sessions. In Luce's "Legislative Assemblies," a compendious and highly informative work, published two years ago, which deals with the history, habits, antics, disposition and composition of the American Legislatures, all this first-hand material is disregarded. Yet more even than the laws they enact, and the bills they propose, these resolutions reveal the mental, moral and emotional infirmity of their authors. Of lesser consequence and dignity than laws, the lawgivers use them to relax, and, using them, betray themselves. To them they entrust their vagrant moods, pious hopes and paralyzing fears. They employ them to censure, to laud, to give thanks, to urge, to regret, to lament, to hymn.

Most of these legislative resolutions are published in the same volumes as the session laws, but not all. Often enough it is not so much their substance as the elaboration of their form which gives them their peculiar stamp of gaudy imbecility. Simple directions to the Clerk of the House to have lunch brought in for the legislators during a rush session, or to supply them with stamps, when introduced by several resounding Whereases, reciting that the public interest will be greatly advanced if its servants are relieved of petty details, and sandwiched in between a Now Therefore and a Be It Resolved, achieve their effects by their mere idiotic formidableness. This is especially so when they appear in the session laws in close juxtaposition to matters of great pith and moment. Probably the most pedestrian and routine of the resolutions are obituary. It is chiefly fallen colleagues and ex colleagues who are mourned, but sometimes relatives, children, grandchildren nieces and nephews and parents of the same are accorded this honor. On the whole, the legislators of Kansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Colorado, Vermont and New Mexico seem to be the most generous with mortuary goose-grease, in the order named.

The Angel of Death, Divine Providence and Inscrutable Wisdom figure heavily in these resolutions. In comparison the words on tombstones are sober truth. Occasionally more prosaic strains creep in as when the Colorado Solons eulogize several confrères for having in their all too short lifetimes planted many choice fruit and watermelons. In Kansas, membership in the great tin-hat fraternal orders is almost always mentioned as a cause for lamenting the passage of the deceased. Thus we are introduced to the Hon. James A. Kimball, "a thirty-third degree Scottish rite Mason"; to the Hon. O. W. Myler, who "in the Masonic lodge took the full York rite and was a member of Mizra Temple of the Shrine," and to the Hon. David M. Launier, who was a member of "the Independent Order of Odd Fellows the Masonic bodies, the Modern Woodmen and the Grange." Whenever a committee is chosen to purchase flowers and attend the funeral of the deceased, which is nearly always the case, the resolution provides that the expense be met by the public treasury.

Then there are the numerous resolutions ich invite addresses from visiting celeb- es. No sooner do the legislators hear of presence in the neighborhood of a eat Man than the call goes forth. It is tesmen, of course, who are most sought. the Bible Belt, the Great Commoner, ing his earthly incarnation, was always demand, for he was both statesman and ngelist. In Mississippi the legislative olution described him as the best in- med man on public questions in the own universe. He led even Billy Sunday wn where the hookworm blooms. Not requently plain lobbyists get the legis- ive floor if they have uplifting messages. iss Lucy Page Gaston, of the Anti- garette League, did in Tennessee in 1919. rs. Maud Wood Park, president of the ational League of Women Voters, did Mississippi in 1922. Prohibition Com- issioner Roy Asa Haynes, LL.D., did in xas in 1923. Industrial magnates are also uch sought, as witness the invitation to e Hon. Charlie Schwab, LL.D., in Ten- ssee in 1921, and the invitation to Henry rd by the legislators of Mississippi. The esence in the vicinity of renowned art- s may also excite the lawmakers, though ually for non-æsthetic reasons. Gutzon rglum attracted the North Carolina law- akers, Paderewski was invited in Ala- ma in 1923 as "a distinguished patriot," d Madame Schumann-Heink in Texas t an invitation in 1925 because she had d four sons in the war and given free ncerts in the cantonments. But the most umphal progress of all was achieved by lney Smith, the comic-strip man. He ad- essed in succession the Legislatures of ur States. The Oklahoma representa- es yearned to hear him because, as the ator of Andy Gump, he was "a news- per cartoonist of international renown ose efforts have extended to a portrayal political life," and because, "as a stu- nt of affairs of state, his ideas are of terial weight to members of law-making dies." In Texas, the legislators invited n in these lofty words:

Whereas, the famous cartoonist and the creator of Andy Gump is now making a tour of the United States and has addressed joint sessions of the Oklahoma, Kansas, Arkansas and Louisiana State Legislatures; and,

Whereas, his characters, Andy Gump and family, have become household personalities in America; and,

Whereas, Mr. Smith will be in Austin March 5;

Therefore Be it Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, that Mr. Smith be invited to address the joint session of the House and Senate in the hall of the House at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, March 6, and that he be invited to give a sketch portrayal of Andy Gump during his address.

At the same session, the Texas Legislature, in another resolution, urged the elimination of illiteracy in the State and recited the fact that over 300,000 of its inhabitants over the age of ten could not read or write!

The legislators do not always mind their own business. Large numbers of the resolutions they adopt are devoted to bombarding Congress with gratuitous advice about foreign affairs, requests for changes in the Federal laws, and demands for aid for local improvements, or for relief against sundry evils. The Lake States constantly demand that Congress make the St. Lawrence river deep enough to float the *Berengaria*. The Western States are always crying out against the injustice of the existing freight rates, and weeping for a Federal appropriation for State roads. The legislators of three States, Colorado, Minnesota and Wisconsin, specialize in the iniquity of the Pittsburgh Plus schedule of steel prices. The Southern States want the boll-weevil eradicated and make loud demands that the business be undertaken at once and with the full strength of the Federal Government. California once asked Congress to work for self-determination in Ireland, and Texas and Arizona urged it to protest against the deportation of the Lord Mayor of Cork. Tennessee has urged the approval of Palestine as a homeland for the Jews. Five States, Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida and Tennessee, have seen the millennium in the League of Nations, but three others of the sublime Sisterhood, Idaho, New Mexico and Wis-

consin, are quite as earnestly against it.

The legislators of Colorado, in 1919, urged the Versailles treaty makers to adopt a bimetallic standard for the world. Kentucky, through its lawmakers, asked Congress to maintain a lighthouse at Louisville. Idaho petitioned for pensions for two of its deserving Indians. California advised the Federal government to encourage home industry by buying California beans for famine relief in Europe in preference to cheaper ones to be had elsewhere. Alabama demanded that a rural postmistress hailing from the North, who had criticized Southern lack of enthusiasm in the observance of Memorial Day, be removed instanter. Florida, in 1923, prayed that Congress pass a bill pending before it for the establishment of a National Conservatory of Music because (*a*) "music is a factor in diminishing crime," and (*b*) our native citizens should not have to "flock to Europe to seek favors from foreign governments there"; and (*c*) the bill would "encourage music in the rural districts, make life more attractive to the farmer population, and therefore make the life of the women on the farms more tolerable."

But it is forward-looking Wisconsin which pesters Congress as no other State, and its memorials contain so many subversive ideas that the lawmakers at Washington must often recoil from them in alarm. The Wisconsin Solons, during the last few years, have indicated that their constituents will never be happy until (*a*) Federal judges are elected for not more than ten years; (*b*) not only man-power, but wealth is drafted in the next war; (*c*) the Federal Constitution is amended to recognize a right of association, so that labor unions and syndicalists may be protected; (*d*) all constitutional amendments are first submitted to the people, (*e*) all declarations of war are submitted to referendum except in cases of actual invasion; (*f*) drafting men for service overseas is forbidden, and (*g*) all letter carriers are given Saturday afternoons off.

II

It was probably the close coöperation o the Federal government and the State during the war which started this pesti lence of legislative memorials. Such half witted States as Alabama and Kansas be gan by warning Congress against Bolshe vists, anarchists and free lovers. From Idaho, Florida, Montana and other State came appeals to deport all subjects of the Central Powers who had claimed foreign citizenship during hostilities. The Solons of the realtor's Paradise did not hesitate to descend to billingsgate. "These yellow streaked aliens," they said, "sneaked be hind their foreign citizenship to escape a duty they owed America, the country in which they lived, and which guaranteed to them freedom and protection, and they should be deported as so much worthless scum and baggage, thereby relieving the country of so many undesirable and miser able slackers in order to properly show America's contempt for such ingrates." Many Legislatures petitioned Congress to procure the release—from a German prison —of the virtuous Bergdoll kidnappers others asked that the returning soldiers be permitted to keep their uniforms; still others demanded captured German cannon as trophies. Idaho recited that it needed them urgently because it had passed a law for giving medals struck from them to its soldiers, sailors and marines, and Oklahoma specified that they be "large-sized." The legislators of California wanted to know why a Distinguished Service Cross had not been awarded to one of their colleagues. Col orado and Oklahoma, after setting forth that certain Indians of their States held valuable and fertile lands which they did not employ to the best advantage, sug gested that Congress expropriate them in favor of the war heroes. Oklahoma recom mended John Golobie, a native son, a ambassador to Jugo-Slavia, and declared him to be "one of the most thorough stu dents of international affairs to be found in the American States." And Montan

lked away with the cake with House olution No. 3, Session of 1923, entitled, Resolution Requesting the Appoint- nt of Edward E. Morris as Official Care- er or Superintendent at One of Our erican National Cemeteries in Europe":

Whereas, there will be appointed by our Quarter- aster-General, William H. Hart, Washington, . C., of the U. S. Army, official caretakers or perintendents for the American National Ceme- ries in Europe; and,

Whereas, Edward E. Morris has every qualifica- on to become an official caretaker or superin- ndent at one of the eight cemeteries in Europe, being a licensed embalmer and funeral director high standing; and,

Whereas, the said Edward E. Morris served over- as in the American Expeditionary Forces of Eu- pe and was assigned to the Registration of aves Service, serving in such capacity in Europe a soldier and civilian for about four years; and,

Whereas, Montana placed 25% more men in the rvice according to population than any other ate in the Union and its casualties were 30% ore; and,

Whereas, the members of the Eighteenth Legis- ative Assembly of the State of Montana under- tand that Edward E. Morris is the only candi- ate from the entire Northwest for one of these ppointments; and,

Whereas, the members of the Montana Legisla- ure in meeting assembled are desirous of having Western man appointed to care for the graves f our men which (*sic*) fought and died for their ountry, now resting in American National Cem- teries in Europe;

Now, Therefore Be it Resolved, that the House of epresentatives of the Eighteenth Legislative As- embly respectfully requests the appointment of dward E. Morris as official caretaker or super- ntendent at one of our American National Ceme- eries in Europe.

When it comes to the business of thanks- ing, one finds that the Legislatures are high and mighty to use simple letters instruments. Always they proceed by mal resolution. In no case can they be used of ingratitude. There are no organi- ions of human beings whose thankful- s is more extravagant. Be the gift or vice large or small, the thanks are over- elming. Thus, the Ohio representatives he people are as overcome by the pres- ation of a bad equestrian statue as by a 0,000 endowment to the State Univer- . Noble deeds, too, will evoke the titude of the sweating lawmakers. The wess of Sergeant York gave the Ten- see seers excuse for a noble set of reso- lutions, and when one Tony Sudekin showed some free movies in the Central Hospital at Nashville he got another. The Oklahoma wise men throw all else aside to salute a lady for shooting a bank robber. The lawmakers of all the States are constantly in receipt of gifts of portraits, statues, equestrian and pedestrian, and historical relics. The Georgians, especially, fall upon the neck of any donor of such truck with loud hosannas. Occasionally one chances upon rather unusual donations. In 1923, the Florida agents of the people thanked the public-spirited citizens of Tallahassee for placing "a White Way system of electric lights" around the Capitol, so that the Capitol dome became a beacon to the weary and heavy-laden town souses. The Tennessee State Senate, needing benches to seat citizens desirous of observing it at its deliberations, got them from a Baptist preacher, and rewarded him with this:

Whereas, Dr. W. F. Powell, of the First Baptist Church of Nashville, tendered to Mr. Speaker Bryan a number of seats or benches to be used in the Senate Chamber for the accommodation of the public; and,

Whereas, the said seats have been installed in the Senate Chamber by the sergeant-at-arms, to the great convenience of the members and the general public;

Therefore Be it Resolved, by the Senate of the State of Tennessee, that we express to the said Dr. W. F. Powell and his congregation our great appreciation of this kind and benevolent act; and

Be It Further Resolved, that we tender to Dr. W. F. Powell the freedom of the Senate and direct that the doorkeeper admit him at any and all times, the password being "Benches."

Perhaps, however, the legislators have the warmest sense of benefits received for musical entertainment offered to them. After all, the chore of law-making is a dull one, and this relief must be indeed welcome. Thus the Rhode Island Legislative Assembly rejoiced officially on hearing the Paul Whiteman Arcadia Band upon the occasion of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and did not neglect Station WJAR for broadcasting the programme. But it is in Texas where legislative auditions are most the vogue. In one session the Assembly there

listened to concerts by the Amateur Choral Club of Austin and the Longhorn Band of the University of Texas. The inevitable resolutions recited that the former was "composed of seventy-five trained ladies' voices, capable of rendering an entertaining and delightful programme."

It is common for the idealists and go-getters of the Chambers of Commerce to entertain the State assemblies. What better method could there be for acquainting the lawmakers with the needs of up-and-coming business men? If a little active lobbying results, it surely may be overlooked. The guiding spirits of the Chamber of Commerce of Nashville, Tenn., are certainly no pikers. They not only look out for the intellectual needs of the backwoods Bible students by arranging for them to visit the University of Tennessee, but also take them on an outing. The beneficiaries are moved to accept, for whereas "the said invitation likewise includes a trip to the great Smoky Mountains" and whereas "the entire expense incident to said trip and entertainment is to be borne by said Chamber of Commerce, who (*sic*) has made all necessary plans . . ." In this department the Texan legislators are also lucky. In one session, they are taken by the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce for a visit to the famous citrus groves of Hidalgo county, and by the citizenry of Denton for a joy ride. Their resolution congratulates the train crew for putting them in exactly on time, and the accompanying newspaper men for "their splendid write-up" of the affair.

The great American fraternal orders, such as the I. O. O. F., Kiwanis, the Masons and the like, are achieving a quasi-official status in not a few States. One finds the legislators hobnobbing with their members, to the joy of both sides. Applying the rule *res ipsa loquitur*, I offer three exhibits:

EXHIBIT A

Whereas, the members of the Delaware General Assembly were so delightfully entertained by the Kiwanis Club on Wednesday evening, February 9, that they had no opportunity to properly express their appreciation of the hospitality and courtesy of their hosts;

Therefore Be It Resolved, by the Senate and House of the General Assembly, that they wish to convey to the president and members of the Kiwanis Club their hearty thanks for a most enjoyable evening's entertainment and to express their hope that this happy meeting may lead to an increased interest of business men in the work of the Assembly and a sense of responsibility of all citizens for the better conduct of public matters; and

Be It Further Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the secretary of the Kiwanis Club.

EXHIBIT B

Whereas, the Grand Lodge of Texas, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, is now in session in Wichita Falls, and has voted to hold its annual meeting in Austin next year; and,

Whereas, many members of the Thirty-Ninth Legislature are members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; and,

Whereas, the Odd Fellows Orphans' Home at Corsicana, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge, is an honored and benevolent orphanage doing a humane, fraternal and noble duty in the care and education of orphan children of deceased members; and,

Whereas, these orphan children will soon take our places as citizens of the State of Texas;

Therefore Be It Resolved, by the House, the Senate concurring, that the Grand Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows be invited to hold its annual Grand Lodge meeting in the Senate Chamber for 1926; and

Be It Further Resolved, that the House of Representatives, Thirty-Ninth Legislature, the Senate concurring, extend friendly greetings to the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., and their Auxiliary, the Rebeckah Assembly, now in session at Wichita Falls.

EXHIBIT C

Whereas, the Hon. Lucian J. Eastin, of St. Joseph, Mo., Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the World of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, is to visit in his official capacity the State of North Carolina on Saturday, January 6; and

Whereas, in honor of the said Lucian J. Eastin, Grand Sire, a meeting of the Grand Lodge has been called to meet in the city of Fayetteville on the above date; and

Whereas, at the aforesaid meeting of the Grand Lodge, W. D. Gaster, the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, who has served in this capacity so efficiently for seven sessions, is a Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina and a Past Grand Representative of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the World and is to be signally honored upon this occasion by the awarding to him of an honorable veteran's jewel for his enthusiastic and efficient service for fifty years; and

Whereas, at the aforesaid meeting of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, the Hon. George M. Rose, a former Speaker of the House of Repre-

sentatives, is also in the same manner to be sig-nally honored;

Now, Therefore Be it Resolved, by the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, that these resolutions be ordered enrolled and a copy sent to the Hon. W. D. Gaster, Past Grand Patriarch of North Carolina, to be read at the appointed meeting.

III

ow that boosting is a well-organized dustry everywhere in America and in ie hands of patriotic voluntary associa-ons, the immemorial inclination of legis-tors to extol officially the climate, re-ources, industries and products of their tates is greatly stimulated. A few years go, when a campaign was launched to dvertise Georgia under the auspices of ie Georgia Association and the Adver-sing Clubs of Georgia, the legislators gerly grasped the opportunity to bless ie cause, which was also endorsed by the eorgia Press Association, the Georgia ankers Association, the Georgia Drain-ge Association and, of course, the Cham-ers of Commerce. Last year the California gislators, seeing an opportunity to in-uce the master-minds of the National ditorial Association to hold their con-ention in the State, descanted eloquently on the "beauty and prowess of our Com-onwealth, its commanding position in griculture and industry, its maritime im-ortance, its charm of mountain, sea and esert—the great Pacific Empire builded American brain and brawn." But the ate of the boosters *par excellence* seems to bleeding Arkansas. When a citizen dies wn there, the most touching tribute at can be paid to him is to say that he as "a sincere booster." Five years ago e Arkansas Legislature officially pro-aimed Hot Springs the "greatest health sort in the world," whose "radio-active t waters contain the greatest healing operties of any other waters in the orld," and modestly asked the Federal vernment to issue a pamphlet on their vantages. But the classic boosters' reso-tion must ever remain the one adopted the last Legislature:

Whereas, it is an admitted fact that the State of Arkansas excels all others in natural resources, its store of mineral wealth being practically inexhaustible, its vast forests supplying pine and hardwoods in quantities sufficient to place the State in the forefront, and its agricultural and horticultural prowess is recognized not only in the United States but in foreign countries as well; and,

Whereas, the publicity campaign of the Arkansas Advancement Association has so indelibly stamped upon the mind of the world that Arkansas is "The Wonder State"; and,

Whereas, this title is so befitting, while the old one, "The Bear State," is a misnomer (*sic*) and leads to a false impression, while "The Wonder State" is accurate and is deserving of special recognition;

Now, Therefore Be It Resolved, by the Senate of the State of Arkansas, the House of Representatives concurring, that we accept the name, "The Wonder State," given us by this patriotic association which has done much to acquaint the world with Arkansas and its wealth of resource, and we hereby specially proclaim that hereafter Arkansas shall be known and styled "The Wonder State."

The State in which there is the greatest passion for law enforcement seems to be Oklahoma. The Solons out there are obviously determined to work a moral catharsis of the people. No sooner do they hear of an infraction of the law, however trivial, than they betake themselves to resolutions. Once, learning that the employés in the State Civil Service were loafing, they adopted a resolve of censure setting forth their sense that the heads of departments should see to it that the aforesaid employés worked the full eight hours as required by law and not merely six or seven. When there was a rumor that a murderer had escaped from the State Prison, they passed a resolution requesting the warden to check the prison records to see if any others had escaped and to find out how many prisoners were on hand (*ipsissimis verbis*). They are just as vigilant to forestall a violation of the drastic anti-boxing law of the State. Their resolution tells its own story:

Whereas, thousands of citizens are now gathering in this, the capital city of this State; and,

Whereas, a streamer across the main street of this city is advertising a ring or prize-fight to take place in this city at 8:30 P.M. this date; and,

Whereas, such exhibition is in open violation of S. 2015 Comp. St. Oklahoma, 1921; and,

Whereas, one of the urgent needs of the present day is Law Enforcement; and,

Whereas, the capital city of the State is a good place to set an example of compliance with and enforcement of the law;

Now, Therefore Be It Resolved, by the Senate of the Ninth Legislature, the House concurring therein, that the Governor of Oklahoma is hereby requested to instruct the Attorney-General of this State to see that the violation of the law aforementioned is not perpetrated.

Thus was the holy of holies saved from profanation. But it is Prohibition which gives the Oklahoma legislators the most concern. In 1924 they set aside a day to commemorate the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, declaring that "the years following the adoption of the said amendment have been marked by the most pronounced advance in morality, education, and material wealth known to the human race." Yet at the same session they were compelled, alas, to adopt another resolution, whose melancholy title was "Prohibition and the Dignity of the House":

Whereas, both State and National Prohibition is being strengthened by more rigid enforcement legislation and such laws are being supported by a strong moral public sentiment; and,

Whereas, notwithstanding the diligent and faithful attempt at law enforcement by both Federal and State officers at a cost of millions of dollars to the people, the bootlegger is still plying his trade in violation of such laws; and,

Whereas, some of his customers are executive, judicial and legislative officers who, being sworn to uphold said laws, are by their acts and appearances, which they do not attempt to conceal, violators instead of supporters of the spirit of the moral code;

Therefore Be It Resolved, That we deplore certain acts and utterances on the floor of this Assembly by certain of its members so repeatedly that they have become obnoxious, and forbearance has ceased to be a virtue; and,

Be It Further Resolved, in order to clear the House of censure by the press or otherwise, we request the Speaker to see that the laws and rules be enforced in the future and decorum maintained; and,

Be It Further Resolved, that should any member of this House violate these laws and rules, that charges be preferred against the same and that any such member be subject to reprimand and expulsion.

One of the chief values of the legislative resolutions lies in the charming folk-ways and customs they reveal. In Oklahoma the Speaker of the House, at the termination of each session, is presented with the chair, desk and gavel with which he officiated. Its legislators, too, have established an annual Girls' Canning Contest, and a Ladies' Rest Room in the State Capitol. In Tennessee, the Solons have their pictures taken at the end of each session, and the reporters, if they have been good, are allowed to sit in the group. In Pennsylvania no public ceremonial is complete unless an Assembly committee attends. And no occasion is too small. At the Sesquicentennial the Pennsylvania Assembly asked to have set aside for its members a Pennsylvania Assembly Day, but a committee no less attended the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the volunteer fire department of Reading. The Rhode Islanders are always renting the State armories to the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, Kiwanis, the Masons and the Elks as ballrooms. In Delaware and Ohio the lawgivers, after the manner of jocund collegians, stage an annual Summer reunion, and in Vermont they hold an annual mock session to which admission is by ticket only.

IV

Such are the doings on Sinai. Of the immense number of available resolutions I have exhibited only a few of the most typical. I have passed over such homely matters as birthday greetings, and congratulations to octogenarians, nonogenarians and centenarians. I have said not a word about the Mothers' Day resolutions which, in all their touching eloquence, appear on the books of almost all the States. I must leave unsung, too, many patriotic declarations of faith. Viewing the matter by States, one cannot help being struck by the fact that it is the Solons of the Bible Belt who are the most naïve and garrulous, with those of decadent New England as close seconds and those of the Far West bidding for third place. Those of Florida, Oklahoma and Texas, perhaps, sink to the lowest levels. It is interesting to note here in passing that Florida, although it has not adopted a formal law against evolution, has condemned it by

olution. But Tennessee caps all the ites. The antics of the representatives of at Christian Commonwealth are almost redible. The Tennessee Legislature seems be just one big happy family of idiots. in other States, the ululations of the gislators are reserved for the deaths of lleagues, in Tennessee they are no less rthcoming upon the removal to their st rewards of doorkeepers, newspaper porters and deputy fire marshals. Again, ndolences are extended not only to a ember stricken with appendicitis, but so to one confined to his room with a d cold. The men of God cannot acknowlge a gift of $5,000 from the Sears-Roeck radio listeners to relieve local tornado fferers without quoting the Apostle Paul *extenso*. These supermen who shudder at e name of Darwin in particular and sci-ce in general adopted a resolution at the me session which witnessed the passage the anti-evolution law showing them be in mortal dread of microbes! After citing that the use of common drinking-ps was a menace to health, they directed eir clerk to install two sanitary drinking-p dispensers with a supply of 10,000 ps. It was, indeed, the evolution bugao which resulted in this same Tennessee the adoption of a resolution without ich the history of Dayton must always regarded as incomplete. In many ways, nsidering the source from which it emates, it has claims to be regarded as the ampion sample of Americana of all time. offer it as a concluding exhibit and so creetly retire:

Whereas, there appeared in the Columbia *Herald* f February 2, and also in the Nashville *Tennesean* of the same date an account of a sermon delivered on Sunday evening, February 1, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South Columbia, Tennessee, by the pastor of the said church, Dr. Richard L. Owenby; and,

Whereas, the said Dr. Richard L. Owenby offered s a text of the said sermon the following: "What o you think of the action of the Lower House of he Tennessee Legislature in voting 71 to 5 to forid the teaching of evolution in the public chools?"; and,

Whereas, the said Dr. Richard L. Owenby made the assertion in the course of his sermon that "I do not believe that a State Legislature could possibly devise a more asinine performance"; and, "the fact is that the modern evolutionists do not claim that the monkeys we know anything about were in our ancestry, and personally I have not been inclined to believe that view at all. I must confess, however, that my unbelief in that particular is put to a hard test when I see a body of men, picked by a great State, making monkeys of themselves at the rate of 71 to 5. I have recently found myself wondering if the puzzled scientists who have looked for so long for the 'missing link' might not be able to find it if they would look for it during the next thirty days in and around the city of Nashville"; and,

Whereas, the members of this body were not elected by a few fanatical scientists of this State but by the great mass of the people of the State who believe in the teachings of the Holy Writ and who believe that the teaching of the theory of evolution in the schools of this State would weaken the faith of the next generation in the said Holy Writ; and,

Whereas, the above mentioned assertions of the said Dr. Richard L. Owenby seriously reflect upon the integrity and intelligence of this body;

Therefore Be It Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the Sixty-Fourth General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, that we denounce the above mentioned assertions of the said above Dr. Richard L. Owenby as unfair, un-Christian-like and unpatriotic; and

Be It Further Resolved, that it is the opinion of the Lower House of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee that if the Protestant ministers of this State and America would confine themselves in their sermons to preaching the Gospel and the teachings of Jesus Christ as found in the Bible, instead of wandering into the field of politics, which they often denounce as being too corrupt for a mere layman, then, and in that event, there would be no need and no public demand for legislation on the teaching of evolution in the schools of this country; and

Be It Further Resolved, that it is also the opinion of the Lower House of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee that the word "asinine" does not nearly so accurately describe this body in their action in passing the Evolution Bill as it describes the action of the minister who used the word before a congregation of the faithful who had come to church, and who had a right to expect to hear a sermon and instead heard a tirade upon the Legislature of this State, who were doing their best to ward off the darts of unbelief which have been allowed to creep into the school system of this State, and which unbelief to a great extent has been caused by the fact that we have had too many "scientific ministers" and too few "gospel ministers" in this State; and

Be It Further Resolved, that this resolution be spread upon the Journal of this House and that the clerk of the House mail a copy of the same to Dr. Richard L. Owenby, Columbia, Tennessee, and, also a copy to the Columbia *Herald*, Columbia, Tennessee, for publication.

AMERICA CONQUERS DEATH

BY MILTON WALDMAN

Various efforts have been made to prove that the United States is breeding a new race which will eventually differ as greatly from the English as the English differs from the French or Italian. Originally those efforts seemed to me to be no more than practice in dialectic; it appeared fantastic that two nations speaking the same tongue, governed by approximately the same body of law and possessing in common a considerable portion of the same blood, should ever differ so considerably from each other. I now perceive the error to have been one of understatement: it is not a question merely of a new race or language, but very possibly of a wholly new civilization, so far remote from England's that the latter's difference from the Latin or Teutonic civilizations will be by comparison almost imperceptible, that is, unless a divergence which now appears fundamental is one day bridged.

All that era in history covered by what we call Western European civilization has one distinguishing trait, the sense of death, which is fundamental to it and persists through its length and breadth. But that sense is apparently disappearing from America, and with such remarkable rapidity that it would seem never to have taken firm root in this Western soil. In Europe it underlies every religious and ethical conception, and is inherent in nearly every great monument of verbal expression, whether the masterpiece of a man or the song of a people; in our own language, at least (one can safely judge of no other), it is responsible for the highest flights of which English words have yet been found capable. In the "Phædo" dialogue, Socrates says in effect: "Philosophy is meditation upon death," meaning by philosophy no mere technical system, but that mood of the mind wherein men soberly question their relationship to the mysterious unknown; and his dictum has been quoted with approval by innumerable later thinkers, including Rabelais, Goethe and even Spengler, who otherwise denies the continuation of the Greek spirit in Western European thought.

The prevalence and importance of this sense of death is inevitably borne in upon the American observer in Europe and inevitably it strikes him as a new idea, certainly absent from the atmosphere of his own country. Americans know, of course, of the physical dissolution which awaits every mortal, something that occurs after a number of other things—birth, education, a livelihood, marriage, family, success, responsibility, declining powers and many equally important stages—have been met and passed. But only hypochondriacs give thought to the grave when they are buying and selling, building and tearing down, manufacturing motor-cars and manipulating shares, transporting wheat and converting it into bread, or doing any one of the thousand other activities which are currently assumed to constitute life. An American prepares for this dissolution, if a responsible fellow, by paying his insurance premiums and, if necessary, incorporating his business. Death, which dominates the European's thought, has been put in its proper place on this side of the water.

The first of these propositions is more

usceptible of proof, naturally, than the econd. It is obviously easier to show by ositive example that the point of view ff which I speak is present in the literature ff the Old World than to substantiate the tatement that it is absent from that of the Jew. Furthermore, in the latter case, there re a number of exceptions and qualifica- ions to deal with, the principal of which s the remarkable divergence between ural and urban outlook in the United tates and the comparative lack of literary rticulation of the former. Moreover, the ffects of my thesis being as yet partially n the future, my presumptions must par- ake of the nature of prophecy; and proph- ts are notoriously handicapped by lack of vailable evidence.

The Christian view of human life, vhich has been that of Europe for nearly wenty centuries, is that at best it is a ilgrimage on the path to perfection in he hereafter. No matter whether the view e Catholic or Protestant, medieval or nodern, Latin or Nordic, the belief holds niversally that man is but a poor thing rawling 'twixt Heaven and earth on a ourney he cannot understand and whose nd he cannot foresee. Summoning to his id all his resources, his mind, his courage, is cunning, his gaiety, he is yet faced at very turning with the obvious truth that ll these can avail him nothing against the ark mysterious forces which will surely ear him away from all that he has created nd from everything which he cherishes. Nor has he any certainty whatever of the me when his doom will fall; all his fore- ght will not avail him against famine nd war and the caprices of accident. So e must humbly accept the fact that no fort and no merit in himself will stave ff the Destroyer. No matter how exalted is inner life, no matter how beautiful and urable his visible creations, they will eceive no special consideration. It may be rong, it may be unjust and ironic on the art of the Unknown Powers, but there it —he and all that is his must come to dust.

It is this thought which forms the common bond of the great literatures of Europe —death, mutability, the vanity of all human pride and desire. Underneath comedy and tragedy alike lies the certainty of death and the label depends entirely on the proportions. Don Quixote cannot see the obvious corruption behind the fair unchanging surfaces of the world, and hence he is funny to Sancho, but then so would Hamlet be, who sees the futility of it, but cannot resist his passion for asserting his eternal rights. Outside his moods of passion, it must be remembered, Hamlet is funny even to himself. So is every man who, born of clay, attempts to strike an attitude in imperishable marble. The attempt is sublime, but it is comic too, because we know that he cannot hold the pose—and soon the cold wind from beyond the grave exposes the frailty of the clay and presently it will be swept up with the rest of the rubbish.

II

Run your eye for a moment over any standard anthologies of verse or prose, or over almost any of the great epic or dramatic masterpieces. Again and again will this argument be illustrated. I take up Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' "Bacchæ" and find:

> There be many shapes of mystery
> And many things God makes to be,
> Past hope or fear.
> And the end men looketh for cometh not,
> And a path is where no man thought;
> So hath it fallen here.

Or open the "Oxford Book of French Verse" and read in Villon:

> Je congnois que povres et riches,
> Sages et folz, prestres et laiz,
> Nobles, villains, larges et chiches,
> Petiz et grans, et beaulx et laiz,
> Dames à rebrassez collez,
> De quelconque condicion,
> Protans antoms et bourrelez,
> Mort saisit sans exception.

Turn the page and one finds the lovely "Ballade Des Dames du Temps Jadis" with its haunting refrain:

> Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

Again the same music is in Rosard:

> Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame,
> Las! le temps non, mais nous, nous en allons,
> Et tost serons estendus sous la lame:
>
> Et des amours desquelles nous parlons,
> Quand serons morts, n'en sera plus nouvelle:
> Pour ce, aymez—may, ce pendant qu'estes belle.

And once more, in Joachim du Bellay:

> Si nostre vie est moins qu' une journée
> En l'eternel, si l'un qui faict le tour
> Chasse noz jours sans espoir de retour,
> Si perissable est toute chose née,
> Que songes-tu, mon ame emprisonée?

I wish again to make clear that my point is not merely to prove the persistence of this idea in literature, but to assert, without any considerable qualifications, that when it is present, the poet or prose-writer is moved to the highest beauty of language. Walter Raleigh, writing his "History of the World" in the Tower of London, was well on his way toward completing a memorable achievement in historiography, but when the thought of Death seized his imagination he soared outside himself, far above the narratives of politics and battles, and achieved this, the conclusion of the noblest passage of prose which remains to us from England's supreme literary age:

> O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou has persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambitions of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

In the greatest of Raleigh's contemporaries we find the same theme bursting into the same music over and over again. Read through Shakespeare:

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time,
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That frets and struts his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

through the Authorized Version of the Bible:

> Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
>
> While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:
>
> In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,
>
> And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;
>
> Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home and mourners go about the streets:
>
> Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.
>
> Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
>
> Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

through the ages of English prose and verse, great and little, Donne, Herrick, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, Keats, Whitman, to Brooke, Hardy, Bridges, Flecker; from Raleigh to Conrad, Bennett and Hewlett; even writers not famed for the singing quality of their prose, such as Galsworthy or Wells, all repeat the great tradition when their theme is on Mortality; even a gay humorist like Max Beerbohm echoes the same melody when he writes:

> But lingering, but reluctant, is my tread as I pass by it, and I pause to bathe in the light that is as the span of our human life, granted between one great darkness and another.

III

My contention is that this sense is disappearing from American life as that note is disappearing from American writing. It was there once; Poe uttered it sometimes, Whitman often; it is in Melville and in Lincoln. And the reason therefore must be the fact that to them the sense of

Death was still real. The ships of Massachusetts were making furrows in remote and dangerous seas; the pioneers in the West were living, many of them, on the thin border of survival and extinction; and then there was the Civil War.

As I said before, one cannot prove a converse—one cannot prove by quotation the absence of what is present in the illustrations herein given. But to my mind it is indisputably vanishing, if it has not disappeared altogether, and my conviction is that this is true because of obvious facts in the life of the country. Literature cannot echo the sense of death unless that sense is alive in the community which the literature attempts to express.

The history of the various European countries is a series of repetitions of two types of occurrences: famine comes, and the people of the country perish in huge numbers of starvation and disease; or else one's neighbors are lacking in food and savagely set out across the frontier to make good the deficiency. In either event death is a probable result. There may have been other causes of war, but it is rare indeed that a single European generation was able to live out its time free of the fear of Nature's parsimony within and its neighbors' jealousy without.

The American generations now living have known little of these kinds of fear. The impression made by the outstanding event of their time, the Great War, was singularly and understandably small. They recall only the wealth and security of the era which in England was called the latter Victorian, and of the succeeding and even fatter decades. The mysterious powers have been so kind that there has been need neither to placate nor to fear them. If they held in their hands punishment or reward, apparently they are well satisfied with America's conduct, for they have showered the reward without stint, and rarely even given a glimpse of the club with which they periodically chastise Europe.

The evidences of this forgetfulness are everywhere. If the crops fail in Europe, the answer is death; but if times are hard in America, the answer is speedier production. If in Europe one's country is invaded, one makes what resistance one can, but rather hopelessly prays to the deity to avert the imminent catastrophe. America does not know invasion, but sympathetically offers, as a solution of Europe's troubles, better organization—a League of Nations. Everywhere in this Twentieth Century land there is the most glorious trust in man's machines, social and material; and there are few catastrophes which the American does not believe he has the craft to avert, or at the least to mitigate.

And so he has come to mitigate death, in a sense to avert it altogether. One often hears a European merchant, manufacturer or professional man deplore that he has no son to succeed him—that after his own death the business or factory or family profession will cease to exist. But the American has a remedy—he incorporates. One has only to compare the English and American attitudes to the private corporation to understand the difference. In the former it is a necessity only when a business has grown too big and unmanageable for personal control; in most cases it is resorted to sadly and with regret, save perhaps by the newer types that the War has cast up. In the latter it is the inevitable result of success, the outward indication of it. The American who incorporates his business rarely does so with reluctance. He has created something which his own dissolution will not terminate; something of him is left after that event, in the form of the impersonal body of which in life he was a part. But to obtain this mitigation of death, he must surrender something of his life, his life of personal hopes and disappointments. He can only die less, so to speak, by living less. It is another form of life insurance—bits of life paid out regularly as premium against the certain contingency of death.

When this interpretation at first oc-

curred to me I thought it merely amusing, and like most idea-spinning, not more than half a truth. But after suggesting it to many Americans, temporarily or quasi-permanently in Europe, I am struck with the wide assent which it appears to evoke. It is not hard to command almost unanimous agreement to the argument that America has forgotten death—the only dissent or qualification arises on the question of whether this applies equally to rural America.

I confess that, like most city-born folk in the United States, I know little of that portion of my country which lies outside the city gates. America seems to me to be one vast urban community, although in point of fact I know that it is distinctly not so. I do know, however, that in the United States, as nowhere else, the cities set the tone. In most European countries there is a capital containing a certain number of cultivated people, but the bulk of the leisure class resides in the country. They do so, moreover, out of preference, it being the ambition of even the merchant and the manufacturer one day to settle down on the land. Here the converse is true; the ambition of the cultivator of the soil, large or small, is to attain the city. Most New Yorkers or Chicagoans abominate the country; their single conception of it is of a suburb which contains a golf-course. The vitality of England is in London and the rural parishes, of France in Paris and the pleasant valleys and plains which travellers never see. Manchester and Lyons do not count. But Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Atlanta and New Orleans do, and quite as much as New York.

So that even if the country still retains the old sense of death, it would appear to be well on the way to losing it through the rapid urbanization it is undergoing, and the quite unprecedented sense of inferiority which it certainly displays. Not to argue too far about its present outlook, of which I have already confessed I can know but little, I am certain that whatever of that sense the American peasant (strange word for America!) does still possess bears little resemblance to the real thing, which flowers forth into song and gallant act. To hold too serious an opinion of the importance of one's views is spoiling the essence of the thing, for to have the sense of death is to view the world *sub specie æternatis*. From that comes humility, the indispensable basis for both gentleness and poetry. Little either of good manners or verbal beauty seems at present to be pushing its way from our soil.

It is a corollary to rather than a contradiction of this strange lack in American thought that where death is dwelt upon it is its physical rather than its spiritual aspect which receives emphasis. I was amused recently to read in a London paper that at a conference of doctors one speaker suggested that the profession should study closely the phenomena of dying people's last moments, because if they were made painless the fear of death would be altogether eliminated! So ready a solution of life's major problem! The speaker was, I observed with interest, an American.

Hence it is not surprising that here, of all places, there flourishes the cult of physical immortality. I have no idea of the number of groups into which this cult is divided, but they must be many; for at the root of Christian Science, osteopathy, chiropractic and the countless other new schemes of healing there appears to be the definite belief that death is a mere faulty chemical in the apparatus of life, which can, with care and trouble, be diluted to comparative harmlessness or perhaps at length eliminated altogether. It is amazing, this firmly-held tenet that the basic, immutable law of nature is merely a careless flaw in the organization of things. It is a tenet of fear and ignorance that would be repulsive were it not so pathetic. It ignores the palpable fact that all life as we know it comes from death; trees, flowers, even minerals, die that new trees and flowers and minerals may be born. Nature perpetually renews herself through the

eath of transient life-substances which ome again in the old forms, and this, to ie thoughtful mind, must always be the reatest of her miracles. One can even peculate on the possibility that when this orld passes away, as surely one day it ill, it will scatter in the universe the eds of another in its own image. If the iropractors be dismayed by this pros- ect, they may try their art on the planet self to avert that catastrophe. Most of s would not object to this so strongly to the thought of living on it forever -even if we were assured that we might. The reflection strikes me at this point at the reader may think that I am hold- g forth an immobile brooding upon the d as the proper occupation for man. To any even this has had its attractions, t since it is obviously unfit to be a *modus vendi* for Western people I fear that it uld not be seriously maintained here. y thought is rather that the sense of ath, for the most part unconsciously ld, is a desirable corner from which to rvey life, because it makes life itself ore precious and significant; because it ves poignance to its beauties and delicate ades to its surfaces; because in the end, accepting the inevitable, it makes for finer, clearer understanding of ourselves; cause it makes us see ourselves against e one background of which we are cer- in—that of the inexorable law of our mmon mortality.

IV

ne question more suggests itself—which oint of view will win? Will Europe be mericanized and learn to flout death, or ill America one day learn, through ony, the importance of the truth that l ends in vanity? At the moment one ust incline to the former guess. Europe greedily absorbing America's mass-pro- uction, her mechanical arts, and even, to a lesser degree, her form of social in- surance, now staggering along at Geneva. But can it endure? Can man ever devise a system which will forever avert the hard truth that death is all-powerful, and will, without compunction, level our highest achievements into the dust?

Readers of Henry Adams' "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma" will recall the evidence he adduces, appalling in its completeness, of the final extinction of the earth in cold and darkness. And although this may seem so remote as to cause fears of it to appear ludicrous, the knowledge of the eventual dissolution of the world itself must recall to the thoughtful that lesser calamities may always lurk around the corner—that the fertile soil may one day be sterile, the protecting oceans one day be no wider than lakes; and in the light of these possibilities, skyscrapers and giant corporations must alike seem transient phenomena, changing twilight surfaces under the shadow of death.

When this mood will return to America no one can know, but that it will one day return I am convinced. America cannot always be like Wordsworth's "Simple child,"

> That lightly draws its breath
> And feels its life in every limb.

It too, through suffering, will be compelled to learn of death. And if this lesson be painful and its necessity deplored there is at least the consolation that for the vigor we lose we shall gain color, and for the hopefulness, music. For we, in our own day of affliction, could produce songs as noble as any, and few peoples can boast many more beautiful expressions of reconciliation with the ultimate than this of ours:

> Come lovely and soothing death
> Undulate around the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
> In the day, in the night, to all, to each
> Sooner or later delicate death.

PITCH DOCTORS

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

Abner Weaver told me the other day that medicine-men and medicine-shows were still making a lot of money. I had been under the impression that the movies had killed the shows as entertainments for the people of the back-country, and that the new and stringent laws governing medical practice in the majority of the States had driven their old-time stars into other fields of endeavor. But Abner said no.

Abner and his brother Cicero were headlining at the Chicago Palace Theater—the Weaver Brothers, Arkansas Travelers and Original Handsaw Musicians—The Boys from Back Home. They are graduates of the medicine shows and proud of it.

"I'll show you," said Abner as he wiped off his grease-paint.

Twenty minutes later we wandered into the lobby of the old Revere House in North Clark street—the place where they used to house the murder juries twenty years ago.

"This is the hang-out at this end," observed Abner as we seated ourselves in two wornout old armchairs. "They make the Victoria Hotel in Oklahoma City at the other end of the line."

A frowzy bellboy answered Abner's nod.

"I want a look-see. Are there any for sale?" he asked.

"I dunno," said the youth as he pocketed his half dollar, "there *was* one for Iowa—"

"Fair enough," said Abner, "Dig up the doc."

Ten minutes later a booming voice sounded behind us.

"Looking for Doctor Raynor, gentlemen?"

"Yes, doc," said Abner, rising and shaking hands. "I remember you well. Used to work Missouri—"

"Still at it, still at it," growled the doc as he seated himself. "I call you to mind too. One of the best melodeon players in the racket. But the dollars called you, and you forsook real art for the fleshpots."

The doc ate stogies as he talked. He would bite off about an inch and a half and work it into his left cheek. There he would chew on it circular fashion while he still gripped the unchewed remains in the right corner of his mouth. He wore the accepted uniform of the patent medicine peddler of two decades ago: a broad black hat, a string tie, a frock coat, and a low-cut vest displaying a starched shirt front. In the center of this vest glowed a canary-colored diamond as big as a fingernail. I saw that Abner was right when he told me that business was still good.

"In the profession, sir?" asked the doc after we had been introduced.

Abner spoke up for me.

"My friend wants to hit through Iowa and work later into Texas and Oklahoma. He's in the code business, but doesn't want to be bothered filing for a license for his boozer. Needs an Iowa look-see."

"As it happens," boomed the doc, spitting out the chewed portion of his stogie and biting off another piece, "I have an Iowa look-see right here."

He pulled a permit to practice medicine in that State out of his pocket.

"Good till the end of the year," he observed. "No use to me, for I'm going to do a little hunting. Had a mighty good season and need a rest. It's yours for

venty-five dollars," he told me, flapping in my face.

"How about a boozer?" asked Abner.

"The town's full of 'em," answered the oc. He pulled a morocco-covered note-ook from his pocket. "I've been here a eek and I've had a round dozen call on e, starving for jobs."

He started checking his list.

"Here's two Harvard lads. One of them ith twelve years' swell practice in New ork till he hit the toboggan. He'd be sky for you. Given to thinking too much the past and so to drowning memories. ere's a Pennsylvania boy, had charge of ne of those millionaires' hospital units France. Eased so much pain for others ith the dope that he took to it himself ut of curiosity. Put him where he can't et it and he'd be all right.

"That last would be hard, wouldn't ?" he observed to Abner.

"Your best bet," he went on, "would e this guy Haynes. He's from"—he named big Pacific Coast university. "All he ants is his quart of liquor a day. Works etter with it than without it. Where ou're going you can buy good corn for four ollars. Or"—this as a brilliant after-ought—"you could feed him gin at vo bucks."

So, if only Abner, in his desire to prove me that the fake medicine business was ill going good, had been telling the uth about me, I was all set to start out the code racket. The code man is never mself a physician, but he always carries me broken-down graduate with him, to hom he acts in public as an assistant or cretary, and in private—in most cases—a sort of Simon Legree. He takes good re to garner the dollars before the oozer can get his hands on them. He cks prosperous country towns. When e folks gather in the square his hand-lls are passed around and left in the tomobiles and wagons.

If he can, he makes a deal with the local uggist for a commission on all prescrip-ons. If he can improve on that, he per-suades the man to lay in a stock of Doctor Whoozis' Special Remedy, manufactured by the code man but stamped with the boozer's name and degree. The essentials are a clothes-pail full of rain water, five pounds of Epsom salts, some juniper ber-ries and a pound of boiled coffee. Stand a day, stir frequently and bottle. This sells at a dollar a bottle and costs about five cents. An agreeable deal is usually made with the druggist on the basis of sixty per cent to the faker and forty to the retailer.

The code racket gets its name from the method used. Two rooms are hired in a hotel, opening into each other. The first is the reception room and the other or inner one the boozer's sanctum. The patient arrives and is beckoned to a seat at a desk opposite the pretended assistant.

"The doctor is busy right now, but will be through shortly," observes the assist-ant. "How's crops down your way?" he continues.

Conversation thus runs along on topics of interest to the patient.

"What's your trouble?" asks the as-sistant casually. He plays carelessly the while with a pencil. His left elbow holds a card to the table.

"Well," drawls the patient, "I've had pains in my back these twelve years. Come every Fall they do—"

The assistant sympathizes in proper fashion, toying the while with his pencil. The marks he makes on the card under his elbow are unnoticed.

"Well, well," he commiserates, "that's too bad. But I guess the doctor can fix you up easy enough if that's all is the matter with you."

But the patient has other bothers and is in a confiding mood.

"That ain't all by a dam sight," he de-clares. "I've had bum feet these three years. Specially my right one. Hits me along in November or December and stays with me till the warm weather comes."

"Well, well," clucks the assistant. He drops his pencil unobtrusively and as sneakily picks up the card on which he

has been scribbling. "I'll find out if the doctor can see you now."

He disappears and returns almost at once.

"Step right in, Mister."

The dissipated remains of what might have been a brilliant physician tells the patient to be seated.

"Doctor," begins the latter, "I got—"

"Don't tell me what you've got," thunders the medico, who has mastered the words scrawled on the card handed to him by the assistant. "I'll tell you what you've got. You're troubled with severe back pains every Fall—"

"Why, Doctor," stammers the patient. "How did you know that? I ain't never seen you before—"

"You're talking to a physician now," thunders the doctor. "Not one of those horse doctors you have around here. I don't have to examine you to tell what's the matter."

The patient is deeply impressed, but he wants to tell of his other ailment.

"Doctor, I want to tell you—"

"Tell me nothing," yells this magician. "I'll tell *you*. You've got foot trouble, too, that comes in the Winter and goes with the warm weather."

Is it any wonder that the patient buys enough Dr. Whoozis' Special Remedy to keep him going a year?

II

Then there is the tent-show. The doc cries his medicine from a platform in front of his tent during the warm weather and retreats to a hall when it grows cold. He carries with him a troupe of entertainers, varying in size from one to fifteen. The more pretentious docs charge an admission fee and give a regular vaudeville show. Others advertise the entertainment as free and depend on their sales of medicines.

There is one thing to be said for these fakers. There is nothing harmful in the stuff they unload on their patients. As they travel today they can be divided into three types—the code man, the ballyhoo medicine-man with or without a vaudeville show, and the tapeworm specialist. The latter is looked upon by the two higher orders of this trinity as a very low sort of person indeed. His place in the scale is equivalent to that given by a Harvard graduate in medicine to the product of an Oklahoma veterinary school.

In the lobbies of either the Revere House in Chicago or the Victoria Hotel in Oklahoma City—the two ends of the main line—one rarely fails to find the makings of at least a four-handed poker game among the ballyhoos and code men, laying-off or passing through. But if there is a tapeworm baby anywhere around he is not sitting in. He'll be found somewhere near the door, muttering under his breath words which bubble out into "Fakers!", "Four-Flushers!" and "Disgrace to the profession!"

Occasionally one is lucky enough, of a week-end, to hear the talk of a group of the real high-lights—the Oslers, Solis-Cohens and Mayos of the road. They pull the worn leather chairs close together, kick spittoons into shooting range, and swap experiences.

Here's Dr. Dusty Rhodes, the desert expert; Dr. E. A. (Gentleman) Johnson; Dr. Red Evans, who boasts that the Keith vaudeville interests never put out a better show than his; Dr. Fred Gassaway—in person—of the Gassaway Medicine Company, probably the most prosperous man in all this strange fraternity; Prof. Jack Keane, the Coney Island Comedian, taking a trial trip through the sticks and doing nicely, thank you. Professor Keane lectures on "Secrets of Health" and sells a book by a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University. Every sale includes free service and examination. The prospectus reads like an automobile guarantee.

Dr. Gassaway has the floor. He is enjoying a week-end holiday from his pitch in East Bernard, Texas.

"Hitting the ball to pretty fair business," he declares. "Want a story? Here's one: A man came up to Doc Boleyn and

yself, bringing his wife along. He'd ken her to a dentist and had a tooth illed on her. Her mouth was in very bad ndition, he said. He bought a bottle of ir dentifrice after trying lots of other uff and, by golly, it cured her.

" 'I'll tell you, Doc,' he said to me, ne had one of the worst cases of diarrhea the gums I ever saw'."

The tale was greeted with roars of ughter from the group. A man sitting art got up suddenly and stumped out of e hotel. Without doubt, a tapeworm baby.

"I'll tell you, boys," chimed in Doc entleman Johnson, "here's the secret of y success. I never bawl out my audience the tent or hall. I just let them have eir own way, no matter what they do."

More loud guffaws. Everybody knows e doctor is spoofing.

"The spud crop was good," observes oc Luke Maddox, who has just joined e group after checking in.

"And that," answers Doc Dusty Rhodes, neans kale for us with a capital K."

Somebody produces a letter from Doc C. Grubbs, who is working Georgia. ne doctor has a few harsh things to say out his brothers in the art of healing. e says, "they are making it hard for hers and themselves by acting crooked." e, himself, however, is "sticking strictly ethics" and is pleased to inform the ys that he is "doing mighty well with e old reliable internal medicine and the e patch."

"And there'll be no harm done if he er does mix the bottles," observes meone.

III

ne other day in Herrin, Illinois, I stum-ed across Doc Ruckner, running full ast. His was a tent show and the doc, k-hatted and white-shirted, with sleeves lled up, was going hell for leather. He ld a small square of white soap in his nd.

"You won't find any perfume on this," howled while his assistants milled through the throng holding similar squares to the noses of the audience. "I'll be damned if you do. Instead of putting the money into some vile lallypaloosa scent that will clog your pores as well as make your friends think you are a pervert, I put it into the soap itself Now watch this lather."

He dipped his hands into a basin, rubbed the soap gently on his palms and immediately they were covered with white foam. Bars of soap that cost him originally not more than two cents apiece were grabbed up by the crowd at a quarter each. The solution is easy. Before mounting his platform the doc had covered his hands with a lather which he allowed to dry on his skin. The touch of the water brought it again into being.

After the vaudeville show he again mounted the rostrum. This time he had a foot liniment made from gasoline, camphor gum and sassafras. Fifty cents a bottle. Guaranteed to cure anything from corns to fallen arches.

"Don't take off your shoes," he howled to a member of the audience who had admitted he was bothered with corns. "This cures right through the leather."

He applied a copious flow of the liquid to the outside of the man's shoe.

"Don't you feel the relief?" cried the doc. "Of course you do, if you'll tell the truth."

True enough, the gasoline, soaking through the leather, brought a temporary coolness to the aching corn.

"Sure I do," sang out the afflicted one joyously.

"There you are," triumphed the doc, passing out bottles for sale by the handful. While his assistants peddled them he helped along with this:

"When you come home from work and eat your supper and go sit by the fire what do you do? You take your shoes off and put your feet against the stove. Don't you now?"

The listeners agreed with smiles and nods.

"All right. And why does your wife

get up and leave you? And why does your sweet, pure, young daughter move to the window and open it? Why, I ask you?"

The audience waited.

"I'll tell you why," roared the doc. "It's because your feet smell so bad. All you got to do for them after washing is to rub on some of this liniment I am offering you now. You don't want to spoil your sweet, pure little daughter's chances by driving nice young men out of the house. I thought not, sir. Only fifty cents, ladies and gentlemen, the half of a dollar—"

Another vaudeville interlude and then came the sale of the doc's Original Safe Internal Remedy, composed, as already explained, of rain water, juniper berries, coffee and Epsom salts.

"You feel all dressed up of a Sunday, you folks do," he orates. "You've had your bath and cleaned your teeth and you're going to church to praise God. Do you think God doesn't see inside of you and doesn't know all about the filth in there? Of course he does. One bottle of this marvellous remedy of mine and you'll know and God will know that you are worthy to sit in His House."

The doc did a land-office business in Herrin, Illinois.

RHODES SCHOLARS

BY O. B. ANDREWS, JR.

IT BEGAN twenty-five years ago, when Cecil John Rhodes lay dying in Muizenberg, near Cape Town, in March of 902. One must necessarily have a certain nowledge of Mr. Rhodes' aims in life to ppreciate fully the pathos of his death. lere was a fighter of the breed of Nelson efore him and Oates after him—and here as a dreamer with his dreams exploded, n idealist with his ideals shattered, a ioneer stricken and laid low, with the ightfall of eternity closing in. He had *ot* made Africa British from Cairo to the ape, he had *not* effected a union of the nglish-speaking people, and the damned choes of Jameson's Raid, with its blatant ndictment of himself, were still ringing n his ears.

But Mr. Rhodes was dying rich, though e cared nothing for money. How much e had sunk stringing telegraph poles cross the Transvaal for elephants to ull up, or in the wastes of what is now hodesia is a matter for an accountant to mpute. It must have run into millions f pounds. But when his executors examed his testament they discovered that he ad not only left a fortune notwithstandg, but that his total assets were little ort of colossal. His dream, however, ersisted even in death. He left a tremenous endowment, the revenue of which as to be employed in providing scholarips at Oxford University to American, erman and Colonial young men. The bject of this trust was to foster what he ad always worked for: a spirit of friendly öperation between England, the Colones, and the United States, and to create, so far as possible, a sense of amity and unity between all the Teutonic nations of the world. "Educational bonds," he said, "are the strongest."

Once he was buried on his lonely hill the machinery turned and the project reached realization. The scheme, at the start, seemed barren of any and every jeopardy. The English press chanted hymns and carols, and even those members of Parliament and Cabinet whom Mr. Rhodes had been wont to alarm and nauseate in his day threw their hats in the air and applauded loud and long. Oxford alone appeared a bit immune to the enthusiasm; it was loath, indeed, to enter into rejoicing. Some Oxonians viewed the innovation silently, but with suspicious misgivings; others ventured feeble protestations until the din of press and speech forced them to shrug their shoulders in despair. Here is how Mr. Rhodes himself described his plan:

> 1. Colonial—I consider that the education of young colonists at one of the universities in the United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views, for their instruction in life and manners, and for instilling in their minds the advantage to the colonies as well as to the United Kingdom of the retention of the unity of the Empire.
> 2. American—*I also desire to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking people throughout the world*, and to encourage in the students from the United States of North America who will benefit from the American scholarships to be established for the reason given above at the University of Oxford under this my will *an attachment to the country from which they have sprung*, but without, I hope, withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth.

So much for Mr. Rhodes and his dream. Here, after a quarter of a century, is the proof of his pudding: a paragraph from

the speech of a Rhodes scholar at the annual Rhodes Scholarship banquet in 1924:

> *Oxford and England and Europe have only made us love America more.* We become more American every day we are here. *We are sick of handshaking across the seas.* Long ago we resigned our position as unofficial ambassadors. We go home gladly and eagerly to a nation which we know and love and understand. We go home with some appreciation of duty and appreciation of human life. Some day, perhaps, some of us may amount to something if the life of idleness has not become too strong.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling happened to be the guest of honor on this occasion. Mr. Kipling was then a trustee of the Rhodes Trust. But within a twelvemonth of this avalanche of 100% Americanism he severed all connection with it.

II

Oxford today enjoys a superabundance of American patronage and gives promise of becoming more popular in the United States with each successive year. Last year there were nearly five hundred Americans in residence and an untold number were denied admission; the colleges, most of them, have long since allotted themselves a "transatlantic quota," a maximum of overseas students to be admitted under any conditions—lest, presumably, Oxford fall to an academic conquest as all England has been threatened with a commercial one. Among these strangers from the Republic the Rhodes scholars presumably constitute an *élite;* they are all picked men, and know it. Some of them, to be sure, are really men of parts; but the general representation, I fear, is of such a grade that it reminds one of the ancient fable of the basket of apples: the exceptions are so vastly outnumbered that Oxford is unaware of their existence. The majority differ little, if at all, from the young gentlemen of condition who have no apparent excuse for attending an English university save their desire to enhance their social prestige in later years.

Little, of course, is anticipated from the latter, but great expectations hover about the Rhodes prodigy. He is, in theory, a paragon of enlightenment and gentility; he has availed himself of his advantages or overcome the difficulties of his handicaps; he is our cultural champion. But in Oxford, alas, he is faced by lions from the first. He encounters a tidal wave of indifference and his indignant reaction is on a par only with his unpopularity. Baffled, he dismisses the British with a sardonic gesture and marvels at their urbane unappreciation of the Great. Nowhere in Oxford does he find the hero-worship, the profound rites to the fat-brained athlete, the sacerdotal aura suspended above the college politician that he was reared to look for and revere. The Englishman declines to grovel upon being shown a front frosted with three layers of fraternity pins —and his failure is attributed at once to his dull wit. The general result is so simple that the telling of it wearies like a twice-told tale: the Englishman eschews his flashy kinsman and returns disheartened to his husks. The pitiable society of his brethren seems better to him. Whether or not his guests find his cathedrals good, whether his Gothic portals and Norman towers are picturesque, whether his ancient mullions and cloistered quads are exquisite and whether his moulding traditions are digestible to the American are matters of no importance to him. The fact that he elects to wear flannel trousers that extend only to his shoe-tops and to suspend them with braces in lieu of a belt are phenomena which he regards as entirely his own affairs.

But the Rhodes prodigy is much too wise to tolerate such villainies in silence. So he essays to convert the Englishman to Americanism with the vigor of a rural life-insurance salesman or a Baptist evangelist. He deplores the lack of satisfying slang in Oxford; the Englishman's games he denounces as dull and uninteresting, his pastimes as simple and mean; the Oxford dialect grates on his middle-Western auditory nerves. The Rhodes prodigy guards himself closely lest he should himself let slip a "beastly awful" or a "bloody

ll"; he carefully flattens his a's and ɔrtens his o's and makes himself as con-ccuously American as possible. His van- alone must bear the burden that a fool- people have inflicted on him. What the gglish actually need, he will conjecture :a sudden burst of self-abnegated toler-ce, is enlightenment; they are crying for cial and intellectual missionaries, mod-ization, soda fountains and drug-store ngresses of the proletariat.

The Englishman's answer to the Rhodes ɔdigy is ostracism. The latter, bereft of ternative, selects the only remaining urse. Failing dismally as a prophet come England, and surrendering the virgin il as sterile, he performs as unofficial bassador among his native brothers ne. He seeks a field of endeavor where ccess is assured, where his cocksureness welcomed as the essence of his art. He ns the American Club and attends its nventions regularly; its mesmeric speak- and raconteurs strike a sympathetic ord in him, and he revels in the sunshine a sweetened vanity. They impress upon n the grave importance of avoiding all spicion of treason to the Republic; they hort him to remember that the honor the flag rests personally on him; they uage his battered sensibilities and advo-e a solemn unity of association for tual moral protection. The delightful ening concludes with a great blast to her Washington, Lincoln or Coolidge. ɔthing must be risked in the American ub that lacks the whole-hearted endorse-nt of the overwhelming majority. It nforms to the strictest canons of our t esteemed dispensers of balderdash.

So the Rhodes prodigy lies on his bed thorns. He sings his social swan song the uninterrupted presence of his asso-tes, where the major portion of the con-sation is devoted to the effects of diver-ed intoxicants and profound commen-ies on the relative values of those dives, ropean and American, frequented by nted ladies and reckless youth. His in-lectual life becomes as cramped as his social activity, and in neither is there any of the interchange of viewpoint and broad-ening influence that Mr. Rhodes dreamed of. His rooms are his castle, and the war-locks he toasts with in his nocturnal gatherings are grappled to his soul in a bond of abuse of England and the English. That an equivalent Anglican fireside may elect—and it is usually true that it does—to pass judgment on some such banalities as the diphthongs of Old Celtic, the veiled fallacies of the Cartesian theory, Sopho-cles' Philoctetes, the Ninth Symphony or Mozart's Twelfth Mass is a matter to be pitied with the utmost understanding.

Passage of time makes the schism yawn even further. The duration of residence at Oxford consists of three terms annually of eight weeks each, each term separated by six weeks of vacation, with the Long Vacation of four months in the Summer. Every undergraduate is required to "go down" from Oxford during the vacations unless special leave is granted by the au-thorities of his college for him to remain in residence. At the inception of these pe-riods of absence the American Oxonians advance toward the Continent in squads, always painstaking lest some Anglican col-league corrupt the party. History records no attempt to commit such an obscenity, but the barrier is rigidly maintained never-theless. And on the first vacation a strange and curious thing happens. The Rhodes prodigy becomes aware that he is capable of an æsthetic appreciation hitherto un-discovered in his composition. Heretofore he was only Great; but now he is assailed with Truth: he has the making of genius. With a yell of joy he discovers Brieux and sails into the lesser varieties of contempo-rary European literature with ecstatic gurglings. Jean Cocteau, Louis Aragon and Marcel Proust constitute the altars of his exotic idolatry until Turgueniev and Tcheckov convince him that all but Rus-sians are phlegmatic and ephemeral. Miss Gertrude Stein reduces him to a state of bliss and Mr. James Joyce wrings from him a sob of vague and transient appreciation.

He ferrets out every messiah of a new art, and in every Latin Quarter cellar that shelters a braying meteor of distorted verse he discovers the salvation of modern letters. For the Rhodes prodigy, above all, must be a connoisseur, such as he is, of the contemporary; and he exhibits a constant fear lest the nicety of his æsthetic understanding, in the arenas of both art and literature, be stunted by the commonplace matter which he is wont to characterize as the "stable arts."

His diversion consists of satiating a *joie de boire*, as he would have it, for Pol Roger and Mumm's Cordon Rouge beneath the vermilion flare of Montmartre. His company varies little, if any, from the society he entertained at Oxford. In this manner the hours pass until the night clubs welcome their herds of English-speaking lambs. At seven in the morning, having mispronounced all the elementary French with which he is conversant to demi-mondaines who speak English with dreadful certainty, the Rhodes prodigy advances toward his American hostelry in a somewhat questionable state of sobriety. He is planing his surface for what was obscurely referred to in the high-school at home as "that thing called veneer"; so he jams his digits into a gallipot of scarlet, and, being color-blind, rejoices at the result.

Paris sends him down for the count long before he has finished examining it. As he arrived in Oxford with a penchant for contempt because London's automotive transportation drops into second on manœuvering the fog-drenched corners, so he arrives in Paris with a premeditated propensity for worshipful delight. He credits the city with possibilities it has never known; he indulges the belief that it is the seat of mellowed learning and an ancient culture; he assures himself that the hub of French thought—and finally of all rationalism—revolves about the select *intelligentsia* of the town. The obvious facts do not daunt him. There is, indeed, but one experience that can give the Rhodes prodigy the appearance of a man awaiting surgery of an uncertain issue: complete and unavoidable communion with concrete information. The truth always staggers him. His three years are consumed in the dodging of it. I recall a case in point. It came at the conclusion of an essay treating Chaucer's Prioress' Tale; its accuracy is practically photographic:

> It seems to me that Chaucer in this instance has been both successfully philosophical and dramatically ironical. And then, on second thought, I am not convinced that he is either.

III

Only rarely, during the term at Oxford, is the barrier between Americanism and Anglicism discarded. There are cases in which a courageous few have openly flouted the flag and associated with the English in public; but these are cliques of vermin, deserters and traitors, and their destiny will be evil. That they can mingle peaceably with the Britisher indicates not only treason but weakness of character. But such heretics, as I say, are so few as to be nearly negligible. Generally, the exclusive coterie of the Rhodes prodigy and his colleagues continue without disturbance until just before he departs for Main Street "with some appreciation of duty and appreciation of human life." The harvest of his sojourn with a foreign code of social ethics is an even worse provincialism than he nurtured through preparatory school or brought into bloom in his university career in the United States. Very rarely, while he remains in England, does he surrender his tendency to a patriotic uniformity in dress, habit, thought and convention. "We are sick of hand-shaking across the seas. Long ago we resigned our position as unofficial ambassadors."

But toward the end of his last term at Oxford, by a curious twist of his secret processes, the Rhodes prodigy manifests the most appalling phenomenon of his sojourn. It is then, of an amazing sudden, that he changes his tune to that of Byron's prisoner of Chillon, bidding farewell to

ss mice and spiders and solitude. Three ears of ostracism have inured the prodigy to the first searing effects of it, and the eedom and tolerance of Oxford have, after ll, been charming. So the majority of hodes scholars return to America con-rmed Anglomaniacs. A month before schools" (the final examinations) the rodigy becomes hysterical. Like a man efore the gallows, he feels his eyes open o things he has never noticed before. The himes of Christ Church at twilight and he silvery symphony of the bells of Mag-alen now make him shiver; he finds him-elf full of an intense melancholy. For the hodes prodigy, done with Oxford at last, ow discovers that he isn't sure that he ants to go home! For hours he sits in a indow-seat above the High, watching he pageantry of youth gambol in the sun-hine of late May. Every flagged walk hrough the miniature parked forests and very punt idling in the Isis or Cherwell olds a beauty and glamor that, regret-lly, he realizes he has missed. Robert ridges, whom he has disdained as a tereotyped exponent of dull and heavy erse, strikes him suddenly:

> Farewell! for whether we be young or old,
> Thou dost remain, but we shall pass away:
> Time shall against himself thy house uphold,
> And build thy sanctuary from decay. . . .

Within a week of graduation there is no ore doubt in his mind. He dreads return-g to the provincialism he has sponsored o nobly and so pathetically; and as Land's nd and Bishop's Lighthouse slowly de-end below the rail of his liner a great rge of regret rises within him. Oxford as dazzled him despite himself and the emory of it becomes more scintillating the reality of it vanishes. The once-hal-wed mysticism of fraternal orders has aned and the thought of a secret hand-asp fails to register the clandestine thrill yore. And then there are Prohibition, ce campaigns, red-blooded he-men and -getters to face. . . . So with a sudden ry the finished product of the Rhodes ill hurls invectives and diatribes up the steps of the temple where he once knelt in reverence. Once more in the company of his gaping native brothers he points out the defects of their sacred idols, and then smashes them ruthlessly, exhibiting the glittering débris to the astonished eyes of the high-school principal who has looked upon him as the pedagogic masterpiece of his career. Naturally, he now appears as asinine to his compatriots as he did to the Britisher three years previously; but his compatriots are disinclined to accept him with the same silent indifference. He thinks differently; therefore, he is a menace to the community, a detriment to the general welfare. Thus they jibe at him insolently; and point him out three blocks away to derisory friends. Better still, some God-fearing youth cracks his head in a jovial exchange of views.

There are obvious queries: Why do such absurdities unroll themselves? Is there no Remedy? Have we no American youth who can meet the Englishman with shock-absorbers and *savoir faire;* and having done so, return without being drenched—or at any rate splashed well—with Anglomania? Is it basically an impossibility to execute the Rhodes project with a reasonable degree of success? Furthermore, in the final analysis does the blame fall justly on the Rhodes scholar himself? Of course it doesn't. One must look behind the scenes and glimpse the defective forces in play. The Rhodes prodigy can no more be condemned for resembling a man in the ninth stage of paraphrenia than John Hancock can be blamed for the failure of American democracy. It is not his fault that he isn't qualified for the business before him; his dearth of tolerance and tact, his dismal lack of self-adaptation, and his hidebound Babbittry all arise from a mental aberration cultivated from birth. He is no more responsible for his practice of it than he was for the inauguration of the League of Nations. Where, then, should the force of blame strike?

Let us return to Mr. Rhodes for a moment. A brief examination of his system

of selection will reveal the nucleus of the fiasco. The plan, a résumé of which follows, is reported to be subject to change as experience suggests, but since 1902, I gather, experience has remained reticent. Under it every candidate, in order to be eligible, must acquit himself of Responsions (the entrance examinations to Oxford) or be subjected to some examination accepted by the university as an equivalent. In practise, the degree—with a certain reasonably immaculate scholastic standing—of every American State university, and others on the approved list, is recognized in lieu of Responsions. Examinations occur two years out of three in the American Union, and annually in the colonies which do not possess universities or colleges recognized by Oxford. In each British colony electing scholars, and in each State in the American Union a committee of selection exists, composed generally of leading educational dignitaries or high public officials. To these committees all qualifying candidates submit their references and records, and before them they appear finally in person. If a candidate is a college graduate he may appear before the committee in the State of his college, if he wishes, rather than before that in his native Commonwealth. The committees are entrusted with full power of selection, but are expected to exercise that power in accordance with the regulations of the Rhodes Trust, the trustees of which derive their power and direct their policies along the lines set forth in the will of Mr. Rhodes.

Obviously, many elements clog the workings of this scheme of pedagogism and corrupt the judgment of the high officials of political and ecclesiastical station: prejudice and favoritism, mainly, with a liberal sprinkling of obfuscation and inferior judgment. I have never heard a hint of bribery or attempted financial corruption of any sort and I do not believe a case exists. But while that fact in itself is admirable, it does not, at the same time, relieve the situation one whit. In many States candidates are virtually chosen even before the committee of selection holds its formal session. In others, candidates appearing from institutions other than the university of the State are given practically no consideration, for many State universities literally control the selection. Especially is this true in the major portion of the Commonwealths south of the Potomac. And even in that unimpressive number of States in which the system works with apparent fairness the results are often disastrous and even shocking.

Why? Simply because the committees are generally blinded by shabby distinctions. Let a candidate be bloated with what passes for learning in English literature, or, on the other hand, let him be an All-State quarter-back and four-forty hurdler, and he is *ipso facto* the perfect young American, and fit to meet the most exacting requirements. Such traits as an attractive personality, poise, tact and tolerance are tragically ignored in the scramble for an athletic or academic specialist. They bawl for "outstanding leadership" until lungs are split, blissfully unaware that "outstanding leaders" and the promising crop of public-spirited Men of Vision are precisely those whom no amount of insulating can save from a short circuit at Oxford.

Imagine a reciprocal movement: one hundred English scholars descending upon the University of Texas, California, or Nebraska or even the center of American culture, Harvard, and attempting to correct the hallowed customs which enshroud them. What would happen when the English bound themselves together into an organization to maintain the enlightenment and dispel our intellectual fog? What reaction would follow a unanimous decision that the organized cheering at a football game, which is purely an American phenomenon, was puerile and imbecile? There'd be a bloody time in the old town that night.

I am not convinced that a successful cure exists. The iron bolts of dour Puritan-

n and fanaticism must first heave and gin to crack; the moulds within which r educational formations are uniformly aped must be shattered; young Ameri-ns must be drilled to think tolerantly stead of to think bigotedly. It will re-iire something over a day, or a year, but aybe it will come. Meanwhile it is pos-ole to experiment. There is no plausible ason why a commissioner of streets and wers, a corporation lawyer, a State legis-tor, a professor of archeology suffering om the fatigues of old age, and a Sunday hool superintendent should be regarded the best qualified judges of the youth of e land. Why couldn't a tribunal of merican undergraduates be appointed om the leading universities of a given ate to examine the qualifying candi-tes? Beyond a reasonable doubt they ould be better equipped to discriminate in accordance with the standards of youth —and the Rhodes scholar's impression at Oxford is measured by youthful standards —than those who occupy the present chairs of responsibility. There is every reason also to believe that such a body of undergraduates would discharge its purposes with an earnest sincerity that is missing in the majority of selection committees, for the simple reason that the decaying dignitaries are usually occupied with other matters to such an extent that they are eager to have done with the filthy traffic in hand as quickly as expediency permits.

Such a system would naturally breed its defects, but taking it on the whole, the idea is about as good as may be hoped for. Certainly the consolation that the present average could not conceivably be lowered has much to be said for it.

SUNBURNED PORTRAITS

BY JOHN L. VAN ZANT

Luck of the Road

GREY dawn over the hills as I came out of Mandan—and I was on the road again! How many miles today? I sniffed the bracing air and felt that great things were ahead. The Missouri was a streak of silver at the bottom of a broad gash; ahead to the west the highway ran straight and far across the mesa lands. As the sun broke momentarily through the clouds, the lonely buttes were tipped with gold.

An early tourist passed me. Another. Still more. Five miles out—and she's a tough old road. But at last a coupé stopped.

"Sure. Much obliged."

"All right. Never pass a fellow up."

Blue eyes, hair greying at the temples, wind-reddened skin. His brown suit was somewhat in need of pressing. We exchanged views on life and politics as we jogged past sleepy railroad towns.

"It broadens a fellow—travelling around. Like an education."

As the road enticed us across the hills and through the bottoms, he felt for words to describe the thing which had made him a wanderer in his own cautious way. My heart warmed; I listened vaguely and watched the trailing clouds in the deep blue sky. We both fell under the spell of the sweeping bare hills cut by the brown ribbon of the highway.

Just as we left Almont a Summer shower turned the clay road into a sticky mess. Cars piled up all along the track to put on chains, and the kinship of the highway made itself felt. Then, charging through the drizzle, came a light sedan like a rowboat in heavy surf. A scream from one of the occupants and the car halted with its nose on the edge of a ditch.

Three women popped out into the rain—two giggling girls and an old lady with a low opinion of the younger generation. Holding up voluminous skirts, grandma came slithering toward us through the gumbo.

"Did you ever see sich a thing? This is jist awful!" she spluttered. Spectacles on the end of her nose, hat slightly askew. She was peevish and she wanted the world and an unjust God to know. "My granddaughter was going to drive me to Gladstone, but I'd ruther walk. If we get that thing home, it'll never go out of the shed again."

Half a dozen of us from the cars along the way joined to push the sedan back to the center of the road. Then we drove behind while it skidded and swayed through the mud, as erratic as a jackrabbit but miraculously escaping the ditch. After ten miles we struck gravel and shortly we stopped at Hebron for lunch.

On the road every meal is an adventure. There is always the chance that the food may be passable; and in any case the pause is pleasant and likewise one's feeling of superiority in the rustic surroundings. At Hebron we ate roast beef smothered in gravy and apple pie made with plenty of sugar. The hotel was kept by a stolid little German who smoked a short pipe. He looked Schopenhauerish somehow, and as if he were quite at peace with his philosophical discontent. There were good roads and bad, one-street towns and brown

lls where the cattle grazed, as we pushed through the afternoon. My driver was coal salesman; a bit too kind-hearted and sygoing for the job; but he did sell one rload late in the afternoon.

"I tell you, I always believe in being a od fellow with them. It pays."

Babbittry? Well, maybe. But I was rid-g on it. Insensibly over the long miles we came fast friends, and when I left him Dickinson he gave me his card—Frank rogan, of Red Lodge, Montana.

Four thirty. Late for catching rides, but d come only a hundred and twenty miles day.

"This is a hell of a country. You better back to Chicago," snapped my first lift, thin-faced man with a projecting jaw and long, tired nose. It developed that he as a wandering school-teacher, with all e optimism of the breed. When it ap-ared that both of us were Hoosiers he awed a little. Then we found common quaintances near Minot, where I had en threshing.

"You won't get any lifts from here est," he croaked as he let me out. They'll pass you up and run over you if u don't get out of the way." He drove lefully into a side road.

Just to fool him, I picked up a ride with-ten minutes that took me into Belfield, pretty little valley town. And as the sun-t glowed blood-red in a cloudy sky—a eper red than I had ever seen before—a iendly farmer helped me ten miles rcher on my way.

"You're on the edge of the Bad Lands," warned when he stopped. "Not many uses."

Only a hundred and fifty miles today. t the lights of a little town were twin-ing half a mile to the northward and I cided to stop. The Bad Lands—what will ey be like? As if a portent of danger, an mense fan of mouse-grey clouds was reading from the western horizon across e twilight heaven.

My knocking at last aroused the land-dy of the little hotel.

"Now just come into the kitchen and make yourself at home. We haven't anything warm tonight. But for breakfast I can give you eggs—and pancakes with strained honey."

Spicy sausage, baked beans, bread with sweet-plum jam—as I ate by lamplight I got acquainted with the old lady. She reminded me of my grandmother; perhaps she was of the same New England stock.

"The Bad Lands? Yes, you'll see them about three miles from here—in all their beauty and all their wildness. Yes," with an inspiration of the breath and a prim little closing of the lips. There was a quaint preciosity about all her speech.

Sylvia Kennerly—her name seemed to fit. Her wrinkled skin was old ivory with a delicate flush at the cheeks. She seemed frail, sensitive. There was something childishly trusting about her expression, seen in the dim light against a background of bare walls. Yet she told of driving fighting broncos to a buggy when the family ranched in the Bad Lands. The vitality of that race of pioneers!

"Did I tell you? We just laid Mr. Kennerly to rest yesterday. Yes." There was serenity in her smile but a tear twinkled on her eyelashes. "He is at peace now and we—we must just go on. He was ill a long time." Peace, faith, endurance!

Then she showed me my bed. Beneath its soft and plentiful blankets, I slept well.

II

The Widder

The Widder crossed one knickered knee over the other and ran her hand emphatically through her hair—as short as a boy's and as gloriously untamed.

"So I told the old fool if they wanted to treat me like that, I'd go on the county. God damn it to hell, I will, too! I won't work." And her blue eyes sparkled.

She finds difficulty, it seems, in living harmoniously with her neighbors. Poisoned stock, shootings by night and day, trespass and arson enliven her existence at

the foot of the mountains. But then—the Widder has a vivid imagination. If she put her mind to the job, she could invest even the proceedings of a sewing circle with a dangerous glamor.

"Come on, kids," she shrills to her slim long-faced collie pups, while the September snow sifts about her and the peaks rise up sheer and white behind her log-cabin.

And, "Stop it, King! I'll beat you!" in tones decidedly deeper. But her anger passes as swiftly as the lightning; in a moment she is caressing the culprit. Short, plump, and red-cheeked, she runs about her house and garden with the energy of eternal youth. Vegetables, flowers, poultry, and her collies—growing things and healthy animals—all seem to prosper at her vital touch. She will spend as much care on a pile of half-frozen pumpkins as on her registered dogs.

With Homeric laughter and epic outbursts of passion, she plays midwife to creation. Whether she knows it or not, she is consecrated to the eternal mystery of the life cycle. An oddity in this fat little valley of the Gallatin—fertile and prosperous—tucked away five thousand feet high among square-cut peaks, whose facets catch the rose-pink flush of dawn and the lavender of sunset.

But perhaps the Widder had better talk for herself.

"My mother made me marry old Peter Stratton. She beat me—yes, she did!—till the blood ran down into my shoes. He was twenty years older than I was. When she found out that she was wrong, she wrote me from Shanghai (she was a missionary, you know) and asked me to forgive her."

The Widder's blue eyes clouded and her jaw set.

"I told her she couldn't give back what she'd taken from me. It changed my whole life, that beating did. . . . There, Creole, lie still, doggy. Mother loves you. . . . Oh, I'm a scrapper, I guess. They've tried every way to get me out of here for ten years; but old lady Stratton's still sittin' tight. I won't be licked!"

She looks least like a healthy boy now; her face is lined and there is tragedy in the tilt of her snub nose. Her voice vibrates deeply.

"No decent woman would plow, and if you keep on breeding dogs, you can't expect any respectable woman to associate with you—that's what that old judge told me. Why, he even said I didn't live like white folks!

"I've worked ten years to make this home for myself. And, by God, it's the only real peace I've found. When I first came West, I used to work and work till my muscles were so tired they forced me to sleep. Why, I built my garden from a mudhole; wheeled the dirt and filled it in. . . .

"And these people around here can't imagine why I live alone. They think it's because I want to be a common woman for all the men of the town. Why, the blamed foolishness of it!"

Suddenly she begins to laugh; high and shrill; so that the bitterness of her hurt is pathetically apparent.

"John, look at the sun on that hillside! And the colors!"

Autumn greens and browns and reds are on the steep slope behind the cabin. The light of evening flashes on the little trout stream at the foot of the ridge, and the water makes music over the dam. Suddenly the fire of scientific inquiry comes into the Widder's eyes.

"I wonder why it is that some of those trees have turned and others are still green? Is it because they're weaker, dying? I wish I knew about those things. Gee, wouldn't I like to spend a couple of years at school!"

Her curiosity is as boundless as it is keen. Literature, history, science, art, the vexations of living—she is eager to comprehend all. And she keeps a little notebook in which she jots down odds and ends in a hopeless jumble of information; I suspect that someone told her to do it.

But the eternal feminine remains. Togged out in flapping boots, riding

eeches, and heavy shirt, she pauses be-
ce a mirror to give her straight hair a
t and set her cap at an extra jaunty
gle. And sometimes by candle-light,
ile we linger at dinner, she grows sen-
nental. The tomcat purrs on her lap and
e wood fire crackles and splutters in the
tchen stove.

"There was an Italian singer wanted to
arry me once. My mother soon put a
op to that. But, oh! he was romantic. . . .
e wrote just like copperplate, very fine
d precise."

Her forehead puckers with the effort to
nember; her fingers make tracings on the
blecloth.

"He made an 'n' like this; and an 'h'
e this; and a 'c' this way; all just as
ecise! But he was that way about every-
ing, very correct and dignified. He
ught me a lot about music. But, then,
vasn't in love with him. . . ."

Suddenly she is off again in a gale of
ughter.

III

Encroaching Kultur

oozed prosperity and good-fellowship.
Grizzled hair showed incongruously be-
ath his motoring cap, and his ready grin
nibited a gold tooth or two. But Mr.
d Weeks' face was ruddy and open, and
clothing was of a youthful and stylish
t. In short, the successful, prosperous
siness man; a bit breezier than his East-
prototype, to be sure, yet essentially
same.

We were winding through upland mead-
s near the top of the Continental Di-
e. The morning was fresh and cold and
y; there was a feeling of austerity in
rarefied air. The lonely valleys were
wn and green, and black scrub pine
ggled over the slopes of the encircling
untains. Expertly he slid his shining
dster along the curves of the highway
talked volubly.

"My dad helped hang the first road-
nt that was caught around these parts.
d was running a little store in a mining
camp then—packed everything in on his
back."

A rude gallows, improvised by running a board between two adjacent buildings; Ed Turpin, the road-agent, strangely like a defiant schoolboy, jaunty in spite of the noose around his neck; a crowd of frontiersmen, each eyeing his neighbor suspiciously and crowding closer to the packing-box which was to serve as a trap. A smell of sweat and dirt and dust under the brazen sun, an unbearable tension.

"I guess the sheriff lost his nerve—he was sort of an old man and somebody in the crowd hollered that they'd shoot the rope in two. Anyway the sheriff ducked. Then dad—he was right in front—turned and nudged the fellow next to him and they reached over and pulled the box away and hung the bastard. After that they went out over the neighborhood and hung everybody they found."

My host himself had seen something of the old life of the West.

"Sure, I've punched cattle. Helped tie, brand and deliver fifty thousand head one year. It was a good life, as I remember. Of course we worked hard, in the saddle all day and sleeping out any old place. But, Lord, I was young and didn't mind."

I knew more about his background, I suspect, than he thought. The Widder had gossiped, at the same time pointing out the family mansion on Main street, a towering pile of red brick with many gables and dormer-windows. The family fortune was reputed to have been founded by delivering cattle to the Indians on behalf of a paternalistic government, buying them back from the guileless redskins at greatly reduced prices, and delivering them again in the name of Uncle Sam. Everybody was satisfied by the transaction apparently; the Indians were supplied with a little ready cash and the cattle trade was brisk for a time. There were rumors, too, of a deal in flour.

The capital thus accumulated had been used to good advantage, till now the collective properties of the family included

almost all the key industries of the town. The original Weeks—he who had hanged the road-agent in defense of the sacredness of property—was dead; and my host and his brother were the ancient and honorable aristocracy of the place. Their sons had gone so far as to marry in the East, though this was looked on as a piece of snobbishness.

Milling, banking, cattle raising, road contracting, purveying oil and gasoline—a dozen different sorts of business had occupied Mr. Ted Weeks' middle years. He had raised a family, mixed in politics, and after his own riproaring fashion had enjoyed life, I should judge, pretty thoroughly. He became known beyond the narrow boundaries of his own valley; he mingled with men who were powers in the financial circles of the nation. With careful indifference he told of providing a survey camp in the hills for the engineering head of a well-known transcontinental railroad.

"And he said to me, 'It is only very rarely, Mr. Weeks, perhaps three or four times a year, that I indulge in alcoholic drinks. But I think this is one of the times.'

"But after they'd done all their surveying, their plan for a feeder highway fell through. Couldn't get a permit from the government. It would have been a juicy contract, too.

"They did their negotiating with Harding, I understand, and when he died they didn't have any friend at court."

Weeks had travelled. His voice was tinged with admiring envy as he spoke of the transaction which provided a West Coast city with water—at a price—and deprived farmers in a neighboring valley of their irrigation rights.

Just now his hobby was placer-mining. He and his sons were using modern methods on abandoned claims in the hills.

"There's something about the virgin metal that gets 'em all," he confessed. But somehow the old zest was lacking; he complained of staleness. A taint of philosophy seemed to have poisoned his natural joy in acquiring goods.

"I've been reading a pretty good book by a fellow named Spengler. He's got a theory that all civilizations come to a time when they're at the top, and then drop downhill. According to his dope, we've already gone past the summit, and I don't know but what he's right." The man's eyes were somber.

"Well, I don't care. I'm getting mine. But you know yourself, things have been a good deal different since the war. Why, when I was a young fellow, we'd never think of acting up with a decent girl. But now—"

Tall, frosty, and indifferent, the mountain peaks held themselves aloof. Before and behind us stretched interminable miles of bare valley and the speeding car seemed only to crawl. Now and then we passed a decaying shack, evidence of an abandoned homestead.

"I tell you the young people sure are wild and the older ones aren't much better, except they've found out they've got to work hard and not get much for it. Still, I don't see anything to do about it.

"Oh! I was one of these self-appointed saviours of humanity once—served two terms in the Legislature. But, hell, people don't want you to do anything for them."

His enjoyment of good clothes, a slick roadster, and a bright morning donated by God to Mr. Ted Weeks—that very shrewd and lucky chap—his naïve pleasure in all good things seemed blotted out by a sense of futility. He delivered himself of this pronouncement:

"There's nothing much in life, anyway, but having your good time while you can."

A little later we stopped at a town for gasoline. Mr. Weeks hailed the garage man by his first name and made a desperate attempt to strike up a conversation. But I thought I detected a hollow ring in his boisterous greetings; an echo of poignant loneliness, seeking in vain for sympathy and companionship.

IV

Faded Trappings of Romance

kes, it *is* pretty, ain't it?" my com-nion ventured.

We had come suddenly upon a great cliff, ling sheer to the rapids of the Missoula er. The afternoon sun dyed the rock to rich lavender, shading off down the er to grey and olive green. On the other e of the canyon the hills were clothed h somber pines and bright yellow tam-cks, and just above their lofty tops ated fat lazy clouds. The smoke from a mpfire was a pillar of iridescent blue, mmering in the light.

Taking heart at my extravagances, Mr. arles Easterday—I could read his name the title certificate of his flivver—com-nted shyly on the beauty of our drive ough the passes of the Bitterroot range.

"That's a great old drop, ain't it? Yes, , that's pretty nice."

The stridency of his tone puzzled me, I learned that he was an erstwhile wker of hot dogs. "I got my stove and ff in the back there. I thought maybe find a good location som'er," he said pefully. His mild blue eyes shone with e light of ever-young expectation; oughtfully he caressed his chin with its eyish stubble, which somehow re-ained the same indefinite length during e three days I rode with him.

As he spoke discursively of State fairs d concessions and the profit to be made om steaming bowls of *chile*, I realized at this was a romantic business to him. was his vagabondia, a life of color and edom combined with pleasant gain.

"But it's gettin' so there's nothing in it y more. They charge too much for con-ssions."

He seemed bewildered, vaguely hurt by e closing of one more avenue to riches. tely he had been working around, ocking apples in Washington, plowing Nevada, picking hops in California. ith his wife and his son, his tent and automobile, he was a law to himself. But there was nothing in that either, it appeared.

"Left the family behind and I'm going into Butte for the Winter and try to get a job in them mines. Then in the Spring I'm going back to my ranch over by Miles City. Or I'll get a job herding sheep if I can—mines are pretty dangerous, I guess. Anyway, I can get on my place as soon as she opens up in the Spring." A few years of absence had been enough to throw a romantic glamor about the familiar life; and who knows what pictures he had in mind of rolling foothills bathed in purple twilight?

The gold went out of the afternoon. Darkness gathered in the valleys and stole up the wooded gulches. For a space the ridges were streaked with light, and then the dusk became all-enveloping, distorting the outlines of things and lending a gigantic size to objects near at hand.

Easterday was depressed. "Look for a place with some water and we'll camp." And again, "No water here? That's funny."

Suddenly it was quite dark. "Now we *got* to camp," and he pulled into a little hillside clearing, just off the highway. We found no water as it turned out; and he grumbled at having to pitch his tent in the dark. Absurd, pathetic, he stumbled about in the shadow of the tall pines and railed at his ill-luck—this man who had known the hardships of the range.

Supper over, he felt better. He stretched himself on his cot and talked, while the yellow light of the lantern made swinging shadows on the tent wall.

"I missed the chance of a lifetime once. Yes, sir, I could of traveled all over and been on Easy Street. I was workin' for the Studebakers at South Bend; they had a string of Western polo ponies and they couldn't get anybody to ride 'em. They was range horses and you had to treat 'em rough.

"I liked it fine, too, all except the gang they had around there to serve the cocoa and such as that. I couldn't go that snob-

bish bunch. So I quit and come back West and took a job on the range at forty dollars a month."

His sojourn in the rich man's stables had been a bright interlude; he recurred to it constantly, no matter how much I tried to draw him out about his life as a cowpuncher.

"Sure, I used to go out with my tepee and my string of ponies and be out for two, three months at a time. I learned to talk Sioux, too. I could talk it almost as good as an Indian. I had an old Indian teach me that made me stop and do it over whenever I'd grunt the wrong way.

"But it was a hard life, ridin' all the time. And no money in it. So I got me a ranch and for awhile I done real well. Had about a hundred and fifty head of cattle and money in the bank and all.

"But there come two or three bad years. And anyway we're too far from a railroad and I went broke. But I heard from there not long ago and a neighbor of mine that's raising alfalfa seed is doing real well. Reckon I'll take another shot at her.

"Anyway, there's nothing in this working around. You can't get any place."

He was subdued, a bit fearful of the future. The loneliness of our little clearing in the woods seemed to impress him with the precarious quality of existence. Quietly he talked of past pleasures, or with a little flare of hope planned for better times to come. And as he rambled on, he unwittingly summed himself up.

One who had drifted before the winds of circumstance; at fifty vaguely puzzled because the easy living and overnight fortunes of his West had disappeared; but still blindly searching for a way out of the maze, while his hair turned grey and a film gathered over his light blue eyes.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The observer of the emotional reactions of the American people is brought to the lamentable conclusion that the stimuli which produce those reactions most magnificently show a constantly increasing cheapness and standardization. The American of today responds to a multiplicity of emotional spurs that, in the aggregate, are the most puerile and infantile in Christendom, a fact duly noted by the men who make their livings and reputations off his psychical responses. To persuade the American to react positively to these various magnets is a simple matter; he takes to them as a duck to water.

Consider, for example, the means whereby he is readily brought to an admiration of whichever politician desires his esteem. Privy to the secrets of his emotional gullibility, the politician who wishes to woo his good-will sets about securing it in the following rubber-stamp manner: first, by having his photograph taken with his wife; second, by having his photograph taken with his wife and children; third, by having his photograph taken with his old mother; fourth—and best, if possible by having his photograph taken with one or both of his grandparents, a view which is invincible in convincing the American that the fellow, no matter whether his grandparents were horse-thieves, comes of solid stock; fifth, by putting his name on the boards of charitable organizations, even though he never once shows up at board meetings; sixth, by patting newsboys genially on the head in public places, thus attesting to his humanness and democratic nature; seventh, by wearing clothes of a not too recent cut, and so indicating that he is one of the plain people; eighth, by pitching his voice an octave lower than is natural, thus giving himself the necessary he-man aspect; ninth, by never making a speech on any occasion save the Fourth of July or a fraternal organization conclave without much profound frowning; tenth, by alluding on every possible public occasion to the humbleness of the folk from which he sprang; eleventh, by mopping his brow as much as possible when facing an audience, by way of subtly flattering inference that he is hard put to it to convince so august an assemblage of minds; twelfth, by approaching a movie news reel camera in a slightly hesitating and diffident manner, as if he did not deem himself worthy of so great an honor; thirteenth, by wearing a silk hat only at Easter; fourteenth, by affecting a deep interest in baseball; fifteenth, by never smoking cigarettes in a holder, an act which would bring him to be viewed as a fancy fellow and one to be looked on with certain misgivings; sixteenth, by wearing a collar that doesn't fit him and which thus somewhat occultly persuades the American to regard him as a man so busy with important concerns that he has no time for such trivial details; seventeenth, if the owner of an automobile, to have one of a not too expensive or fashionable make and to be sure that it is of no color other than black; eighteenth, if a college man, by attending more laboring-men's balls and picnics than would otherwise be necessary; nineteenth, by never failing to have Thanksgiving dinner with his family; and twentieth, by denouncing his opponent before election day as being everything from a rat to a skunk, and after election day, whether he is

elected or defeated, by admitting generously that, after all, his opponent is a very fine fellow indeed.

Not less incomplex than the hocus-pocus of the politician in cajoling a satisfactory emotional response out of his countrymen is that ever successfully put into operation by the impresarios of public band concerts, movie house orchestras and other such musical *coups de grâce*. Four facts are closely borne in mind in such cases: first, that the American will invariably respond to anything of a military or patriotic nature, even though it reflect, like Tschaikowski's "1812" overture, alien excitement; second, that he will uniformly be moved by obvious musical sentimentality; third, that either unusually rapid or become-standardized "devout" music will fetch him the one way or the other; and fourth, that he will ever regularly be brought to a high emotional tension and consequent applause by any composition that works crescendo up to a boiler-factory finale with drums and brass raising a hell of a racket. Thus, at every such impresario's hand there is a catalogue of sure-fire numbers, ready at a moment's notice to jounce the American in this manner or that. The list includes such compositions as the following: "Medley of National Airs," Nevin's "Narcissus," Wagner's Pilgrims' Chorus, Brahms' Hungarian Dances, Nos. 6 and 7, Tobani's "Hearts and Flowers," Tosti's "Goodbye," Chopin's Nocturne in E flat major, Dvořàk's "Humoreske," Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," Verdi's "Stabat Mater," Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody, the slow movement of Chopin's B flat minor sonata, the Meditation from "Thaïs," Nevin's "The Rosary," the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Weber's "Der Freischütz," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and the "Poet and Peasant" overture. It matters not how often these be repeated, the evocation of emotional response is always certain, and always to be placed in a definitely labeled pigeonhole. Thus, the inevitable reaction to such a tune as "Dixie" is not due to its patriotic nature or to its sentimental associations—for the reaction is registered among a many Americans of the North as of th South—but rather, as the wily impresario are aware, to its rapid and hence superfi cially stimulating movement. Thus, again the reaction to "Der Freischütz" is no grounded upon any quality that the worl possesses, but to the din it makes. An thus, still further, the popular response t the MM. Tosti, Nevin and Tobani is allie to precisely the same species of psychi vibrations as are set into motion by such analogous stimuli as dolorously orches trated magazine stories about poor work ing girls and dogs.

It is a well-known psychological labora tory experiment that proves that a dog may be made to howl melancholiously when certain notes are sounded upon an amplified zither or when certain chords are played upon a regulation piano. It is a perhaps less well-known experiment tha testifies that the average American may be made to feel a pleasantly permeating melancholy when much the same chords are played upon a piano. I am here not guilty of offensive statement, as some may imagine. The test may readily be made and its truth as simply established. Go down into the street, gather together the first half dozen Americans you can find there, fetch them back into a room, and play *dolentemente* these chords: *f-sharp, c, e, d, g-sharp, c;* and *e, g-sharp, c, e*—or some such arpeggio as *c, b-flat, f-sharp, a.* And note the result.

II

That mere gaudiness is the strongest bait for the American's æsthetic admiration is surely not news, but the ways in which it operates are perhaps not generally recognized. The figures of the Woolworth and Kresge chains of five and ten cent stores show that, in any one of the last seven years, it has always been the articles of loudest color or fanciest aspect, regardless of their intrinsic utility, which have en-

ved the largest and steadiest sale. The tures of the theatrical booking offices ow similarly that, in three cases out of te, the play that is housed in a road eatre whose lobby electrical illumina- on is the brightest generally draws a bet- business than the play, whatever its ality, that is housed in a less externally ticing theatre. In the instance of moving cture theatres, it is the biggest and most owy theatre that gets the steadiest regu- r draw, regardless of the quality of films splayed therein—as, for example, the apitol or the Paramount in New York. the way of architecture, the taste is for y structure whose façade is idiotically ffused at night with the so-called hidden- ght device. In this connection, ask any sitor to New York, for example, which ilding of all the buildings in the city e has most admired and most clearly re- embers and the odds are ten to one that e will say the American Radiator Build- g, once appropriately described by a etropolitan wit as Gloria Swanson's own-house. If a pleasure park is not ainted in startling colors, it is sure to se money. Thus, Luna Park, with its rilliant scarlets, is still going, whereas he old Dreamland, across the way, and meared with a less dazzling hue, lost noney and went into the discard long efore the elements of nature finished it ff completely.

Ever since Barnum wisely and auspi- iously figured out that the gaudy poster vould invariably fetch the biggest crowds nto the tent before which it was hung, ot less sagacious showmen, merchants nd caterers to the public taste generally ave followed the principle he inaugu- ated. Beeman's sedate black and white hewing gum package thus lost ground to Vrigley's flashy cerise and green package; nagazines with lack-lustre saffron covers ad to obey the Barnum philosophy and o in for flashing scarlets and pinks and olds; book jackets that once were gener- lly white are now all the colors of the ainbow; of all the soaps of yesterday the one that has survived most successfully is Sapolio with its silver and blue circus wrapper; the haberdashers' reports indicate that, for all the obscene jokes cracked against them, more red neckties are sold annually than any others; where the ready-made tailors used to sell more blue suits than suits of any other color, they presently sell more light grays and conspicuous browns; twenty years ago when the American bought a soft hat, he bought a gray one—today he goes in for fawn-colored, tan, brown, green and three or four other shades; clerks used always to wear black bands on their straw hats—today they wear bands of all the colors in the spectrum; candy merchants used to put up their wares in plain white boxes with now and again some gilt lettering on the top—if they wish to do any business today they must put them up in boxes that look like delirium tremens, otherwise they will lose their custom to their nearest competitor. And so it goes in all departments of American life and trade.

III

Returning more directly to the subject of emotional reaction, let us consider the American in relation to the art of poetry. The managing director of one of the largest newspaper syndicates in the country informs me that, after fifteen years of experiment with newspaper verse, he has found that the most popular type of "poetry" is that written for him by a woman with utterly no sense of genuine poetic beauty and that deals in the most elementary manner possible with these ten themes: (1) a dying dog; (2) mother; (3) longing for a lost love; (4) the joy of a Spring day; (5) baby's toes; (6) the house in which one was born; (7) hills with snow on them; (8) sailing on a lake of blue; (9) the moon shining on water; and (10) anything about pine trees. Any verse dealing with one of these subjects is certain of much commendatory letter-writing, it appears, where verse treating of anything else, however

finely wrought, evokes nothing but a blank and evidently distasteful silence. In the matter of boiler-plate cuts or illustrations, the four most popular, for the period extending from January 1, 1924, to August 1, 1926, were, the statistics demonstrate, pictures exhibiting a baby smiling and reaching out its arms; a young man seated on a bench in the moonlight holding hands with a young woman; a child patting a large dog, with the caption "Comrades"; and a woman playing a harp with angels hovering above.

In the direction of fiction, this same syndicate, which pretty well covers the Republic, experimented for three years with stories by the better literary craftsmen, either published for the first time or in second serialization. The experiment was a complete failure; the American public outside of one or two of the larger cities would have nothing of them. The syndicate manager, properly appreciating that literary quality was a handicap rather than an asset and that what the nation in the aggregate wanted were emotionally stimulating plots, however crudely told, then assembled together a company of hacks to turn out such daily short stories as would capture the American heart and fancy. Success was now his reward. For the last eight years the country has gobbled up these stories as a rat gobbles up cheese. Just as we have statistics on the species of verse and illustrations, so have we statistics on the favorite story themes. These themes are so popular, in point of fact, that they may each be repeated no less than five times a month. The eight subjects which best cull the American heart-throb are, in the order named, discovered to be the following: (1) the return of a long-lost son on his mother's birthday; (2) the saving of a child, at the point of death, by a mother's night-long prayers, the recovery coming as dawn is breaking; (3) the return of a boy believed to have been killed in the war and his mating with his faithful sweetheart, the little girl next door; (4) the lovers separated years before who meet again in old age and marry; (5) the story about a humble woodsman who turns out in the last sentence to be Abraham Lincoln; (6) the girl who is coveted by a villain and who humbles him into uprightness of character by telling him of her dead mother and playing "Lead, Kindly Light" on the piano; (7) the brutal husband who is brought to mend his ways and tearfully beg his wife's forgiveness when their only child is run over in the street below the tenement and killed; and (8) the old G. A. R. veteran who goes to the cemetery on Decoration Day and places a wreath on the grave of his son killed in the late war.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Polite Comedy

WHILE the fact remains that in none of his work for the theatre has W. Somerset Maugham approached the quality of certain of his novels and short stories, it remains equally clear that, when it comes to the writing of what is foolishly called polite comedy, he has few equals in the present-day British playhouse. Ashley Dukes, true enough, has in "The Man with a Load of Mischief" contrived a better comedy than Maugham has ever written, but Dukes thus far has rested his oars on this single exhibit. Frederick Lonsdale has composed several comedies that, in dialogue and isolated scenes, show him to be a fellow who may one of these days leave Maugham behind. John Hastings Turner has brilliant flashes, but they have so far been little more than flashes. And there are one or two other Englishmen who momentarily suggest possibilities, but the suggestion has little that is definite about it. Maugham, on the other hand, for fifteen or more years has been producing comedies that, while they never lift themselves to the territory of important or even half-way important drama, are nevertheless in the aggregate better and more graceful things of their kind than any of his fellow-countrymen have managed to put out. He has, certainly, been guilty of a number of duds; but he has, too, to his credit no less than a half dozen pieces that contain a very healthy sort of wit based upon a considerable learning and experience and an appraisal of character that pricks down through the skin of people and gets its full-tale drop of blood.

The designation, polite comedy, is, as I have observed, a silly one. There never was any so-called polite comedy worth its salt that was anything of the kind. The best of these polite comedies, as they are dubbed, have, of course, possessed a veneer of manners, to say nothing of an impressive show of butlers, footmen, ladies' maids, tea carts, boutonnières, monocles and spats, but I can't at the moment recall one of them whose aforementioned gloss wasn't simply spread over a theme intrinsically as impolite as a gas bill collector. I shall not stupefy you with a catalogue of titles; you may readily appreciate the truth of the contention by trying to think of an exception. So-called polite comedy is merely vulgar comedy—I use the adjective in the best sense—made agreeable by a deft and worldly manipulation of the externals of the punctilio. If the characters insult one another after the manner of so many wop bus-boys, the playwright simply indicates that they must be dressed at their best when they go about the job and that their insults be couched in the epigrammatic form instead of in the lingo of shoot-'em-up melodrama. If the adultery committed by the characters is quite as vulgar and shoddy as that of the characters in cheap drama, the playwright further simply lays the scene in a room decorated in the Louis XV period instead of in one whose plaster is full of holes and the bed in which is offensively Grand Rapids. And if the actions of the characters, when closely looked into, are every bit as vulgar as those of the personages in the orthodox side-street hokum, the writer merely covers up the fact by ridding them of the conventional dramatic indignations and loud voices and causing them to go about their vulgar doings with an air. Polite comedy, we thus find, is polite only as a servant is polite, that is, for business reasons. It is generically as dishonest in its politeness

as a waiter expecting a sizeable tip. It has no intrinsic authenticity, no integrity as genuine polite comedy; it is merely vulgarity in fancy raiment as opposed to drama, which is equally often vulgarity forthrightly naked.

Maugham, more greatly than most of his present-day colleagues in the field of this so-called polite comedy, appears to be conscious of the absurdity of the label, and as a result his plays have an honesty that those of the others frequently lack. He gives one the impression of presenting the essential vulgarity of certain of his themes with little of the obsequious bowing, scraping and hand-rubbing common to his dressed-up contemporaries who, in turn, often give one the impression of having learned etiquette out of a book. Maugham writes what is called polite comedy in terms of human beings where many of his rivals do so in terms of dancing masters. Even Maugham's butlers lack the arbitrary stiffness of the others'. There is never, even in his worst plays, a trace of the *nouveau* about Maugham. One feels that one is in the company of a man whose manners, even when he makes shift to put his feet upon the table and to drop his cigar-butt into the soup plate, may be taken for granted. In the case of many of his brothers, one gets the idea that the manners are the result of personal insecurity, that they employ them to conceal their ideational and dramatic nervousness, as a curb-broker at his first dinner party in a hoped-for house devotes himself exclusively, by way of safeguarding himself from *faux pas*, to the salted nuts.

Maugham's latest play is "The Constant Wife." It has an amusing first act, a very dull second act and a very good third act. In a rough way, it may be described as a sex version of old Henrik's "A Doll's House." In this instance, Nora slams the door of her Harley street house on the double standard, with Maugham's promise that it will be opened again on her return some weeks hence. At bottom, the piece wears the magnificent whiskers of Oom Paul, but the barbering provided by the author's wit manages to turn out a personable entertainment. Viewing such a comedy, however, one is brought to speculate on how much longer the epigrammatic form of expression will survive in the theatre. That the sounds of funeral bells are already in the air is unmistakable. However tasty an epigram may be in these days, it no longer gets the proper reaction from an audience. As a matter of fact, it doesn't take a close observer to note that an audience today has little use for the epigram and that this form of wit frankly bores it. The reason is a simple one. Through protracted usage, the humorous device that is the epigram has lost its theatrical availability, much as, through equally protracted usage, such bits of humorous stage business as the sudden gesture to the hip, indicating the drawing forth of a revolver and the pulling out instead of a handkerchief, have lost theirs. The vital element of surprise is no longer present. From long familiarity with the epigrammatic form, the audience knows, in a manner of speaking, just what to expect. What is more, there has come to be about the epigram a disturbing prefatory suggestion of the killing crack. When a character lifts his lips from a tea cup, nonchalantly adjusts his cravat and starts to open his mouth to negotiate a *jeu d'esprit*, the feeling is as if there were ever present a large placard lettered: "Now here's a tidy one!" The instant an epigram gets under way it betrays and defeats itself by the become-recognized humorous groove into which its wit is cast. The "Now I'm going to crack a good bit of repartee" air has it by the heels even before it starts.

Portraiture

The dramatization of Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph," by Miss Kennedy and Basil Dean, has resulted in a play that is full of a charming, smiling melancholy. Although much has been omitted that gave the novel its sauce, the playwrights have gone about their diffi-

tt task with discrimination and intelli-
ıce, and what has proceeded from their
oors is quite as engaging a theatrical eve-
ıg as I have rested eyes upon in some
ne. Miss Kennedy's particular virtue, of
urse, lies in the direction of character
awing; there isn't a single character in
r play, down to the very least of them,
at isn't plumbed carefully and that
esn't seem as real as anything in the
imic world can seem. She takes a gro-
sque and oddly assorted group of indi-
duals, a very circus, as she herself has
signated them, and makes their gro-
squeness electrically alive with true
manity. Her humor, and their humor, is
ot arbitrarily visited upon them; it has
ie ring of having been born in them.
heir mental processes and their conduct
e alike as deep-dyed a part of themselves
s their skins. And their tantrums, their
ntiment, their joys and woes are as con-
incing as the stage can make such things.
his "Constant Nymph," like the novel,
s surely not an item of high and important
ank, but it belongs to that not less fine
nd very lovable and infinitely charming
ompany that embraces "Old Heidelberg,"
The Legend of Leonora," "The Swan"
nd other such pieces that critics may for-
et but that men the world over cannot
elp but fondly remember.

Our journals have a way of talking
bout character delineation that is discon-
erting. Let a third-rate playwright fashion
character that is essentially nothing more
ıan a skilful actress with a few uncon-
entional yet recognizable traits, and the
ommentators immediately become excited
ver what they imagine to be authentic
ortraiture. We read daily of playwrights
ifted with the ability to draw character
ho are actually gifted with nothing more
otable than the ability to wish to draw
ıaracter. They are honest enough in in-
ntion, but their talents are too puny to
ermit of execution and accomplishment.
ake, in illustration, Mr. Sidney Howard,
young man who, if we were to believe
hat we read in the newspapers, is but
slightly less adept in the creation of human beings than God. This Mr. Howard is a writer not without signs of competence; at times he delivers himself of dramatic moments of some merit. But in his work from beginning to end, from "They Knew What They Wanted" to "Lucky Sam McCarver" and on to "Ned McCobb's Daughter," he has shown no more aptitude for exact and faithful character drawing than some such playwright as Charles Klein. His characters are the old automatons given a superficial aspect of life and vitality merely by ridding them of the dramatic hokum previously identified with them. That is, Howard simply takes one of the lay figures of the stage and makes it less stagey. He does not lift his personages out of life onto the stage; he lifts them off the stage and in the process believes that they thus automatically become part of life. They remain actors, with all the idiosyncrasies and exaggerations of actors, parading ridiculously among real people. They do not live; they merely talk of living. They are spaghetti waitresses not out of San Francisco spaghetti joints, for all their say-so, but spaghetti waitresses out of stage spaghetti joints, mouthing in American slang the sentiments of young German post-war playwrights. They are self-made McCarvers come up not from the gutters of the mean streets but from the *papier-mâché* gutters of the Edward Sheldon drama. They are miserable New England women struggling ferociously to maintain the family honor not out of New England and humanity but out of a vernacularized paraphrase of the stage plays of Galdos and Sudermann.

One might wish that the commentators who confound such dressings up of stage mummers in the habiliments of human beings and the passing off of the result as authentic character would study more closely the business of accurate character delineation as it is presented to us in a play like Miss Kennedy's. If the latter's characters are dramatically and theatrically effective it is not because she has tricked

them into being so, but because they are naturally, in their real beings, thus effective. The playwright has not hocus-pocused them into stage verity; it is life itself that has turned that trick for her. Miss Kennedy has simply constituted herself an amanuensis to life. She knows her characters in their every shading; she knows them so completely, so utterly, indeed, that she doesn't have to report them half so fully as would a dramatist who was not so sure of them. She is so close to them, they are so open and shut a book to her, that you, with her, are able to read between the lines and visualize them by fleeting suggestion and implication. I commend the play and its people to your attention. And I offer you, in the acting of the rôle of Tessa by an English girl named Beatrice Thomson, a performance of uncommon truth and very great beauty.

Actresses

The reason for the eminence in the French theatre of Madame Cecile Sorel is perhaps to be found in the woman rather than in the actress. Much as with the English, though to a lesser degree, are the French given to a devotion to actresses not so much for their public talent as actresses as for their private attractiveness as women. It is thus that favorites are conceived and bred, and once such a favorite is lodged in her niche nothing can remove her from it. The modern history of the English stage and that of the French is replete with the names of ladies who have been admired and eulogized over a long period of time for purely sentimental reasons. These, gifted with the power of adorning a stage without vitalizing it, have managed to confound their critics into believing that what is charming is also necessarily histrionic, and out of the confusion of values has flowered gradually the artificial bloom of their reputations.

Madame Sorel, I allow myself to believe, has profited magnificently by this critical delusion. Ask the average Frenchman what he thinks of her and you will find him admiringly replying, with unconscious significance: "*Hélas!* What a woman!" Not "What an actress!", note; but "What a woman!" And if there ever was an average Frenchman, I nominate as a type any one of the dramatic critics currently practising their art in France, with perhaps the single exception of the clear-sighted Henri Béraud. The Frenchman, in the case of Madame Sorel, as in the instance of a half dozen of her less well-known contemporaries, sees the actress in terms of what she is, or impresses him as being, off the stage. He sees the actress primarily not in her costume and grease-paint and not in her stage rôles but in her salon, her motor car, her worldly life. If that life massages his fancy with agreeable unguents, if about her there linger a tale and a tradition that gratify his imagination, he takes with him into his orchestra chair an already established idea and appraisal of her, and whatever the quality of her art that idea and that appraisal remain uppermost and dominant. The woman who thus strikes his fancy may be any one of a dozen kinds. She may be a creature of the gala world or she may be a home-body with two or three flaxen-haired children, the latter, particularly, if she be on the English stage. She may be the darling of princes or the rage of Deauville and Monte Carlo, or the wife of a playwright-critic who is a member of a reciprocal shoulder-patting fraternity. She may be a gracious and handsome woman with a gift for sweetening her five o'clock tea with sugary glances, or she may be one who with her own hands bandaged soldiers' wounds during the war and supported twenty or thirty war orphans. She may be any one of these, or something else, and a mediocre actress. But when she sweeps through the stage-door, she carries with her the external impression of her and whether she be a Camille or a Phèdre or a Paula Tanqueray to make the very ushers gnash their teeth, she remains still in the public estimation an admired and much loved creature.

While the precise ground whence has ung the French admiration of Madame el is unknown to me, it is certain that t admiration must be founded upon er things than her histrionic virtuosity. at she knows the rudiments of her trade, t she is mistress of the many tricks of ing and that she has even now and ain, as in "Sans Gêne," given more than nerely creditable account of herself, are t to be denied. But that she comes anyere near being the first-rate actress that r countrymen have persuaded themselves imagine she is is a matter for a very nsiderable amount of doubt. I have seen rel, I believe, in almost every rôle of her ertoire in the last fifteen years and more, d I have yet to see a single dramatic perrmance of hers that could be fairly put wn as anything better than second-rate. comedy, she presents a more likely tal-t, as I have noted, than in drama. But neither does she present a talent that ows and glistens and that reaches out ver the footlights with an entire convicon. At her best, she is artificial; one can tect clearly the turning of the histrionic heels; one can feel always the heavily nscious performer. The heat of fine actg may conceivably be in her mind, but e is unable to coax it down into her art.

If I have seemed to imply that only in ance and England are favorites estabshed in the manner I have intimated, I ish to correct the impression. For here America we have occasionally engaged e same phenomenon. Maude Adams as an example. But the American goes for that sort of thing very, very much ss than the European and, what is more, shows sign of abandoning it altother. I know of no actress in the Amican theatre today who can give a series second-rate performances and yet by e love of the public for her bring ng lines to the box-office window. In ance and in England, on the other nd, one would have small difficulty in ming names.

G and S

Following his admirable revival of "Iolanthe," Mr. Winthrop Ames has presented "The Pirates of Penzance" in a manner to make one wonder what has befallen his acumen in the interval. In the case of the former operetta he contrived a job as good as any that the Gilbert and Sullivan stage has known within the period of our recollection. His direction got every last value out of the composition, and the result disconcerted even the most chronic faultfinder. But in the case of the latter exhibit he discloses all the faults of direction that from time to time have steamed out of his presentations and deleted from them the effect that they might otherwise have achieved.

Anyone who has watched Mr. Ames' producing career closely has not failed to note a periodic tendency on his part to take an adult manuscript and to attempt to give it youthful vitality by injecting into it the species of acting performances that mistake external exuberance of speech and deportment for an inner psychic glow. I, for one, have often had difficulty in persuading myself that the gentleman's basic ideal in the matter of performances was not closely associated with those given by the Hasty Pudding Club of his alma mater. The college show touch has been pretty clearly observable in a number of his productions. There have been visible the same excessiveness of spirits that passes for inner enthusiasm, the same overemphasized nonchalant air and the same forced note of gaiety. The effect that Mr. Ames has had in mind is not to be got in any such way. After the first half hour, the bottom falls out and all that remains is an irritating disquiet. A feeling of freshness and life is not to be evoked by getting actors to act as if they were so many bouncing rubber balls, but rather by getting them self-effacingly to allow what freshness and life are in the play they are performing to ooze through them as through gauze. In the kind of melodrama that offers cardboard

freight trains rushing through red gelatine-slide forest fires and livery stable nags rupturing themselves on treadmills the exuberant histrionic monkeyshines may be all very well, and they may be but slightly less appropriate to a certain kind of sofa-jumping farce, but when they are visited upon almost any other form of theatrical entertainment they puncture it and let the wind out of its sails. Mr. Ames, unfortunately, has on occasion done just that thing with dramatic works that he has offered, and now again we find him doing it in "The Pirates." Although I don't wish to suggest that the revival in certain of its aspects is not well managed—in some of its departments it is very good indeed—it remains that the strained jovial air which the director has forced into it takes much of the juice out of it.

"The Pirates of Penzance" is, of course, like the bulk of Gilbert and Sullivan, a funny story related brilliantly in terms of line and lyric and melody. Mr. Ames' way of going about telling the funny story is to preface every move of the exhibit with a species of direction that says clearly: "Now what is to come next is just too jolly for words!" He is, as I have observed in another place, so deadly in comic earnest that he steals the stage from the comical composer and librettist. He has allowed his players to engage in a wealth of mugging, pseudo-jocose bits of business and, when they are not otherwise occupied, fancy little dance steps on the side that, in combination, throw the humor of the operetta out of focus and make it difficult to see the woods for the elaborate shrub fences. Gilbert and Sullivan, in the main, are best to be played with a complete lack of consciousness on the part of the mummers; the moment so much as one of them indicates that he thinks he is a rib-tickler the effect goes to pieces. I except, in this regard, one or two of the open and shut comedian rôles—Dick Deadeye, for example—but there exception ends. The chief characters in the canon must be played as seriously, or with as complete an external air of sobriety, as William Collier plays farce, or even as Louis Mann might play a Brieux drama. If they are not so played, their humor is caught by the throat and shaken out of all countenance. There is plenty of humor in Gilbert and Sullivan that is automatically humorous on its own account. Mr. Ames has directed his actors as if they were playing and singing not Gilbert and Sullivan, but Bolton and Kern.

Brief Mention

"Howdy, King," by Mark Swan, is sufficiently criticized by its title. It is a trashy comedy dealing with a he-American versus European blue bloods, and is aimed at the boob box-office with a cannon. "This Woman Business," by B. W. Levy, an Englishman in his early twenties, I reviewed in these pages upon its London presentation. We get here once again, and for the hundredth time, the tale of the gruff and grunting misogynist who is duly landed at eleven o'clock by the personable leading woman. Mr. Levy postures himself in Wilde's boutonnière and goes in for epigrams on the fair sex by the wholesale. The majority of them are sophomoric. "Mozart" I also reviewed following its European showing. The Guitrys are duplicating here their smooth performance and the evening passes lightly and very agreeably. "This Was a Man," by Noel Coward, was disclosed to be another of that prolific young gentleman's excursions into the sex drama. Although Mr. Coward appears to have some understanding of human motives, he doesn't succeed in translating them as other than actor motives. His characters impress one as being merely arbitrary stage mimes. He may think in terms of life but he feels in terms of grease-paint, and his plays continue to be, in the aggregate, so many goldfish trying heroically to swim the ocean.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Science of Life

INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL BIOLOGY, by S. J. Holmes. $3.50 8½ x 5¼; 449 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THE multitude of short-cut "scientific" books that now fill the book-shops, and are apparently read with eager interest by a decreasingly Christian people, Dr. Holmes' sober and modest volume comes as a welcome reinforcement, for he is actually familiar with the subject he discusses, and his treatment of it is simple and clear. I believe that biology is a required study in nearly all the high-schools of this great land; if so, its teaching must be in the hands of pedagogues even worse than the average of their quackish order, for biological knowledge, even of the most elemental sort, is surely not widespread among us. For proof of it, turn to the newspapers. Science, of late, has been good news: they discuss it copiously, and with fine enthusiasm. But save when they simply reprint the excellent articles sent out by Science Service, a Washington news agency, they seldom discuss it with any intelligence. The astronomy encountered in newspaper headlines is scarcely to be distinguished from that of astrology; the biology is that of chiropractors. When one comes to such subsidiary sciences as pathology the thing grows truly fantastic. Every week the *Journal of the American Medical Association* prints a comic section that is devoted mainly to the pathological imbecilities printed in American newspapers—and the journals represented are by no means all small ones. It is the big city dailies, indeed, that devote themselves most ardently to impossible operations, magical marvels in bacteriology, and the new cancer cures. Such "news" is not only printed uncritically, to the prosperity of quacks; it is also defaced with all sorts of astounding howlers. The average newspaper copy-reader seems to be no more halted by a piece of copy speaking of diabetes of the lungs than he is by a story referring to Bach as the author of "The Messiah."

Dr. Holmes' survey of the immense field of biology is comprehensive and well-ordered. He begins with a discussion of the nature of the living process, proceeds to the behavior of protoplasm and the structure of the cell, describes the chief kinds of simple tissue, and then takes up the different varieties of organism, from the *amœba* to the oak tree and man. There follow chapters on embryology, defense mechanisms, social life, symbiosis and parasitism, heredity and environment, and evolution.

The chapter on evolution is especially good. It notes the current objections to the hypothesis, exposes their fallacy, and sets forth what is believed universally by men competent to have opinions on the subject. There is no compromise with the theological rumble-bumble that now roars from coast to coast. The exposition is that of a self-respecting biologist, and not that of a trimmer trying to curry favor with Bible eaters. The volume, it appears, is chiefly designed for the use of college students, whose study of it, no doubt, will be purged of benefits by the idiocy of their teachers. Dr. Holmes himself has made no concessions to these gentry. There are no nonsensical test-questions in his book, and he does not put his facts into neat rows of pigeon-holes. But his bibliographies are short and useful, and he has appended a good glossary and a complete index.

As I say, the wide distribution of this volume would probably help to spread a civilized enlightenment in the United States. Most of the current books on the sciences, and particularly on the biological sciences, are superficial and trashy. Their aim seems to be, not to set forth what is certainly known, but simply to exhibit their authors in the character of revolutionary philosophers. A number of them have been very successful, but I am in doubt that they have done much good. The conclusions of scientific men, even when they are sound, are apt to be very misleading to the common run of laymen. What is needed, if the sciences are to be taught at all, is education in their elements. The young man who knows what a cell is and how it functions is in far better case than the young man who has read a whole shelf of dubious scientific speculations. If he is really interested in biology, he can teach himself a lot. No work upon the subject, indeed, will be wholly incomprehensible to him. But if he lacks that grounding he is doomed to wander in a maze, an easy prey to charlatans.

It is astonishing that there are not more elementary text-books for such inquirers. To the best of my knowledge and belief, there is not even a satisfactory current text of human anatomy and physiology. There are plenty of such books for medical students, and even more for nurses, but the ordinary layman must resort to school-books or go without. When one turns to pathology there is the same gap. Between highly dubious tomes of the sex hygiene species on the one hand and unintelligible technical works on the other there is nothing. The pediatricians long ago saw their opportunity, and began printing excellent popular texts upon the less esoteric mysteries of their trade. Many such texts have attained to immense circulations, and as a result American babies cry at night a great deal less than they used to. But the gentlemen of the other faculties have yet to follow suit.

The Movies

A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS: *A History of the Motion Picture*, by Terry Ramsaye. $10. 9⅜ x 6⅛; 2 vols.: 868 pp. New York: *Simon & Schuster*.

This huge work is written in a journalese that is frequently too gaudy and sometimes obscure, but the author's historical heat and diligence deserve all praise. He has not only sought to deliver the history of the movie from the darkness of old account-books and court records; he has also sought to deliver it, and more importantly, from the greater darkness of false traditions. For the development of the film trade, it appears, has enlisted not only many men of high enterprise and bold vision, but also many dreadful liars. Their false claims and other tergiversations lie all over its chronicle—often in the form of legal depositions, sworn to in God's presence. Every important advance in the making of films has been claimed by at least two men, and usually, it would seem, the one now commonly believed to have been the honest man was actually the rogue. Great litigations have rocked the industry since its beginning in the old five-cent peep-shows, and others are apparently still ahead. It has got into Wall Street, and is hence technically respectable, but the ways of its early barkers and catchers still cling to it. To this day a movie contract differs materially from any other sort of contract. I do not allege that it is no good; all I hint is that it is not nearly as good as a certified check. The producers enslave and manhandle the performers, and the performers try to blackmail the producers. No author who loves to sleep at night is inclined to let his story to the movie men on a royalty basis: he demands cash, and in advance. No theatre owner knows just when the magnates from whom he buys his films will erect a theatre next door to him, and so put him out of business. The theatre proper has grown very virtuous of late, at least on its business side. Salaries are always paid, and actors have certain inalienable rights; in return the managers claim

are accorded rights. But the movies still full of wild-catting. The *eminen-imo* of today is the nobody of tomorrow, *vice versa*. The rewards are almost be-d the imagination, and the failures are ossal.

Mr. Ramsaye, if I understand his dithy-mbs aright, is convinced that these fron-days are passing, and that the industry, a few more years, will be as well organ-H as, say, the steel business, railroading ootlegging. A number of men of genuine ganizing force have appeared in it, nota-Zukor and Mayer and they are grad-ly bringing it to a sound basis. Their n, first, is to reorganize the manufacture films, so that its present excessive costs ll be cut down and its hazards reduced, secondly, to acquire chains of theatres, t they may be able to reach the great rdes of solvent morons without paying igandish taxes to middlemen. Further-re, they hope to lift the movie to a new spectability, and so get rid of the assaults at it now has to endure from wowsers. o that end, as everyone knows, they red the Hon. Will H. Hays, Postmaster-eneral in the Cabinet of the martyred arding and an eminent Presbyterian lay-an. It is not only the function of Dr. ays to fight off the censors who rage in ery State; it is also his function to police e movies themselves, and their person-l. If a movie star marries once too often, issues his writ and the fellow is knocked the head. If a director permits a too vantine scene to get into a film, he sounds s loud alarum and there is more work r the sheriff. Nor does this gifted man ork alone. The movie magnates them-ves, and their attendant catchpolls, are er alert for transactions likely to bring ndal upon their art and mystery. Actors e forbidden to ride in mauve cars with o many purple spots. Actresses are ex-cted to avoid reading the *Nation*. Di-tors may get drunk only on Sundays d their saints' days. Even movie authors e expected to keep out of the tabloids: e and Whitman, if they were alive to-day, would be under the ban. The result is that the newspaper reporters who used to live in Hollywood in magnificent Venetian *palazzi*, set regally upon the tops of high hills, are now starving to death. The place has become as decorous as Summit, N. J. It has an excellent book-store, and is raising a fund for a McKinley monument.

This progress is not to be sniffed at. It is the fruit of an intelligent effort to get something like order into what was only lately chaos. Marching with it is an effort to improve the movies themselves—not by making them literary and intellectual, but by developing their own special resources, and trying to find out just what they are best fitted to do. The Germans, who were seldom heard of in the movie world before the war, are the pathfinders of this last advance. They made the capital discovery, almost as soon as they ventured into the field, that a true movie is not a dramatized book or play, but something of a new and peculiar kind—something quite unlike any other art-form ever heard of on earth. How is the dialogue of a book or play to be translated into action? They don't try to translate it; they throw away book and play, and start with action itself. Their first pictures made a great sensation in New York, and an even greater one in Hollywood. Now they are imitated widely and to good effect, for the American producers have technical resources far beyond anything procurable in Europe, and enough money to buy any help that they need. Of late they have imported many German directors, and several carloads of German actors. Experts from Scandinavia have come along, and others from France and elsewhere will follow. Thus the forces are set for a grand effort to lift the movies out of their wallow, and give them independence and dignity. Will it come to anything? We shall see what we shall see.

Mr. Ramsaye's two fat volumes are immensely interesting. There is a picaresque quality in his narrative that keeps it from ever becoming dull, despite its rhetoric,

He is dealing with one of the most romantic stories of modern times. Twenty-two years ago, as he shows, the Kinetoscope Company, then the principal movie corporation of the United States, closed the year with a gross profit of $29,267.62. Today one of the great combinations has an investment of $100,000,000 in theatres alone. In 1895 a movie actor playing leading rôles was paid $75 a week. Today there are stars getting $15,000, and perhaps even more. Down to 1900 the universal price of admission to a movie-parlor was a nickel. Last December a new extra special supreme star film, with music by an orchestra of ninety, opened in New York to $10. There is humor here. One thinks of Beethoven writing symphonies for $200, and of Shakespeare retiring at the end of his long career with $50,000. But there is also something fine. It took brains as well as luck to work this magical transformation, and the same brains are still in service. The movies, grown rich, will bear watching.

In Honor of an Artist

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HENRY WILLIAM THOMAS, MIXOLOGIST. 10 x 7; 58 pp. Washington: *Privately Printed.*

THIS entertaining and instructive work is, in form, a *Festschrift* in honor of Mr. Thomas, for many years one of the most eminent of Washington bartenders. He pontificated, in the days of the Bill of Rights, in various celebrated Washington bars, including Loehl's, Shoomaker's, Aman's and George Driver's, and those of the Shoreham, Willard, Raleigh and Metropolitan Hotels. His longest term of service was at Driver's, which was the first bar encountered in Pennsylvania avenue as one left the Capitol. Here his clients included all the most distinguished statesmen of the Republic, and many of its heroic warriors, gifted publicists and opulent men of affairs. His acquaintance among such men was wide and intimate: he lived in an atmosphere of greatness that was denser and more exhilarating, even, than that surrounding Col. George B. M. Harvey. His professional or bedside manner, like that of every other salient man of his craft, was delicate, discreet and judicious. If a Congressman, coming in from a committee meeting, raced his metabolism by drinking too fast and so began to blab high matters of state, Mr. Thomas would knock him off with a reliable liquid silencer, and save him from ruin. If a Senator came in with a constituent who seemed to be a Christian, Mr. Thomas would express regret at not having seen him (the Senator) for a long, long time. If even higher dignitaries began to sway dizzily and clutch the bar-rail, Mr. Thomas would summon a pair of trustworthy Negroes and send them home. Such thoughtfulness and humanity, when combined with a high professional competence, naturally made him popular in the town, and when the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals supplanted Congress in the government of the District, and all the bars were closed, and Mr. Thomas moved out to Chevy Chase, and began serving limeade and coca-cola in what was once the bar of the club there—when these events fell like thunderclaps there was widespread woe in lofty circles, and congressional funerals began to multiply. Now his surviving friends, to honor him in his declining years, print the present *Festschrift.*

It is a mellow and charming volume and the pity is that it is printed for private circulation only, and will thus not get into the public libraries, for the instruction of future generations. Prohibition, as everyone knows, has not actually cut off the supply of strong drink, nor has it diminished the consumption. On the contrary, it has made drinking more common than ever before, especially among the young. But the young miss something that their fathers enjoyed: the privilege of contact with amiable and accomplished bartenders. They drink in washrooms, surrounded by bootblacks, busboys and sub-

y tiles; their fathers drank in front of nogany bars, with men of the world ving them. In the more high-toned of old-time saloons American civiliza- n, such as it is, probably reached its hest point. The society was of the best, e most obscure man, if he were decently d, could meet United States Senators, Governors of great States, men dis- guished in all the arts and sciences, and principal business heads of the nation. was a charming and admirable school youngsters just coming to maturity, t only in manners but also in all the as and fancies that engrossed the supe- r minority. They heard the great prob- ms of statecraft discussed in an offhand confidential way. They saw notable n in mufti, so to speak, with their cares d off, and their minds functioning bril- ntly. They came into contact with every ss making up the world of affairs, from embers of the Cabinet to champion pugi- ts, and from scientific men of the first libre to the greatest artists of the nation. l this was especially true in Washington. ne saloons of that town, during the cen- ry before Prohibition, were the true nters of its intellectual activity. Its great en frequented them incessantly. They ntertained all its eminent guests. Natu- lly enough, such customers would shrink om being served by roughnecks: they manded bartenders of the highest skill d most delicate prudence. Such a bar- nder was Henry William Thomas. The atesmen and others who have collabo- ted in the *Festschrift* in his honor do nor to themselves.

The volume is small, as befits the mod- ty of the man whose virtues it celebrates, t it is packed with good things. It opens ith a series of quotations from the great- t authors of all time—Homer, Shakes- eare, Cervantes, and so on—, every one them a conscientious wet. Lesser men e also included—Longfellow, Sheridan, llon, Irving, Pepys, Omar, Horace, Ben nson and company—all of them equally wet. There follows a series of original toasts by some of the collaborators in the *Festschrift*, and after that comes a page of music and a sketch of the life and times of Mr. Thomas. Some curious details are in it, and not a few of them are pathetic. In the days of his service at Driver's bar, it appears, the common price for French and Italian vermouth, in case lots, was $6 a case. Absinthe cost $15 a case, and the best gins were obtainable at from $10 to $18. Scotch ran from $14 to $30, and rye from $6 to $16. Fourteen-year-old brandy cost $20, and sixty-year-old brandy $50. The booticians of today, though they gradually perfect their art, will never be able to offer sound goods at such prices. If, by the end of the Coolidge administration, Scotch drops to $50 a case, as the public relations counsel of the New York booters lately predicted, it will still cost four times as much as the average Scotch of Mr. Thomas' prime. Moreover, it will be inferior in quality. Such bars as Driver's served only the choicest goods. They didn't buy labels, but Scotch. Today it runs the other way. The last part of the *Festschrift* is given over to a discussion of the drinks that Mr. Thomas used to compound. Many of the materials mentioned are almost unobtain- able today. The booters bring in plenty of so-called Scotch and English gin, and im- mense supplies of highly dubious cham- pagne, but it would be hard, I believe, to find one able to furnish a plausible Sloe gin, or a sound Hollands, or a genuine St. Croix rum. Such delicatessen have simply gone out of the repertoire. They have gone out with the old-time bartenders—men of fine feelings and high gifts, their lives consecrated to an art that made men happy. Of these great craftsmen Mr. Thomas was one of the best. The frontis- piece to the *Festschrift* shows him as he is today, still vigorous and handsome, but with the light of tragedy in his eyes. He looks as Shakespeare would have looked had he (Shakespeare) lived into the bleak, sour days of the Commonwealth.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

O. B. Andrews, Jr., *is a Tennesseean and was a student at Oxford last year.*

Benjamin De Casseres' *most recent book is "Forty Immortals." He has been translated into French by Rémy de Gourmont. He is now living in New York.*

W. A. S. Douglas *was born in Ireland and has had newspaper experience in many parts of the world. He is now the Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore* Sun.

Granville Hicks *is a graduate of Harvard, and is now instructor in Biblical literature and English at Smith College. His "Eight Ways of Looking at Christianity" has just been published.*

Roger Sherman Hoar *is a former State senator and assistant attorney-general of Massachusetts, and was legal adviser to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1917–18. He is the author of "The Massachusetts Constitution, Annotated" and of a standard work on constitutional conventions.*

Fred C. Kelly *is an Ohioan and now lives on a 600-acre farm in that State. He was in newspaper work in Cleveland and Washington for many years, and is now a frequent contributor to the magazines.*

L. M. Hussey's *first novel, "Odalisque," has just appeared. He is a chemist by profession, and lives in Parker Ford, Penna.*

D. L. Paul *is the pen name of a clergyman engaged in secretarial work which throws him into contact with the clergy of practically all sects.*

Zelda F. Popkin *is now associated with a large publicity bureau in New York City. She has contributed articles to various newspapers and reviews.*

Henry F. Pringle *is on the staff of the New York* World.

William Seagle's *article in this issue is part of a book on the antics of the legislative mind, which will appear shortly.*

George Sterling, *who died November 17, 1926, was the well-known poet. He was born on Long Island, but lived in San Francisco for many years.*

John L. Van Zant *is a graduate of the University of Chicago, and by trade a newspaper man. He is now living in Indianapolis.*

Milton Waldman *is associate editor of the* London Mercury. *His most recent book is "Americana." He was born in Cleveland and graduated from Yale.*

Nettie Zimmerman *was born in Poland and educated in this country. She is now engaged in foreign-language advertising and research work.*

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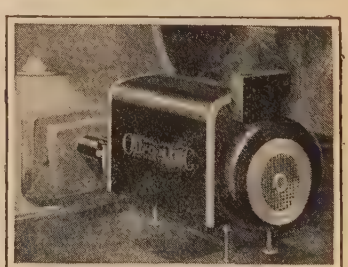

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Editorial NOTES

Various friends, having read the Editori in the December issue, on the lamentab lack of a suitable burial service for th admittedly damned, write in to sugge that THE AMERICAN MERCURY offer a priz for such a service, and print the priz winner. The scheme has an engaging smac but it would probably flood the office wit thousands of hopeless MSS. by Socialist professional atheists, fraternal order ritua ists and other such dunderheads, and s put a cruel burden upon the editorial staf However, if any more seemly literati ca to concern themselves with the matte THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be very gla to hear their proposals, and to print, pe haps, one or two of their services. F these cash will be paid, and on the nai They need not be wholly original. The are passages in the poets that should very apposite and exhilarating.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY has establishe an office at 38 Bedford place, Bloomsbur London, W. C. 1, England, and all su scriptions from friends in Europe shou be sent there, and not to New York. Th English subscription price is 30s. a yea Single copies are to be had at 2s./6d. Su scriptions from the English colonies, sa those in the Western Hemisphere, shou also be sent there, and likewise those fro Egypt, Algiers and the other countries Africa. But subscriptions from Canad the West Indies, Central and South Ame ica and the non-British parts of Asia h better be sent to the New York office. Th foreign subscription rate is $6 a year, sa from Canada, where it is $5.50. At vario

Continued on page xxxvi

Service All the Way

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

It is impossible for a railroad train or a ship to call at the doorsteps of its passengers when they wish to take a journey. To take even a trolley or bus ride, one must go to some definite point where the conveyance stops. On the other hand, the telephone goes all the way to meet the public's convenience.

Each telephone call may be compared to a taxicab, whose destination is controlled by the subscriber. The telephone company extends its wires to the homes and offices of those who desire service, placing its telephones within immediate reach. The call is made at the time, from the point, and to the place that the subscriber desires. He speaks to the person he wants—wherever he may be.

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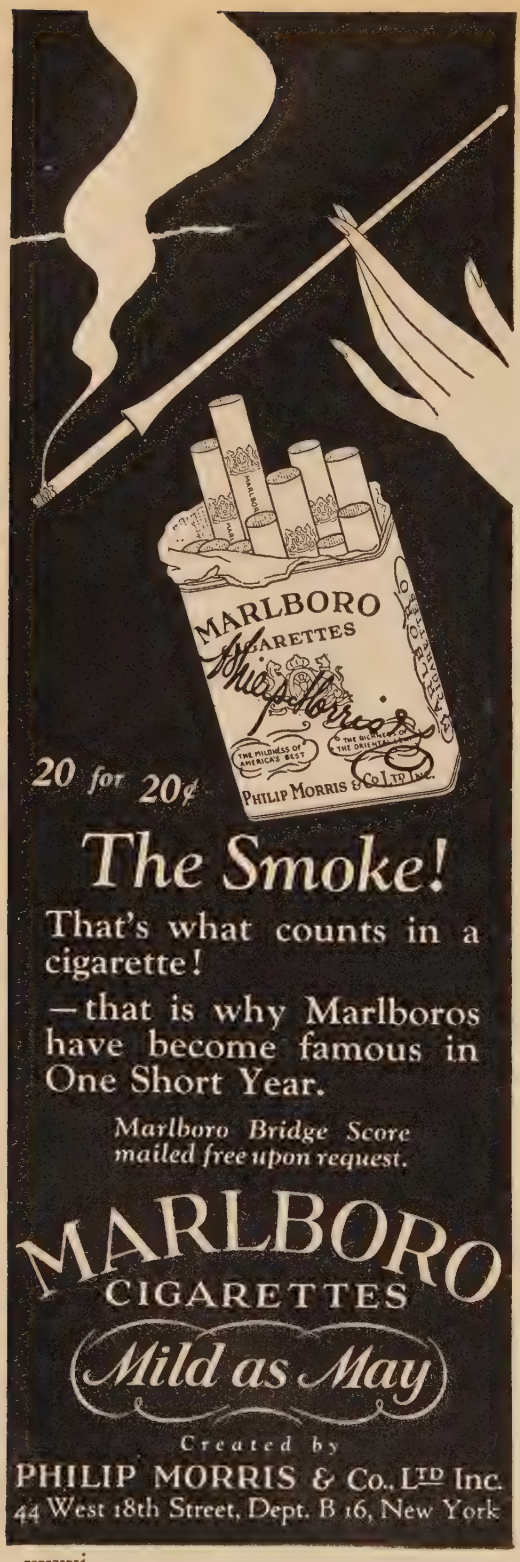
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

times in the past the Methodists of Ontario have sought to have THE AMERICAN MERCURY barred from Canada. Once, when they believed themselves on the point of success, the high Canadian official in charge of such Christian business was taken, by an affecting irony, in gross corruptions, and had to leave office. If they ever succeed hereafter the Canadian subscription rate will be increased to $10. THE AMERICAN MERCURY has many excellent friends in Canada, including some valued contributors. They will never ask it, of course, to adapt its editorial policies to the imbecilities of Ontario Methodists, many of them fugitive Americans from the Bible Belt.

All MSS. for publication, whatever their places of origin, should be sent to the New York office, 730 Fifth avenue. They should be addressed to The Editor, and not to individuals. For the present the Editor is unable to consider any MSS. save those that deal with purely American themes. The aim of the magazine is to depict the American scene, in detail and with joy. It is not interested in foreign politics, nor in the compositions of foreign literati. Its foreign subscribers, who grow pleasantly numerous, are kind enough to approve this programme. When they read an American magazine, they want to read things of and about America.

Mr. Hicks' article, "The Parsons and the War," in this issue, will form part of a book he is now writing. It will deal at great length with the sayings and doings of holy men during the late struggle to save democracy. Connoisseurs desiring to favor him with documents may reach him at 43 West street, Northampton, Mass.

Continued on page xxxviii

On
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

In a letter printed in Editorial Notes fo December Mr. Carr V. Van Anda, of th New York *Times*, was made to say:

> As an illustration of the confidence of *tabloid* newspapers in their future I may add that I am at this moment taking part in an inspection of a paper-making enterprise one such newspaper is engaged in, which comprehends operations over a tract of 5,000 square miles of woodland.

This was, of course, an error of th types. The word *tabloid* should have bee *standard*. THE AMERICAN MERCURY greatl regrets the obvious misprint.

In this place, in the January issue, a dis tinguished New York journalist bemoane the alleged lack of pulchritude among th young ladies of the radical movement i New York. To this complaint Mr. Alger non Lee, of the Rand School, now make the following tart answer:

> That "distinguished New York journalist" is an old fraud. The fact is, he never poked his nose inside the Rand School. If he had, not even a plea of jaundice, strabismus, and chronic indigestion would be sufficient to excuse his failure to admire the personal charms of our girls. I know where he got his grouch. Being a self-conscious Tory, he once started out on what he thought was a slumming expedition, happened into the *New Leader* ball, and couldn't find a partner, because all the lassies had laddies more to their taste—and their taste is discriminating, do ye mind—so the only way he can save face for himself is to libel the faces of the Daughters of the Coming Revolution.

Specimens of the ladies mentioned b Mr. Lee have been pointed out to an ex pert employed by THE AMERICAN MERCUR to view them. He reports that the distin guished New York journalist is a jackass "For forty years," he says, "I have bee gaping at the gals of this world. In al that time I have seen no more sightl sweeties than some of the young and ten der Bolsheviki. Their political delusion pain me, but they are experts with th lip-stick."

Continued on page xl

A NEW MAN

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxviii

The following characteristic commentary upon Mr. Hugh Kent's article on the theatrical weekly, *Variety*, in the December issue appeared lately in that incomparable journal:

When brother *Merc* doffed the high hat off his high brow to *Variety*, with phrases of tolerant approval in the face of every misdemeanor against erudite English and college-blessed construction, this trade paper blushed until its cheeks were as red as its nose. Maybe it was consanguinity of the green-cover brotherhood—if not legitimate, at least natural.

Variety offers no Hall-Stevens against the indictments. But the world must give in and say that this rag never chucks slang in this here editorial colyum, where we wise-crack in schmoos as legit as the three-shell racket, shoot it off the chest with all the didactic discrimination of verbarians rather than barbarians, and know how to ease a kick into our discursive gab without taking a Brodie to such depths as putting the boots to the King's English or socking syntax for a flock of cut split weeks.

We know how to juggle the language and make it say uncle. It isn't true that our dictionary was never opened. We looked at the pictures, and we started to read it, too, but didn't like the plot, and, like an Ibsen revival, it was too much talk and too little action.

Not by way of defense at all, we want to get it across that we are editing a strictly trade sheet for a profession which, while eternally one of the established arts, doesn't act that way or talk that way. We spout in the language of our world.

We have college men on our staff—in the circulation department. We have good spellers—the stenographers. We don't bother with punctuation—our readers skip it.

Most of our reporters and reviewers have come through the school of the trade, and not from the schools of journalism. If they could be trained to write in English, the world at large might understand them but wouldn't read them, and our own world wouldn't understand them and would quit reading them.

So, with due and proper thanks again to our kind and entirely just commentators, *Variety* can only add that while the kindly criticisms of our illiteracy are accepted in the spirit intended, they will do us not a bit of good—we are unregenerate.

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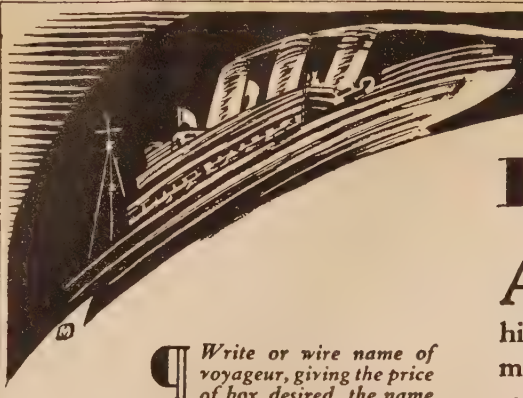

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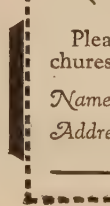

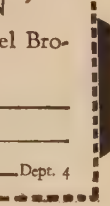

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BOOKS live through their characters. An author who adds a name to the names well known in his generation—Becky Sharp or Mr. Pecksniff or Mulvaney or George F. Babbitt—has the best possible assurance that his books will be read by the next generation.

Even in the case of books which are originally popular for their narrative values, the stories come to be crystallized in names. D'Artagnan and Sherlock Holmes are better remembered than any of their actions. Interest in a series of events cannot be indefinitely sustained unless the reader can feel himself concerned in them—unless there be a character through whom he is concerned.

Thus events are a means: character is developed in terms of action. Character can also be developed in terms of reaction, and this method has, in contemporary fiction, largely superseded the former. A personage is conceived in terms not of the impression he makes on the world, but in terms of the impressions the world makes on him. The former manner became "old-fashioned" several years ago: it has now become rare.

It is probably for just this reason that *Warwick Deeping's* novel, SORRELL AND SON, is enjoying its great and deserved success. Published a year ago, its popularity has steadily accelerated, until at the present time thousands of readers every week are discovering and enjoying this story of a father and a son. For SORRELL AND SON is an old-fashioned novel—a novel in which characters are drawn in terms of actions, not impressions. The events through which Stephen Sorrell, after the war, regains his place in the world, and the events through which his son, Christopher Sorrell, justifies the confidence his father has placed in him, have created two characters who are becoming known as only literary characters can.

All readers of SORRELL AND SON will welcome *Warwick Deeping's* new novel, DOOMSDAY, in which the chief personage is a woman who, whatever she may do, whatever experiences she may pass through, is inscrutably under the sway of a particular destiny. She leaves the country town of her birth, her amiable but unconsciously exacting parents, and, most of all, the farmer Furze who loves her, to marry a wealthy man much older than herself. However brilliant the social career due to her marriage, she can never escape the influence of her first love, and the events through which she fulfills her destiny are told with the understanding and the honest feeling of which readers of SORRELL AND SON know *Mr. Deeping* capable.

DOOMSDAY. *By* WARWICK DEEPING, *author of "Sorrell and Son." $2.50 net.*

BORZOI BOOKS

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Multatuli

Eduard Douwes Dekker was taken from Holland to Java by his father at the age of nineteen. For four years, he worked as clerk in the Treasury. In 1843 he was appointed Government Inspector General at Natal, a fact that testifies to his remarkable aptitude for practical administrative work. *Dekker*, unlike most Europeans, found the heat and the exotic conditions of the tropics a powerful stimulus to mental and physical activity.

He had occupied in succession different positions in various parts of Dutch India, and, after a furlough in Holland with his wife and two children, he became Assistant Government Resident of Lebak. There it was that his desire for just and humane treatment of the natives, whom he sought to protect against the oppression of their own chiefs as well as of the Dutch Government, brought him into collision with the instructions and wishes of his superior officers. After vainly trying every means to move the authorities, he felt compelled to tender his resignation, which was accepted in 1856. This proved to be of considerable significance for Dutch India, for Dutch literature, and for the moral evolution of Dutch civilization.

Then began for *Dekker* a homeless wandering, at times in Holland, at times in Belgium; and for four years, in the course of which his wife died, he and his family led a life of the most desperate misery. Out of this unhappiness there grew the impulse to launch, in 1860, his indictment of oppression in general and of the Dutch Government in particular—an indictment so terrible that for its astonishing brilliance it stands alone in the literature of the world. He chose the form of a novel, and adopted the pseudonym of "*Multatuli.*" The effect of his book, MAX HAVELAAR, was electric. A member of the Parliament said that it had sent a shudder through the nation. Here was an unimpeachable witness, a civil servant of high standing, unblemished career, and superlative ability, charging the chief powers in the land with deliberate and interested connivance at the systematic robbery and gross and cruel ill-treatment of the lower classes of the Javanese, and producing incontestable documentary proof of his charges. There was no reply. No reply was possible. Hypocrisy saw but one means of self-defence: its favorite weapon, slander. And to the wielding of that weapon it applied itself with all its native ingenuity. It knew how impossible *Dekker* would find it to fight unabashed calumny. The instincts of the lower middle class, their bitter sectarian intolerance and narrow-mindedness, were unscrupulously exploited. And so it was that *Dekker*, instead of gaining the sympathetic support of the people of Holland, was not only left single-handed to fight his powerful enemies, but was in addition made the victim of the most heartless petty persecution.

For the attack in MAX HAVELAAR went further than the government. Not only the oppressors of the Javanese, but those who profited by their oppression, were the objects of *Multatuli's* invective—an invective deep enough to apply to the *bourgeoisie* universally. As *D. H. Lawrence* says in his introduction, a purpose antiquates a novel as soon as it is fulfilled: but MAX HAVELAAR is not only of historical interest; the satire on Drystubble, the Coffee-broker, is ultimate. It is no wonder that when *Dekker* died, in 1887, he died among men who had barely begun to see significance in his tale full of sound and fury. But MAX HAVELAAR was not to die with him.

MAX HAVELAAR. *By* MULTATULI, *translated by* W. SIEBENHAAR. *With an Introduction by* D. H. LAWRENCE. *In the Blue Jade Library.* $3.00 *net.*

The Orphan Angel's Reception in America

IS not the habit of the Borzoi Broadside to ure the same book more than three months ming; but THE ORPHAN ANGEL continues to ee adventures too interesting not to reveal.

The Orphan Angel was a celebrated and supremely ed literary figure of England in the early nine- nth century. (Further details of identification y be obtained from *Elinor Wylie's* book about .) The report of his death by drowning was cir- ated nearly a hundred and six years ago, and given universal credit for that length of time, il *Miss Wylie* propounded the rival hypothesis t he had come incognito to America.

His disguise saved him from the lionization which ttish writers generally meet in erica; and the reception which ght have been given to him is ng appropriately given, a hun- d and six years later, to the el which imagines his Ameri- n experiences as they might e happened.

The *New York Times* blows the t whistle: "When *Miss Wylie* nceived the glorious idea which w, fully clothed, comes to us the magic of THE ORPHAN GEL, the vista of its possibil- s must have taken even her n breath away. . . . Compared the 'period' urbanities and pre- eironyofJENNIFERLORNand hetableaudimensionsand min- t rhythm of THE VENETIAN LASS NEPHEW, this new conception was very ch like a wild dream. *Miss Wylie* was making a etic fantasy of history, making a central char- ter of a great English poet at a time when he was eady dead and carrying him into an America he ver saw. . . . The story is charming and engross- even without reference to the subtle lacquer of whimsical satire, without knowledge of its imper- tible heightenings and broadenings and delicious mors, without recognition of its wink at history, ich makes it every step of the way a two-faced eld of fancy and fact."

Harry Hansen in the *New York World* says: "One the most daring and unusual conceptions of our y. . . . In this consistent, well-balanced and lovely ok, *Miss Wylie* has added a rich page to American ters."

The New Yorker: "Say what you will, you have to read *Elinor Wylie*, be you high-brow or low, if you keep up with important books. If you are one of the rarer people who turn to books for a quickening of the pulse and a respite from the clamor of the Sixth Avenue 'L,' you will embrace THE ORPHAN ANGEL joyfully. For the faithful realist has nothing to offer that compares with the inner excitement and bright spiritual reality of *Miss Wylie's* incredible and brilliant fantasy."

Carl Van Doren in the *New York Herald-Tribune:* "THE ORPHAN ANGEL is not cosmic fanaticism, but poetic comedy. It claims the right to be either as poetic or as comic as it can."

Chicago Evening Post: "The book gives us a beautiful picture of our country at the beginning of the last century. *Miss Wylie* is one of those rare writers who has an eye for human idiosyncrasy as well as the poet's combination of lyrical and descriptive power."

Rebecca West: "That woman can write as no one else alive can."

Henry Seidel Canby in *The Saturday Review:* "As a novel, it belongs with the not too many which have dealt successfully with realized genius. As a romance, it is a new and piquant rendering of the American theme for sophisticated readers. . . . Something rare and fine."

THE ORPHAN ANGEL. *By* ELINOR WYLIE. *$2.50 net.*

To cap the climax of so much enthusiasm, the Selecting Committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen THE ORPHAN ANGEL as the best book for December. The members of the Committee are *Henry Seidel Canby*, Chairman; *Dorothy Canfield Fisher*, *Heywood Broun*, *Christopher Morley*, and *William Allen White*.

The Field of Mustard

"*Mr. A. E. Coppard's* latest collection of stories, THE FIELD OF MUSTARD, will satisfy all who admire his talent, and those who may come to his work for the first time through this book will recognize the hand of a born story-teller with strongly marked individual qualities. For the short story vigour of presentation is everything, and *Mr. Coppard* has vigour in abundance; it is a natural robustness of outlook, at times almost rollicking, at others tending to rhapsody, which never flags. Speaking pictorially, one might compare his stories to woodcuts as opposed to line engravings and etchings; there is in his work the boldness and broadness, the swift simplification and, we may add, the type of imagination which must inspire the work of a good wood-engraver. The first story, which gives the book its name, is a good example of this quality. Three 'sere disvirgined women' are gathering faggots at the margin of a wood. Two of them trundle off with their loads upon their shoulders and rest, to await the third, upon a bank at the end of the field of mustard. Dinah Lock has children, Rose Olliver has none, and they talk of life in terms of men and children, both regretting, both resigned. 'I like you, Rose,' says Dinah at the end, 'I wish you was a man'; and both pass homewards under a windy sky, having eased their minds to one another of memories. A dashing keeper had been the lover of both, and now their day has passed. Dinah would begin again if she could. Rose would be a mother. It is the rhythmic melancholy of autumn itself. . . .

"Henry Lapwing, the hero of 'The Funnel,' is a character most originally presented, and none of the stories better shows the unexpected yet convincing angle from which *Mr. Coppard*, who can imagine so delightful and robust a fairy as 'The Bogey Man,' looks at ordinary human life. We may not like the two old maids in 'Olive and Camilla,' and we may be disconcerted by the insolent high spirits of 'The Two Wretches,' a comedy of sexual attractions; but we salute the craftsman who is neither vapid nor finicking but does exactly what he intends. *Mr. Coppard* sees into the crooked corners of the heart a little derisively, like a troll, but that is his affair. Our affair is that he makes art of what he sees."—*The Times Literary Supplement* (London).

THE FIELD OF MUSTARD. *By* A. E. COPPARD, *author of "Fishmonger's Fiddle," "The Black Dog," "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me."* $2.50 *net.*

A. E. COPPARD

Why Social Adjustment Fails

"PERHAPS the best way to approach the group for whom this book was primarily written is to tell why it has been written at all," writes *Professor Robert C. Dexter* of Skidmore College in his new book, SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT. "As a result of over ten years' active participation in practical social work, the author became convinced that although the social worker had a great contribution which he could make to social understanding, he was not making that contribution adequately. Much may be said in extenuation of this partial failure; for instance, that social work is a new profession with little in the way of standards or, until recently, of training; and further that the problems which the social worker sets himself to solve are old and exceedingly complicated. Nevertheless, these did not seem to be the main causes of failure. The principal reason why, with its increasingly effective technique and more adequately trained personnel, social work and social research are still far from achieving the success which seems open to them, appears to the writer to be the ignorance and indifference of the general public, and in particular of the leaders of public opinion.

"It is not the difficulties with his clients or the arduous nature of the problem which discourages and at times utterly disheartens the social worker or the research expert; it is the absolute indifference, or, even worse, the total misunderstanding, of well-intentioned and intelligent people regarding the tasks to be undertaken. These are not the men in the street, either; but the leaders in the community and the nation—statesmen, physicians, lawyers, teachers, captains of industry and philanthropists, most of them today college graduates. Yet they rarely have an adequate knowledge of society, its organization, history, and problems. It is primarily for these men and women that this book is written."

SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT. *By* ROBERT C. DEXTER. $5.00 *net.*

The Fall of Robespierre

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE, *Albert Mathiez* ss given us a picture of revolutionary France in more unfamiliar aspects. It is an original piece research, in which it has been the author's purse to reconstruct the current conceptions founded misinformation and false interpretation. The inr mechanisms and undercurrents of the Revolun are shown in relation to *Robespierre* himself d to the swift march of events of his time. Inagues of every description are disclosed and anysed with skill and concentration.

An especially interesting portion of the book is e hitherto unpublished correspondence between *goin*, the Montpellier banker, and *Robespierre*, owing the extent of *Robespierre's* popularity among e revolutionary bourgeoisie; also, the summary of e opinions pronounced by *Babeuf* upon the Incorptible, which makes clear to us why *Robespierre's* nory continued to be the object of a regular cult ong all democrats during the first few generations ceeding the Revolution.

Thus the central figure of this work is the man o, in the words of *Ernest Hamel*, "without ever aking any concessions to the reactionary party, ceeded in the highest degree in combining moderon and wisdom with the energy and inflexibility cessary for the triumph of the republican idea."

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By* ALBERT MATHIEZ. $4.00 *net.*

GEORGE S. HELLMAN

Collector's Luck

IN THIS volume of connected miscellanies, a vetan collector and connoisseur gives us the choicest his remembered adventures among books, manuripts, pictures, and personages. The book abounds anecdotes of celebrated persons: of *Edith Wharton*, *rd Dunsany*, *Arnold Bennett*, *John Erskine*, *Charles aplin*, *Emma Goldman*, and countless others.

One of the anecdotes which *Mr. Hellman* tells is *Charles M. Schwab* and *Marshal Foch*, during the tter's post-war visit to America. *Marshal Foch* was to travel in *Mr. Schwab's* private car, and in giving orders to *Joe*, the coloured man in charge of the car, *Mr. Schwab* is quoted by *Mr. Hellman* as saying:

"'Now, one more thing, Joe, and this I want you especially to remember. You're having with you one of the greatest men in the world, a man who was Commander-in-Chief of the Allies. I don't want a repetition of what happened with Admiral Jellicoe.'

"All of us knew the delicious story of Joe and Admiral Jellicoe. The Englishman had had the hospitality of Mr. Schwab's private car in coming down from Canada to New York. When Mr. Schwab had gone to meet the distinguished naval officer, as the train was pulling in at the Grand Central Station, he found Joe and Admiral Jellicoe kneeling on the floor, playing craps. Joe had initiated the Admiral into the mysteries of the favourite game of his people, and had won forty dollars from his enthusiastic acolyte. Mr. Schwab was very much afraid that Joe would similarly seek to entice the famous French Marshal, who might very possibly be scandalized at such approaches on the part of the coloured custodian of his host's car.

"'Now, I warn you, Joe, I don't want you to try to get Marshal Foch into a game of craps,' he said, looking as stern as he could.

"Joe pondered a moment. Then: 'I won't challenge him, mister. But if he done challenge me, I won't allow no one to sweep me off my front porch.'"

This is one of so numerous and so varied a collection of anecdotes that it is impossible to pick out one that is characteristic of the entire book.

Some of the fourteen chapter titles are: Adventures in a Collector's Luck; Reminiscences among Manuscripts; Sidelights on J. Pierpont Morgan; The Secret of Charles M. Schwab's Success; Anecdotes of Collectors; Other People's Letters; The Lost Whistlers; and A Dangerous Lesson in Auction Bridge.

LANES OF MEMORY. *By* GEORGE S. HELLMAN, *author of "Washington Irving, Esq."* $4.00 *net.*

A German Colonial Governor

OF *Dr. Heinrich Schnee*, former Governor of German East Africa, and author of GERMAN COLONIZATION PAST AND FUTURE, it has been written:

"As a Colonial Administrator *Dr. Schnee* at all times made it his aim to promote the elevation of the native population. He attached great im-

portance to the cultivation of the closest personal contact with the natives, to which end he frequently travelled through the territories under his care, and acquired four native languages (Malay, the language of the inhabitants of the Gazelle Peninsula of New Pomerania, Samoan, and Suaheli). In German East Africa he introduced legislation for the protection of the native labourers against exploitation and ill-treatment, and he also initiated far-going sanitary regulations on their behalf. Further, he did much for the stamping out of disease in man and beast. . . . He likewise did much for the extension and improvement of native instruction, establishing schools for artisans, experimental stations from which seeds and plants were supplied free to the natives, and other institutions for the benefit of the latter.

"In German East Africa he followed *Baron von Rechenberg*, who is likewise known as a man who brought a humane spirit and outlook to the performance of his duties as Governor, and who had nearly completed six years of activity from which the interests of the natives greatly benefited. *Dr. Schnee* carried on the administration in the same spirit, and with a success evidenced by the fact that from 1906 to 1914 no rising occurred, nor did any occur during the war, an immunity which was not enjoyed by the adjacent colonies.

"In recognition of his merits in the sphere of colonial affairs, scientific and otherwise, *Dr. Schnee* in 1919 was awarded by the Prussian Academy of Sciences the Leibniz medal in gold, and two years later the University of Hamburg conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Political Sciences, special mention being made in the diploma of the humane spirit in which he had filled the office of Colonial Governor."

GERMAN COLONIZATION PAST AND FUTURE deals with the post-war seizure of the German colonies and presents the case for their return.

GERMAN COLONIZATION PAST AND FUTURE: THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GERMAN COLONIES. *By* DR. HEINRICH SCHNEE. *With an Introduction by* WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. *Illustrated.* $3.00 *net.*

The Investment of Capital

"THE investment of capital is no strange phenomenon," writes *Professor Leland H. Jenks* in his book, THE MIGRATION OF BRITISH CAPITAL. "It is the essential act of faith of every man who enters business, buys a farm, or employs a laborer. Nor is it new. It was commonplace to the peasant folk to whom *Jesus* preached his gospel. In a sense every expenditure not directed to the immediate gratification of a want, every purchase which bears the prospect of gain, is an investment. There need be no question of intent in such a purchase. There was investment before there were investors. The man who employs his resources deliberately to secure a maximum return is the artificial product of a sophisticated age. But acquisitive capitalism is not the only form of economy under which investment would arise. The employment of purchasing power to procure an income, no matter by whom performed, or where, or for what purpose, is an investment of capital.

"Familiar and inescapable as this operation is, there is reason to recall that in the economy of western civilization it has come to hold a crucial position. Seeking the most profitable methods, our diversified productive systems have come to depend to an increasing degree upon the use of loan capital drawn from a common source. Merchant and manufacturer, farmer and cooperative,—none can direct his enterprise to the greatest advantage without a continual expansion of his resources. Each draws from a common pool of capital, which springs in part from bank credit. The nature of this reservoir is such that its repletion depends upon the continued fruitfulness of the streams which it supplies. Hence the available resources of all are staked upon the productivity of each. And the administration of the flow of this mass investment has become one of the most vital functions of social control. It is one element of discipline amid the riotous anarchy of modern business."

THE MIGRATION OF BRITISH CAPITAL. *By* LELAND H. JENKS. $5.00 *net.*

Magic, Religion, and Marriage

IN HIS introduction to *Dr. Rafael Karsten's* book on THE CIVILIZATION OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THEIR MAGIC AND RELIGION, *Dr. Edward Westermarck*, author of THE HISTORY OF HUMAN MARRIAGE, writes as follows:

"I think it will be generally admitted that *Dr. Karsten's* book is the most important contribution to the study of certain aspects of the South American native civilization which has yet appeared. . . .

"*Dr. Karsten's* book combines the merits of the field-ethnologist with those of the monographer

a larger scale. His equipment for his task is ptional. He is a trained sociologist, and an ee and thoughtful observer. He went to South erica for the express purpose of studying its ve tribes. He has spent five years in close act with savages in different parts of the con- nt, and learned their language. And he has ffully searched all the available literature re- g to the customs and beliefs of Indians in the ous parts of the vast area with which he is ing, and has thus been able to present, and ment upon, a large mass of facts falling outside field for his own direct inquiries and personal ervation. . . .

In the present work *Dr. Karsten* has mainly ricted himself to a discussion of the religious superstitious beliefs of the Indians and of tices based upon such beliefs, and by doing so as been in a position to discuss this particular ject with a thoroughness rarely met with in ological monographs. . . .

Dr. Karsten speaks of Indian beliefs relating various other important subjects, such as mism, generation and conception, the couvade, oo, and *mana*. He thus deals with many topics ch have of late been matter of much discussion ng social anthropologists, and he has contributed his discussion valuable ideas as well as facts. n those who may not in every case accept his ories will always have something to learn from . We hope that he will before long gratify our etite for further results of his indefatigable penetrating investigations among the South erican Indians."

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS: WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THEIR MAGIC AND RELIGION. *By* RAFAEL KARSTEN. *With a Preface by* DR. EDWARD WESTERMARCK. $7.50 *net.*

Dreads and Drolls

THESE twenty-nine tales and essays, *Arthur chen* writes: "They were gathered in from all s of sources. Most of them are strictly veridical, it may be confessed that here and there im- nation plays a small part." The reader passes nd out among anecdote and comment apprecia- of an older England—essays like *How Clubs Began; Casanova in London; "Characters"; London's Lost Inns; Chivalry; The Gay Victorians*—as well as stories entitled *Morduck the Witch, The Man from Nowhere, The Highbury Mystery, The Man with the Silver Staff*, and others.

Mr. Machen writes that his favorite in the collection is *The Long Lost Brother*, as told by *Joe Grimaldi*, the famous clown. "It all happened," says *Mr. Machen*, "and there is nothing very remarkable in it—save for the wonderful though unconscious art which has made a plain tale of plain facts read like a subtle study in mysterious suggestion, a ghost story of the rarest kind. This is a great gift: to be able so to tell the bare truth that it seems a magnificent lie. To many of us it is rather given to invent elaborate fictions which are plainer (and duller) than the plainest facts."

* * *

One of *Arthur Machen's* longer tales, in the manner of the "Dreads" of this collection, is just issued in a new edition, that of the Borzoi Pocket Books.

"If THE THREE IMPOSTORS is a romance of the hair-raising type, with mystery following mystery, and blood trickling down the pages, and detective work that makes Sherlock Holmes look as stupid as Holmes made Scotland Yard to look, *Machen's* tale is neither a mystery story nor a detective story within the usual application of those terms. That is to say, neither the mystery nor the detective work is the main theme. These are essential features of the narrative, and through them the author is able to prolong suspense and hold attention. But the main interest lies elsewhere.

"THE THREE IMPOSTORS, to characterize it in a word, belongs to the type of psycho-romantic tale made famous by *Stevenson*. THE THREE IMPOSTORS is a narrative that places him, within that narrative's field, little, if any, behind *Stevenson*." —*The New York Times.*

DREADS AND DROLLS. *By* ARTHUR MACHEN, *author of "The Secret Glory," "The Hill of Dreams," "Things Near and Far," "Casanova's Escape from the Leads," etc.* $3.50 *net.*

THE THREE IMPOSTORS. *By* ARTHUR MACHEN. *In the Borzoi Pocket Books.* $1.25 *net.*

The BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* FEBRUARY 1927

Young Gal's Blues

I'm gonna walk to de graveyard
'Hind ma friend Miss Cora Lee.
Gonna walk to de graveyard
'Hind ma dear friend Cora Lee,
'Cause when I'm dead some
Body'll have to walk behind me

I'm goin' to de po' house
To see ma old Aunt Clew.
Goin' to de po' house
To see ma old Aunt Clew.
When I'm old an' ugly
I'll want to see somebody, too.

De po' house is lonely
An' de grave is cold.
O, de po' house is lonely,
De graveyard grave is cold,
But I'd rather be dead than
To be ugly an' old.

When love is gone what
Can a young gal do?
When love is gone, O,
What can a young gal do?
Keep on a-lovin' me, daddy,
'Cause I don't want to be blue.

—*From* FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW.

LANGSTON HUGHES

THE poems in this collection interpret the so-called lower class Negroes in America,—the bell boys, the cabaret girls, the migratory workers, the singers of Blues and Spirituals, and the makers of folk-songs. As in THE WEARY BLUES, *Mr. Hughes* expresses the joy and pathos, the beauty and ugliness, of their lives. *Alain Locke*, editor of *The New Negro*, has the following to say of his work: "All his poetry seems to be saturated with the rhythms and moods of Negro folk life. A true 'people's poet' has their balladry in his veins; and to me many of his poems seem based on rhythms as seasoned as folk-songs and on moods as deep-seated as folk ballads."

FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW.
By LANGSTON HUGHES, *author of "The Weary Blues."* $2.00 *net.*

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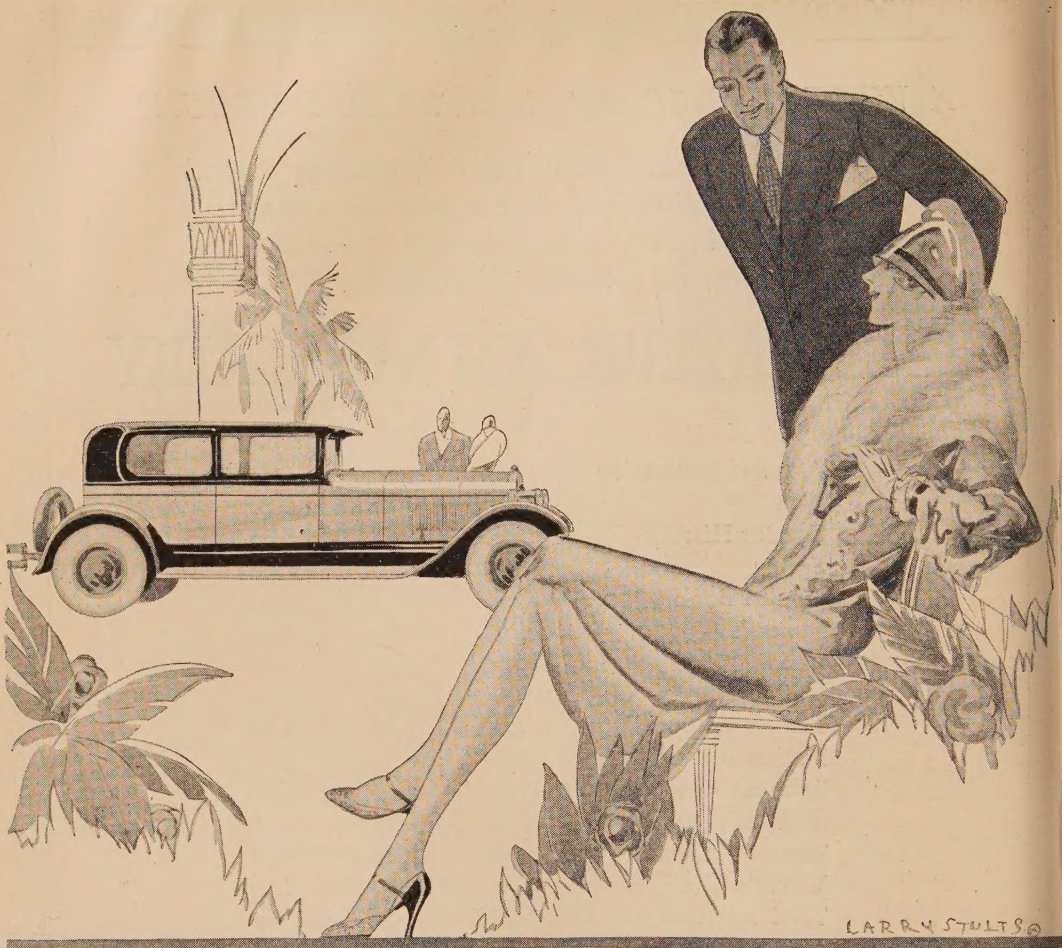

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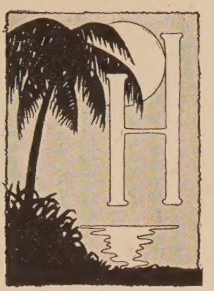

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